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[THE POISON AND THE ANTIDOTE.]

A YOUNG GIRL FROM THE COUNTRY.

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Author of "The Queen of Night," "In Spite of the World," &c.

CHAPTER I.

First Servitor—"Who is this man?"
Second Servitor—"He is an odd fellow—jovial by times and surly by times. I'll warrant me he is not what he seems."

Ola Play.

TRUEMAN'S HOTEL stood in Brook Street, and the grandeur of its outward appearance was in no way greater than that of its interior.

There were steps leading under a stately portico into a lofty and spacious hall, splendidly-fitted drawing and dining-rooms, pleasant bedrooms, cosy smoking-rooms, and, above all, a bow window, where young men, tired of showing off, and old men wearied of pretending youth, could watch the wanderings of the great world to and fro.

About noon on the day following that spoken of in my last chapter, a man, somewhat advanced in years, arrived at Trueman's in a cab.

He was tall, spare, ungainly, and somewhat unpleasantly countenanced; nor had he the air of one possessed of a sufficiency of money, though he ascended the steps boldly.

The waiter who advanced to meet him was evidently not prepossessed in his favour.

"Sir!" he said, defiantly.

The stranger smiled blandly.

"I wish to remain here," he said, "if the accommodation suits me."

"Charges high, sir," continued the waiter, glancing at him inquiringly.

"You are placed here, I imagine," returned the new-comer, "to answer questions, not as a walking bill of fare. Show me what rooms I can have, or conduct me to some one who can attend to me. I want a private sitting-room and two bedrooms."

"Nice pleasant rooms on the first floor, sir," said Thomas, who began to think his new customer some eccentric nobleman.

"Let me see them, then."

The stranger followed the waiter, looked over the rooms, expressed his satisfaction with them, and then, going down again, superintended the introduction of two very heavy boxes.

These being carried to his room, he ordered lunch, drank a bottle of champagne, and called the waiter.

"You are an intelligent man, Thomas," said the stranger, eyeing him narrowly.

"Hope so, Mr. De Grey," he said.

He had seen the name on the boxes.

The stranger smiled.

"Captain De Grey!" he said, tapping the table with a champagne cork: "a natural, very natural mistake. Nevertheless, you are an intelligent man."

The waiter having already expressed a hope to that effect, merely nodded this time, and occupied himself in studying the stranger.

He was, as I have said, a tall, spare man, and he looked very tall and very spare indeed, as he lay on the sofa with his feet stretched under the grate.

He had a large head, long brown hair, a luxuriant beard, and curling moustachios, peculiarly well proportioned, and entirely concealing his mouth. Perhaps this was as well, if its expression tallied at all with that of his eyes.

He mused for a moment, and the waiter passed the time in calculating the coals he would use in a week.

"You understand the value of a sovereign, Thomas?" suggested Captain De Grey.

Thomas rather thought he did.

"Well, then, you will be good enough to close that door, after ascertaining that the chambermaid is not accidentally blocking up the keyhole, and then come and sit down here."

"Yes, sir."

Thomas performed his work with alacrity, and then sat down.

"This evening," said Captain De Grey, as he pushed the decanter towards the waiter with wonderful familiarity, "this evening, a gentleman will arrive here from Liverpool. He is a young, fair, sunburnt person, tall and gentlemanly in appearance, and you will know him of course by the name on his boxes."

"Which, of course, you will tell me first, sir," said Thomas, who imagined himself to have perpetrated a joke, and grinned accordingly.

The captain proceeded:

"His name is Mr. Granby Saville, and on arriving he will inquire for me. Now, I wish you to show him up here without any one in the place seeing him."

The waiter stared.

"It's a matter of impossibility; it can't be done, sir," he said, hopelessly.

Captain De Grey eyed him sternly.

"Now, understand me well," he said. "I'm a man who does not believe in impossibilities, so you'll do me the favour not to mention them again. Here is a sovereign. If Mr. Granby Saville comes up into my room without any one seeing him, I will give you five more."

The waiter took the sovereign, balanced it on each one of his fingers and then on his thumb, turned it teetotum fashion on the table and glanced at it inquiringly, when it fell, to see if it could tell him what to do.

Finding it remained mute, he said, sententiously:

"A man's a man, sir."

"I don't deny that," returned Captain de Grey,

"Well, now sir, if you can tell me how a tall young man—some party measuring perhaps six feet two in his stockings—can come up these hotel stairs without being seen, I should take it as a favour sir, I should indeed."

The captain smiled.

"That is exactly your affair, your duty," he answered, "you must find out the means and I must pay you. Now go, and see you act prudently."

Thomas, whose senses were by this time bordering on delirium, produced by the promise of five pounds and the apparent impossibility of earning them, rose meekly and left the room, while the stranger going to his boxes took out a desk and began to unroll some papers which were arranged in most symmetrical order.

About six, the long-expected cab arrived at the door of the hotel.

The place was very quiet, and Thomas was in high glee.



Out of the cab came a tall, elegantly dressed young man, whose face was deadly pale, and who spoke in a quiet, and indeed almost inaudible voice.

He asked for Captain de Grey.

"Yes sir; this way sir," cried Thomas, eagerly, for at this moment no one was near, "never mind your boxes, sir—I will see to them, sir—gentleman most anxious to see you, sir."

Thus talking, he had contrived to lead or rather drag him to the stairs. Half of them had been traversed in safety, when below, at a side door, appeared the rubicund face of the hotel-keeper peering upwards. Quick as thought, Thomas pulled off the stranger's hat, whipped a white napkin under his arm, and dragged him out of sight.

So stunned was the new arrival by the man's impudence, that he was at the door of Captain de Grey's room before he recovered from his astonishment.

Then, however, he seized the waiter by the collar and shook him.

"Why have you dared to insult me?" he began.

At the moment the door opened, and Captain de Grey appeared.

"It is all right," he said blandly. "It was done by my directions."

"And who the devil are you, sir?" cried Granby Saville, stalking into the room, "who employ waiters to insult me?"

"My young and impetuous friend," said De Grey, calmly, "quiet yourself. If you will sit down and listen to me for five minutes, you will be convinced I have done you a service."

Granby Saville looked from one to the other for a moment, as if half-inclined to chastise them both; but then, remembering that this person might be the man he sought, he sat down silently.

"You can leave the room, Thomas," said De Grey, giving him five sovereigns. "I was watching over the bannisters, and your race was admirable."

Thomas descended and met his master.

"Who was that person who just went up to Captain de Grey's room?" asked Mr. Parton.

"Stout elderly party with a very red face," returned the waiter, looking straight at his master and unwittingly describing him.

"Who was that young man then?"

"That was George, sir,—eh, eh—don't know George, sir?"

And Thomas sidled off. Presently he met George, and slipped half a sovereign into his hand.

"A stout elderly party just went up to Captain de Grey's room, you were with me when we showed him up, do you understand, eh?"

George winked and said, "he did rather," and Thomas proceeded to tear the labels off the traveller's boxes.

Meanwhile, the young man waited with some degree of curiosity for his strange host's explanation.

"You are Granby Saville, I believe?" said Captain de Grey, politely.

"I am."

"You have come to England in the hope of finding a clue to your parentage?"

"I have."

"Good; have you any idea of your father's name and station?"

The young man eyed him curiously.

"May I ask," he said, "may I ask by what right you are putting these questions to me?"

He could not see his host's face, for his back was turned to the window, and it was shaded, therefore, from him.

"You come," said Captain de Grey in a low voice, "to see John Shadow."

"Yes—yes, the man whom I believe to be my father. I did come to see him."

"True, and I am his representative. A letter was given into your hand to-day, at Liverpool, which directed you to meet me here. That letter was signed by John Shadow, and I am Captain de Grey."

The young man was silent for a moment.

"Well," he said, at length, "I will tell you all I know."

Then he narrated—perhaps more explicitly—the story he had told to Clara Mansfield the night before.

He sat with his glance directed towards the fire while he spoke, as if he were conjuring up before his mind afresh the strange scenes he had passed through. Captain de Grey leaned his hand upon the table, and kept his eyes fixed upon the speaker's face, as if each tone of his voice struck some secret chord of his heart.

He sighed when Granby Saville had finished.

"So you think John Shadow is your father?" he said quietly.

"Yes, I can form no other idea."

The captain looked steadily at the fire, too, this time, and answered hastily—

"John Shadow is not your father."

The tone in which the words were uttered was hollow and sepulchral, and the words themselves seemed torn from the speaker's heart. The captain seemed startled

when he said them, and looked round at his listener as if to see if he too had experienced a shock.

But the young man was quite calm.

"I regret that," he said quietly, "because I he he he not my father, all clue seems lost."

"Not so," returned the captain with an effort, "not so; I can tell you who you are, but in the meantime, do you this secret, remember, it is a sacred one. It is one which for a time must be kept religiously between you and me."

Any hasty movement—any rash impetuosity, would be your ruin, and the ruin, too, of all the happiness which others have been storing up for many years. I will trust you, because I have been told to trust you; but give me your word that you will keep this secret, and will act solely under my instructions."

The young man smiled.

"You are the only person I know in London," he said, "and without doubt the only one who knows anything of me. I must trust you, and do. I pledge you my word that I will guard the secret, and act only as you direct."

Captain de Grey took his hand and pressed it with strange earnestness.

"Good, my boy!" he said. "Good, my boy; you will excuse my freedom, I am sure, for I am an old man, and had a son once, who had he lived, would have been just your age. Good, I say, for quiet courage, self-possession, and tact, will be your stepping-stones to a great fortune."

Granby Saville started. A fortune! What visions did not this word raise before his bewildered mind—visions in which the image of Clara Mansfield was ever present.

"A fortune!" he cried, "you are mocking me."

"Not so. When you have heard your name you will no longer think of mockery. Your name is Ralph Conyers."

The young man uttered a subdued cry; and passed his hand over his eyes, as if to shut out some wild dream.

"What is this you tell me," he said in a low tone.

"Ralph Conyers was my friend, my playmate, who came over to England lately to claim his estates. I am Granby Saville, and my only friend is John Shadow."

Captain de Grey smiled.

"It may seem difficult to believe," he said, "but the fact remains. The young man who was thought to be Ralph Conyers, and who came to England a short time since, is dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Saville, "Henry Raiton dead! you are giving me strange and terrible news, Captain de Grey."

"It is strange, very strange indeed," returned De Grey, "nevertheless he is dead, and buried in the family vault of the Castletons. Death has been busy with them lately, and since the young man's arrival the old marquess has also died, and Milton Conyers, your father, is now marquess. Since the death of Henry Raiton, who, poor fellow, was murdered on the very threshold of his supposed home, it has been discovered by me that this Raiton was not Ralph Conyers, but that you are the heir to the marquessate. We, that is to say, I and another person interested in your welfare, possess nearly all the proof necessary to prove your identity; but we have great difficulties still to contend with. You are aware, perhaps, that Milton Conyers married again."

"I was not aware of it."

"He did so, and had two children, a son and a daughter. This son, a foolish and not very pleasing person, by the way, is the idol of his mother, and for him she is ready to do anything. She therefore insists that the dead man was Ralph Conyers."

"Why," said Granby Saville abstractedly.

"That is very simple. He being dead, Reginald her son is heir to the marquessate. She then asserts, as I have said, that Ralph Conyers is no more, and will resist, by every method in her power, any claim which we may prefer."

"Who was this Henry Raiton?" asked Granby Saville.

Captain de Grey was silent for a moment, as if preparing for an effort.

"He was the son of John Shadow," he said.

Saville stared at him in astonishment.

"Who then is my friend in this business?" he asked.

"John Shadow."

"I cannot see his motive for befriending me. As Henry Raiton was his son, and was so nearly obtaining a title and a fortune, I could have understood his remaining quiet, and aiding him by his alliance; but what claim have I on his friendship?"

Captain de Grey laid his hand gently on his arm and said kindly:

"That you will learn in good time. I cannot explain it now. Suffice it that you are Ralph Conyers—that about proving your identity there will be no difficulty, and that I and John Shadow will assist you. Now I must explain the plan which it is necessary for us to follow."

Into this plan I do not at present propose to enter. I need only say that Granby Saville fell in with the captain's view and eagerly accepted his protection and aid.

His mind was certainly far from being free from doubt.

The whole affair was suspicious.

Yet, who can blame him for joining in the conspiracy, if conspiracy it was, when he had so great a stake to play for—when the face of Clara Mansfield proved the centre piece of every bright picture of the future—when on one side was despair and comparative poverty—on the other love, a title and a fortune?

At seven the captain and his friend, dined, and at eight Granby Saville retired to his bedroom to take a nap.

At half-past eight the sitting-room bell rang, and Thomas, the waiter, appeared.

Captain de Grey stood near the window with his hat on and a large travelling cloak round him.

"Thomas," he said, "you have proved that you are an intelligent man once, now prove it again."

"Try, sir."

"My friend, Mr. Saville, has retired to his room for a nap," pursued De Grey; "I am going out, and shall be absent an hour. I do not wish him to follow me."

"I understand, sir."

"I wish you to keep a strict watch upon him, and see that he does not go out."

"But I can't prevent him, sir," cried Thomas; "I can't keep him back by force."

The captain smiled.

"No—no," he said quietly, "that will not be required. You need merely say that I am gone out, and will return directly, and desire him, as a particular favour, not to go away until I am back."

"Very good, sir."

"I would have mentioned this to him before," continued the captain, "only he felt drowsy after dinner, and went off to sleep so suddenly. However, do as I bid you, and I will not forget you."

He then left the room, went down the stairs and into the street.

Thomas kept a sharp look-out.

Not a living being left the hotel during that hour, at least, he was so persuaded, neither did any one enter.

At half-past nine the sitting-room bell rang again.

"Oh, Lord!" said Thomas, "now Mr. Saville will want to go out and I shan't be able to hinder him."

He entered the room with some trepidation; but was agreeably surprised to see Captain de Grey seated by the fire.

"Is that fowl ready which I ordered for supper?" said the captain languidly.

"No, sir; another quarter of an hour, sir. But may I ask, sir, how you came in?"

"Through the door, you blockhead."

"Yes, sir; I know, sir. Only I was keeping a good look-out, and never saw any one go up or come down, that's all, sir."

"I dare say not—you were staring up the stairs so intently when I came in that no doubt I escaped your notice. By the way, has my friend been out?"

"No, sir; seen nothing of him, sir."

"Be good enough, then, to go into his room and tell him that supper will soon be ready."

Thomas went, and in a few minutes came back with surprise, not unmingled with alarm evident in his face.

"Please, sir," he faltered, "the gentleman's gone, sir!"

Captain de Grey started up.

"Villain!" he cried, "I thought I told you he was not to go."

Thomas trembled, and retreated towards the door.

"Please, sir, he never went out," he cried, "he must be hiding."

"Hiding! bah, the man is a fool," he muttered; "let a search be made through the house. He is doubtless in one of the public rooms."

"No, sir; indeed, sir, it can't be," cried Thomas. "I will swear he never went out of the bedroom."

The captain eyed him with a cold, angry glance.

"Go at once," he said, "and do as I direct."

A quarter of an hour elapsed ere the waiter returned.

"Mr. Saville is nowhere in the hotel," he said, "but I'll swear he never came out of his bedroom. I hope nothing has happened to him."

The man's face was very pale, and his teeth chattered. He had to a certain extent been the captain's accomplice, and he feared the future.

De Grey smiled.

"Happened to him!" he cried, "what can have happened to him? I suppose he would not wait for me, and so slipped out quietly. However, I wish to go to sleep early, so bring up the chicken, I'll eat a wing, and then tumble into bed."

So the supper was brought, and the captain ate heartily, and drank a bottle and a half of wine. Then he called for his lamp—went to bed, and slept soundly.

But Granby Saville came not.

Next day, De Grey had his breakfast—paid the score—called a cab and drove away, carrying with him Saville's trunks and his own.

And so the mysterious business should have ended, for they never appeared again. But on the third day after their departure, a lady closely veiled entered Truman's, and enquired for Granby Saville. The waiter told his story, and enlarged upon the unaccountable disappearance of the young stranger, being quite unprepared for the effect his words produced. The lady trembled like an aspen-leaf, nearly fainted, and, after drinking a glass of wine, tottered out of the hotel like one wounded mortally. Thomas watched her out—saw her stagger faintly along the street, enter a chariot, and drive off quickly. The crest on the chariot he could not see, and so the matter, as far as he was concerned, remained a mystery.

CHAPTER XI.

Life speeds away
From point to point, though seeming to stand still,
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth,
Too subtle is the movement to be seen,
Yet soon man's hour is up and he is gone.

WHEN Madame Delaume drew back Messenger into her room, he started as the light of her dim lamp fell upon her white and ghastly face.

"What ails you, madam?" he said.

"I have heard all!" she answered. "I was listening when that man was with her—listening while you were warning her."

"Was I not right, madam?"

"Yes—yes, my friend," returned the governess; "your honest heart dictated your mode of action, and no doubt, therefore, you were right. But warn her no more, and, above all, breathe not a word to the marquise."

The old steward was bewildered, and did not answer. Madame Delaume proceeded:

"This house is full of mystery. I understand it all; but it is better for you not to understand. Watch, therefore; but for your own safety, and the safety of others, do nothing rashly. There is a chill atmosphere in this place—a deadly, unwholesome vapour: the very air we breathe is poison; and it will be your ruin, and the ruin of us all, if you do not be discreet."

The governess was a favourite with all the servants. She was quiet, unobtrusive; she seldom interfered with any one, and, indeed, scarcely ever spoke to the members of the household. But when she did do so, it was always in kindness; and they respected her almost as much as they did the marchioness.

The old man listened to her words as he would have done to those of an oracle.

Most of what she said was a wild and terrible mystery to him; but he felt that some one was in danger.

"Whom are you striving to protect?" he asked, suddenly.

"The marquise,"

"From whom is danger threatening him?"

"That is what I must not tell."

"And this man, who saw the Marchioness of Castleton this night—is his name Courtenay or Shadow, as I said?"

"His name is Shadow; he is a returned convict. Lady Castleton knows all this, and yet receives him."

Jacob Messenger raised his hands in horror.

"This is frightful," he said.

"It is, my friend," pursued Madame Delaume; "but it is nevertheless true, and strange as it may seem, the safety of the marquise depends upon this man's being permitted to come and go in safety. Leave this fellow to me; I will see that he does no mischief."

The old steward stood for a moment silent and irresolute.

Then he mustered courage to say:

"And who, madam, may I ask, are you?"

A quiet smile, a quiet, triumphant smile, wreathed itself over the face of the governess.

"I am," she said, "Madame Delaume, a poor French governess. Go now, Jacob, I am about to have an interview with Lady Castleton."

"Good-night, madam," said Jacob Messenger, "good-night. I will act under your instructions, and keep a vigilant watch."

As soon as the old steward had gone, Madame Delaume entered her bedroom, arranged her hair, gave a parting glance at the glass, to see that her features betrayed no agitation, and then proceeded to Lady Castleton's boudoir.

She knocked gently.

"Come in," said a voice, with an intonation of languid surprise.

She entered.

Lady Castleton started on seeing her.

"I have had a number of visitors this evening, madame," she said, smiling. "Has the marquise come in yet?"

"No, madam."

"Can I be of service to you in any way?"

"Yes, of great service."

"In what?"

"I wish to tell you something—I wish to speak to you of a matter which concerns you far more, perhaps,

than it does me. I come to speak to you of the health of your husband."

Lady Castleton turned sharply round, as if about to demand by what right she asked such a question. She quickly, however, changed her tactics.

"My husband's health?" she said, in a tone of much concern; "I trust he is well—that no accident has happened to him?"

"None, my lady. I speak not of his health at the present moment especially, but of his health generally. He seems to be wasting away—he appears to be gradually falling into a terrible decline, while yet his voice is clear, his eyes are bright, his step quick. Have you not observed it?"

Lady Castleton opened her eyes wide with amazement.

"No, no. I have not observed it," she said.

"That is strange, my lady," returned Madame Delaume, "for all else have I, who have studied much, can find a reason for his ailment—others, perhaps, cannot."

"And what, pray, is this reason?" asked Lady Castleton, in a sharp, harsh voice.

"He is being poisoned!"

Madame Delaume spoke slowly, in measured accents, and gazed the while full in the face of the marchioness.

The lady uttered a sharp, shrill cry, and sprang from her chair.

"You are mad, madame," she cried; "mad—mad, I say. Who can be poisoning my husband—who has an interest in his death?"

Madame shook her head.

"I know not that, my lady," she answered, "nor did I come hither to discuss that question. I came to tell you that, no matter what poison he is being destroyed with, I can give you its antidote."

Lady Castleton, the criminal hypocrite—the woman bartering her soul for her pride, felt abashed for a moment before this quiet answer.

She could not understand this new antagonist.

Was she really unsuspicious?

Did she really believe, in fact, that the wife would be gladdened by the husband's recovery; or was she defying her calmly—spreading a trap against her—share against snare.

She was silent for many minutes.

Then she said, taking the pale, thin hand of the governess:

"This is, indeed, mournful intelligence you bring me, madame."

"It is, indeed,"

"What are your reasons?"

"I have already stated them."

Lady Castleton thought again.

"True—true," she said; "I have observed that he grows thin and pale, and that his eyes are bright sometimes as with fever, but I have attributed it all to his sorrow. The loss of that son was a great grief to him, you are aware."

A deadly pallor, and then a glow of exultation for a moment overspread the face of the French governess.

"It was a grief," she replied, "a great grief; but after all, that may not have been his son."

"Yes, yes," said the marchioness, hastily; "it was his son; it was Ralph Conyers; we have had certain proofs of that."

"Well, well; I know nothing of that, of course," cried Madame Delaume, rising in her turn; "I have done my duty in warning you."

"I thank you sincerely for it," said Lady Castleton, "most sincerely; but one thing I must entreat."

"What is that?"

"Do not let a whisper of this escape; if it were to reach my husband's ears, it would be his death."

"Or his rescue," thought Madame.

"Certainly, my lady," she answered, "certainly. I quite understand how necessary it is that the marquise should be kept in complete ignorance of all these things. I address myself merely to you, and can assure you again that, no matter what poison is used to destroy him, there is an antidote to save him."

She then bowed and quitted the room.

Lady Castleton pressed her hand against her breast, and watched the governess until she had disappeared through the door.

"This woman is threatening me," she muttered, as she sank down upon her chair. "She knows all, and is warning me of her power. Good; she must be got rid of."

She spoke too audibly.

Madame Delaume heard all.

"Poor fool!" she murmured; "you could sooner get rid of your own unquiet conscience than of me."

That night the Marquis of Castleton retired to rest in his own quiet chamber.

The marchioness slept in a room at the end of the same passage.

It was a bright moonlight night, and the marquise, as usual, left his door wide open.

The old house was very quiet.

The moonbeams peered in through the casements boldly, and down the staircases, and in at the doors, falling upon the white coverings of the bed, and on the face of the sleeper.

It was a very still night, I have said; but all were not asleep in the house.

When others were slumbering, when the street was empty, when only a stray cab rattled here and there along the stones, a dark figure rose as it were from out of a mass of shadow, and approached the bed on which Milton Conyers was lying.

It was Madame Delaume.

She went to the table, took the bottle of medicine which stood on it, uncorked it, and pressed into it some white powder.

She then shook it, and held it up to the light.

It had been bright red before: it was bright red still.

"Good," she murmured; "it is undiscoverable."

She gazed for a moment with a strange expression upon the sleeper, and then listened.

There was the slightest, the most minute sound in the passage, but the French governess detected it.

"She comes," she muttered, and withdrew to her silent corner.

Lady Castleton entered; and Madame Delaume, from her post of observation, eyed her with triumph.

"If she places her poison in the bottle now, the medicine will be discoloured, and she dare not give it him," she murmured.

The marchioness leaned over the bed, and saw that her husband slept.

Then she came to the table quietly, calmly, as one who is on an errand of charity, and poured into the medicine three drops of a colourless fluid.

She also held it up to the light: its colour remained unchanged.

"Great God!" muttered Madame Delaume, "she has defeated me."

She watched the form of the wife issue from the door, and then she rose and again approached the table.

"What am I to do," she said, "what am I to do? If I throw this bottle away, the marchioness will understand I have done it, and it will be open war between us. If I cast it down, it will be heard, and I shall be discovered here."

At length a thought struck her.

She took the bottle and broke it in her hands, cutting her tender flesh, but uttering no cry. The medicine was spilled upon the floor, the broken glass lay beside it, and Madame Delaume was triumphant.

"Milton Conyers," she murmured, as she gazed at him ere she left the room, "may Heaven, in its own good time, tell you who has saved your life this night."

CHAPTER XII.

How fading are the joys we dote upon,
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those that haunt us take their flight,
Are the most exquisite and bright;

Like angels' visits short and bright;
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

Norris.

TIME passed wearily with Cicely Crowe at Mangles Worsop's house.

What Jabez Laurence had meant by his night's conversation with Sarah, was as yet a matter of mystery.

Cicely saw nothing peculiar about her hosts in any respect.

She was treated with respect; had enough to eat and nothing to do; and, provided she humoured Mrs. Worsop's whims, and laughed at the old man's sepulchral jokes, she was pleasantly situated enough.

Now and then, certainly, she fancied that old Mangles Worsop eyed her in a peculiar fashion, and was peculiar too in his mode of speaking with her.

Mrs. Worsop there was rarely a difference in.

She spent her time in grumbling, putting her feet in hot water, muffling her head in the inevitable flannel, and snoring in the sentry-box; otherwise she was a good-natured soul enough, seemed fond of Cicely, and after a few days let her into all her confidences, which being confidences, we will not disclose.

Mangles Worsop himself would sit during these confidences with a silk handkerchief over his head apparently wrapped in sleep, but he was in reality devouring every word his wife said, and watching to see if she were abusing him.

Worsop was, altogether, one of those men in whom a person is likely to be deceived at first.

He seemed all life—all activity in spite of his age; he had a pleasant smile, and a pleasant way of talking, too, notwithstanding his sepulchral voice.

But whatever Cicely Crowe might have thought of him at first, she did not admire him upon a closer acquaintance, and she very soon experienced at his hands the same kind of petty annoyances as his wife during so many years had had to endure.

She heard very often from her father.

He seemed in bad spirits—spoke repeatedly of sending for her back; but never positively. He appeared always as if labouring under the weight of some dread, yet he never mentioned the name of the man they so much feared.

It is difficult to tell the state of a person's health from a letter, especially if that letter is full of expressions of comfort.

But Burnett Crowe overdid it.

He tried so hard to appear happy that he defeated his own purpose. His efforts to seem joyous were painful.

On the morning before the day on which we return to Cicely Crowe, she had received the following letter from Thornton:

"MY DARLING CHILD,—I have striven very hard through all my letters to avoid mentioning the name of the man who haunts every moment of my life; but I am now compelled to do so. From something I have heard through a peculiar source, I fear that John Shadow is seeking you out for some purpose. Knowing that his mind is evil, I do not doubt that this purpose is your destruction, and I, therefore, hasten to warn you. You had better inform Mangles Worsop of my suspicions and let him watch for you. If you see him anywhere write to me directly. I shall be in town soon, and will come straight to Little Feather Lane. Do not neglect, dear Cicely, to write to me the moment you see or hear anything of John Shadow.—Believe me ever, your affectionate father,

"BURNETT CROWE."

The only person in the establishment who appeared in any way to possess the ordinary amount of humanity was Jabez Laurence.

He was a thin person, with large bullet eyes, red hair, and a somewhat awkward and shambling gait. But there was generally a pleasant smile playing over his large mouth, and a kind of gentleness in the light of his great round eyes which detracted in no small degree from his general ugliness.

Mangles Worsop was a suspicious, odd-looking tyrannical man, who evidently was not all he seemed; and it was a kind of intuitive fear which made her keep out of his way, and take refuge in the companionship of Jabez Laurence and Sarah.

On the evening of the day on which she received the letter given above from her father—a day she had spent alone in her own room—she met Jabez as she crept down to tea.

"Jabez," she said, retreating towards her own room, "I want to speak to you."

Jabez smiled all over his face.

"Certainly, miss," he answered,

"Do you know any of Mr. Worsop's friends?" she asked.

Jabez thought.

"Well," he said, "I don't know as he's got any friends; but I know one or two of his acquaintances." "I want only their names. Have you ever heard the name of John Shadow?"

Jabez put his finger to his nose.

"Hush!" he said, in a low voice, and with a knowing wink; "that name's a queer un, and you mustn't let old Mangles hear you speak of him!"

Cicely trembled.

It was too true, then; John Shadow was a friend of Mangles Worsop, and she was in the snare of the destroyer.

"That will do," she said, quietly; "another time you can tell me more. I am very, very much obliged to you. But you mustn't say I asked you any questions."

"Leastwise you're quite welcome, miss," returned Jabez, "and as for telling the old Mangle, as I call him, I'd as soon eat peas without shelling 'em."

Cicely Crowe had her tea with Worsop and his wife, and complaining of a headache, retired to her room, in spite of the entreaties of the old lady, that she would remain with her.

She had much to think, much to plan, much to fear, and she preferred the solitude of her own room.

So she put out the light, that she might not see she was not at home, and sitting down on the edge of the bed thought and pondered.

What could be the nature of Mangle Worsop's connexion with John Shadow?

How was it that her father had sent her into the very lion's den. Everything about the affair was suspicious. Burnett Crowe sent her a remittance every week, with which to compensate the Worsops in some way for her board; but this the old antiquary strenuously refused to accept, although his mode of living was penurious, and he did not pretend—after the first display—any particular affection for her.

As she was ruminating, she heard a stealthy step ascend the stairs.

She listened, dreading she knew not what.

A timid tap came to the door.

"Who is it?" she said, in an agitated voice.

"It's me," returned Jabez Laurence, in a tone which indicated that he was under the influence of considerable alarm.

She opened the door, and started back as the moonbeams fell upon the face of the youth—a face grotesque enough at all times; but now pale and distorted with terror.

"You must come with me," he said; "don't ask me where or why; but come. Put on your bonnet and shawl—don't stop for anything else; but come now, or it will be too late."

Scarcely knowing why she trusted this young fellow, whom she hardly knew, but convinced that something was happening adverse to her own interests, or those of her father, Cicely hurried on her shawl and bonnet, and followed him.

He led her down noiselessly till they reached a little room at the rear of the old shop.

This room was in profound darkness, and Cicely hesitated to enter.

Jabez clasped his hands.

"Oh! do come, Miss Cicely," he said, "do come; you will thank me for it afterwards."

He took her hand and led her in.

"Sit down there," he whispered, pointing to a little stool, "and listen."

For some moments all was still; and as her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, she could see the dim outlines of grotesque figures and old weapons, and in one corner a coat of rusty armour.

Then voices in the next room riveted her attention.

"There," said one, whose tones she well knew, and the sound of which sent a chill to her very heart; "there is your cheque, now for your information."

She could hear the old man's chuckle, as he folded up the paper, and placed it in his pocket.

"My information is somewhat startling," he said; "Burnett Crowe is dead!"

Jabez Laurence knew what was coming, and ere the words left Worsop's lips, he pressed his hand over the young girl's mouth, and whispered:

"For your life remain silent!"

For an instant the horror of the situation had invested him with a firmness of character which he had not imagined himself to possess.

A groan escaped the girl—a deep hollow groan—which the men in the next room must have heard, had they not been so intent upon their own schemes.

"Dead!" said Shadow, in unassuming astonishment.

"Why, how did the old man die?"

There was a kind of sorrow, even in this ruffian's heart. Burnett Crowe had been his earliest friend, and even of late years had not betrayed him.

"I know not all the particulars," returned Worsop.

"He came up to London this morning, and was struck down by some vehicle. This was told me by one of the railway porters. He was able to murmur a few words; but where he was taken they know not. The surgeon who came to the spot said he could not survive many minutes."

"Poor man!" murmured Shadow.

Then, after a few moments, he shook off all tender feelings.

"So now this girl is friendless—helpless."

"Quite."

"Good; she will now be more easily moulded."

"I can't understand you, Shadow," said Mangles Worsop; "I can't for the life of me make out what you want with this girl."

Shadow laughed.

"I'm not in love with her, you may swear," he said; "I want her for a purpose—she is absolutely necessary for the success of a plan which I have formed. Tomorrow I must see her."

"She will be alarmed terribly, I fear," said the antiquary.

"Oh! she will soon get over that; you had better let me break the news of her father's death to her, and tell her that I will be her friend."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mangles Worsop; "a nice friendship to accept. However, you shall have it your own way. At what time to-morrow will you come?"

"Early in the morning. I will go now."

"Come," whispered Laurence to the trembling girl; "come, or we shall be too late."

They entered the passage.

Cicely was bewildered.

"Whither am I to go?" she said. "I am friendless—I know no one. Where—where can I go?"

"Anywhere, anywhere better than here," said Jabez, as he noiselessly opened the door and pressed something into her hand—it was a purse with all his savings—"there, run quickly, don't pass the shop, and when you get a place, let me know."

He closed the door before the bewildered girl understood thoroughly what he said.

All she comprehended was that she was out there, amid the hurrying throng—amid thousands of human beings—without one who cared for her or would help her; that she was flying she knew not whither, from an unknown danger; that her father, her only friend in the world, was gone from her, and she was alone upon the earth.

And so she wandered on along the glaring street, and the only goal which seemed before was Death!

Jabez Laurence crept back along the passage, and took refuge in the little kitchen with Sarah.

He was in no talkative humour; however, that evening, and the slavey who generally looked forward to a stolen interview, could only elicit from him a succession of grunts and grumblings.

Besides, he seemed on this occasion to have forgotten that he was not master of the house, and sat there as if he was quite accustomed to occupy the kitchen, with the full permission of Mangles Worsop, who, in reality, had he found him there, would have expelled him from his establishment.

At length he started up, as if struck by some sudden fear, seized his hat and stick, and without a word to anyone, darted into the street.

He had remembered that the lane led into a glaring thoroughfare, but that on the other side of that thoroughfare was a bridge, a dark, cold looking bridge, spanning a wide and turbulent river, and he feared the thoughts which such a sight might inspire in a mind frenzied with sorrow and despair.

So, with no guide but his own earnest hope, he rushed through the hurrying thousands, in quest of the homeless wanderer.

(To be continued.)

"ROYAL KINDNESS."

THIS is the title of a poem of nineteen stanzas, written by Martha Reid, a girl of thirteen years of age, in the Free South Church School, Aberdeen, at two sittings of three hours each, in presence of visitors, after having read from a newspaper account of the Queen's visit to the Duke of Athole. That the stanzas should be all of equal merit is not to be looked for, considering the youth of the author, and the unfavourable circumstances under which they were composed, but, notwithstanding these drawbacks, we make bold to say there are verses in the piece which would do no disgrace to the pens of writers of acknowledged reputation. The poem opens with an apostrophe to her Majesty, in which graceful allusion is made to her bereavement:—

All thy joys, thy hopes, thy comforts,
Faded now and withered lie,
Though, perchance, fond memory often
Brings them to thy spirit's eye.

But thou hast been taught a lesson,
By the loss of one so dear,
How to comfort the afflicted—
How to dry the falling tear.

Was it this that turned thy footsteps,
To Blair Castle's grey old towers?
Where, amid the autumn sunshine,
Like a dark cloud sorrow lours.

The writer then proceeds to narrate the circumstances attending the Royal visit. The following verses tell how the tidings sped from mouth to mouth, and how the people assembled to welcome the Royal visitors:—

Soon the tidings to the Duchess
On the lightning's wings were borne,
And from mouth to mouth were carried,
All that sunny autumn morn.

Many an old grey-headed shepherd,
With his Highland plaid and crook;
Many a maid, and many a matron,
Came upon the Queen to look.

The following stanza describes the meeting between the afflicted Duchess and illustrious visitor:—

Then the gracious royal lady
Kissed the mourner on the cheek,
Who o'ercome by her emotions,
Wept the thanks she could not speak.

For the fine idea so tersely expressed in the following stanza the youthful writer could scarcely be indebted to the newspaper report:—

In these grand old rugged mountains,
With their heath-clad sides, we see
Not old Scotia's mountains only,
But her towers of liberty.

The piece, on the whole, does very great credit to Miss Reid, and shows that she possesses, in no small degree, the qualifications which, if assiduously cultivated, may yet raise her to no mean niche in the "Temple of Fame."

THE Sandwich Islands are decreasing in population and business. The number of foreign vessels which had arrived at Honolulu during the first half of the present year was less by half than during the corresponding period of last year. There is a great scarcity of labourers for the sugar plantations, and parties are earnestly urging the Government authorities to import coolies from Polynesia. The population of the islands is decreasing more rapidly than at any former period. It is now estimated that they contain only 66,000 inhabitants.



[MEDA AND JESSIE REED.]

THE GREY EAGLE OF THE SIOUX.

CHAPTER IX.

RUTHERFORD'S DECLARATION.

For a time after they had crossed the stream, both Rutherford and his companion were silent, but at length he murmured:

"Jessie, Jessie, it was God who sent me to you to-night! Had I been five minutes later, you would have perished."

"Yes," responded the girl, with a low sob: "I had given up all hope of escape, and was trying to prepare myself to meet my fate. My mother taught me to pray, and then I prayed in good earnest."

"Your prayers were answered, Jessie."

"Ah, I believe they were, but I thought you miles away—what brought you into the neighbourhood?"

"Thus far I have sealed my lips, but in such an hour as this, heart must speak to heart! From our first meeting, I have felt a deep interest, which has deepened into love. It cost me a strong effort to leave without declaring my passion, but I thought of Waldo Marston's claim, and was silent. Late in the afternoon we encamped in a ruined hut, and our guide soon declared that the prairie was on fire! I at once thought of you, and I could not rest, though some of our party were coolly watching the flames, as they knew our position to be a safe one. I started from the encampment, resolved to ascertain whether you were in danger, and when I saw how far the flames extended, I feared I should be too late to save you. God only knows my emotion, when I espied you, but it could not be compared to that which thrilled my whole being, when the fire shut you from my sight! I urged my terrified horse through the flame, half-expecting to find you a blackened corpse; but, thank Heaven, you live, though you cannot, like the prophet of old, declare that you have come forth from the fiery furnace without the smell or the touch of fire upon your garments! And he glanced at the singed dress, and laid his hand tenderly on her scorched hair, adding:

"But these only make you a thousand times dearer, Jessie. And now tell me one thing—do you love Waldo Marston?"

"Love him? You mock me, Maurice Rutherford! I detest him, and when I thought I must die in the burning prairie, it seemed as if I should prefer that to a living death as his bride."

"One question more, dearest, best beloved; do you care for me? I am exacting—I should not be content with gratitude, or mere esteem—could your heart give me back thro' for thro'?"

"Oh, yes, Maurice; surrounded as we have been with dangers since our first meeting, the happiest hours of my life have been spent with you; when you left the cabin yesterday, when we parted by the 'burning-bush,' I realized how dear you had grown!"

"Then I am indeed a happy man!" And, for a time they abandoned themselves to the sweet delirium of their first love. On one hand the prairie-fire blazed and roared, an appalling scene; on the other the fierce eyes of the panther glared, the grey wolf stalked, eager for prey, and the vulture of the west shrieked and circled, but Rutherford only tightened his clasp of Jessie, who, looking up into his face, felt no fear. At length, however, Rutherford said:

"Tell me all that has passed since I left you."

"I assure you my meeting with Mr. Marston was anything but a pleasant one," And Jessie went on to give a graphic account of Marston's rage, White Cloud's mysterious allusions, his subsequent apology, the result of her interview with her father, and what she had suffered at the prospect of the destiny, which rose grim and relentless between her and happiness. The young man drew her more closely to him, and then said:

"You recollect John Marsh, the singular man, who was shot by the same unknown foe who so severely wounded me after I had taken refuge in the cabin?"

"Yes, I have often thought of him, and the beautiful child with him, and felt very anxious to know where they went."

"At the dismal old hut on the prairie—the hut to which I alluded when speaking of our present camping-ground, I was surprised to find both him and Blanche. Jessie, have you ever suspected what errand sent him to your home?"

"No; I supposed that like others, he had become alarmed at the frequent incursions of the Indians, and fled to our garrison!"

"There you mistake; he had a settled purpose to carry out."

"What do you mean?"

"I have hitherto kept my own counsel, but to-night, as you perceive, I am in a communicative mood. The first time I met John Marsh was the evening after I had rescued you from Grey Eagle. As I strolled from our encampment, I met an emigrant waggon, and hastened toward it, thinking it might be from the east. This John Marsh had unarmoured his horses, and was building a camp-fire. When I addressed him, he bade me speak softly, for his poor mistress was, he feared, dying. He led me to the spot where she lay asleep, with little Blanche, and a huge dog watching beside her. I had not been there long, when she woke from her fitful slumber, and began to talk, declaring

that if she could see Waldo Marston once more, and lay her child at his feet, she should die in peace. The name struck me as the same I had heard at your house that morning, and I mentioned the occurrence to John Marsh. He was strongly moved, and wrote a message, of which I was the bearer. You were promending in the moonlight, when I approached the cabin, and fancied yourself, or me in danger, but as I gave the note to Marston, and he cast a glance at the stiff handwriting, even his self-control failed him. He adroitly sent you into the house, and unsealing the note, read the message. It threw him into a passion, but he dared not disobey. He followed me, and as we struck into the prairies, endeavoured to offer an explanation."

"What did he say?"

"That this woman, whom I had met on the prairies, had been the wife of his brother Clarence; that they had not lived happily, and the law had divorced them; but she persisted in haunting him like a spectre. John Marsh, according to his story, was an old servant, who had been in her family from his boyhood, and though a man of good abilities, was hopelessly insane. He had set himself up as an avenger of her fancied wrongs, and in the present phase of his madness, had conceived the idea that it was Waldo, and not Clarence Marston, of whom he was in pursuit, and therefore he had thought it best to humour his whims, and ride over to the encampment."

He paused a moment, and then described, with solemn earnestness, the poor woman's death-scene, the child's passionate grief, and the burial on the broad prairies, when John Marsh had grown eloquent in his grief and indignation, refused to be at peace with Marston, and taken an oath upon the lonely grave to avenge her wrongs! He then recounted the particulars of White Cloud's visit to the grave, her interest in both the dead mother and the living child, and the information, which had sent John to the cabin where the betrothed bride of Waldo Marston dwelt.

"We had almost reached your cottage," added Rutherford, "when we were overpowered, and borne off by the Indians, and after our release, John Marsh, Blanche and I sought your cabin. You did not notice his emotion when you took Blanche in your arms, and inquired her name, but I did, and I understood it too. He was about to reply, when that shot from an unseen source, fired through a crevice of the cabin, silenced him, but not for ever. He yet lives, and when we reach our encampment, he will tell the rest of his sad story."

"Oh, Maurice, Maurice, I am eager to hear it, for when my father knows this, he will save me from such a marriage."

"Heaven grant it!" responded Rutherford, and as they rode onward, both thought solemnly of the nameless grave on the prairie, the worse than orphaned child, and the avenger, who had sworn to follow Waldo Marston with a hatred, stern as death, remorseless as fate.

Nelson did not join them till they were within a mile of the ruined hut, but then he came galloping up, alert, fearless, inexplicable.

"Nelson," said Rutherford, "the lady whom I rescued from the prairie-fire, proves to be Miss Jessie Reed—Mr. Nelson, our new guide, Miss Reed."

The stranger touched his jaunty cap, and bowed, not like a rough backwoodsman, but a man, who at some time must have been accustomed to the higher walks of life.

"Your name is becoming quite famous," he observed; "and since I have seen your face, I do not wonder that one of our party has run such risks to serve you."

Jessie was usually quick at repartee; but now her cheek flamed with sudden crimson, her heavy eyelids dropped, and she was at a loss for a reply.

At length she said, with a shy grace, which became her well:

"And you, sir, are not an entire stranger; few have failed to hear of the exploits of Mr. Nelson, the Rocky Mountain guide."

"I should have been happy," resumed Nelson, "to have numbered among my achievements your recent rescue from the prairie-fire, but I was forestalled. Rutherford was in the saddle, and off at a mad gallop, ere I had mounted my horse. The flames drove you from your cabin, and I think they must have sprung up in your direction."

"They did, sir. It was about five o'clock, when I saw a distant light; I hoped it might be nothing more fearful than a camp-fire, but I soon perceived the nature of the flames. I was alone—my father and a guest of ours having gone out on business. God only knows what I suffered, while I watched and waited, but neither my father nor the farm-servants came. At last I fled, and as I looked back, saw the cabin and out-houses on fire, and the wheat, barley, and corn-fields wrapped in flames. Fear seemed to lend me wings, and I never thought of weariness till I gained the river's brink, and saw the fire walling me in; then my strength and courage failed, and I believed I must die!"

During her narration Rutherford had shuddered, and even the reticent guide had appeared much moved, and his voice lost its bantering tone when he exclaimed:

"You much need rest, and when we reach the hut I have no doubt, Rutherford, we can persuade its strange occupant to relinquish it to Miss Reed."

They soon gained the place of their destination, and Rutherford dismounted, and bore Jessie towards the house.

"Look, look, John!" cried Blanche, for during that terrible prairie-fire she could not close her eyes, but sat watching the scene through the half-open door—"look, I say; there is the beautiful lady who was so kind to us when you were wounded, and I thought you dead."

"Jessie Reed!" muttered John; "can she be here?"

"Yes, and she's coming in with Mr. Rutherford?"

The next instant she stood on the threshold, leaning on Maurice Rutherford's arm. Her scorched dress and singed hair told a touching tale; and when her companion recounted the adventures of the night, and begged a shelter, John gave a ready assent to vacate the premises. Blanche was left with her, and when the two sank to rest, the brave young lover and the faithful servant patrolled the walk with cautious steps.

CHAPTER X.

THE SIOUX ENCAMPMENT.

It was a gala-day among the Sioux, when the prediction of the Indian soothsayers was fulfilled, and Grey Eagle once more appeared in the haunts of his tribe. As the dark-eyed maidens harvested the shining maize, wherever you turned in the broad fields, you could have

Heard them chattering like the magpies,
Heard them laughing like the bluejays,
Heard them singing like the robins.

But there was one dusky face which did not grow radiant as Grey Eagle sauntered from lodge to lodge, or joined the merry groups amid the golden maize. The wigwam of Meda, the chief's daughter, was vacant, and Grey Eagle looked in vain for her lithe figure in the corn-fields, and their favourite resorts. Scarcely knowing whither she went, she struck into a wood, and flung herself down on the mosses, already crisped in the autumnal winds and storms. As she crouched there, the brown nuts came rustling through the dry leaves, and dropped in lavish profusion round her, but she did not gather them; bright berries, which she had once loved to breathe in her long black hair, glowed like rubies before her, and gorgeous

flowers, burning as if they had caught the glories of a thousand sunsets, flaunted in the forest aisle, but she had no heart to pluck them. In that deep solitude she was trying to gain strength to meet Grey Eagle as proudly as became the daughter of a hundred chiefs.

Suddenly she heard a footfall, and drawing farther back into her covert, peered out to see who might be passing. It was White Cloud; stern, pale, sorrowful, she walked on, with the hand of Minniwawa, her child, tightly clasped in hers. There was something in her face that touched Meda's heart, and with a wary footfall, she followed her. For a half-hour White Cloud and her child flitted on like shadows, but at length they stopped in the heart of the woods, where a thick growth of trees flung a solemn shadow over the spot. Here the keen eyes of Meda detected a mound; White Cloud cast a mournful glance at it, and then drew from her belt a long hunting-knife. Stooping, she thrust aside the long vines that interlaced it, and removed turf after turf, flinging them off with sudden violence. Finally she reached a cedar chest, turned a key in the rustic lock, and flung up a heavy lid. Nearer stole Meda, half-expecting to see some horrid sight, but it was only the ghost of a dead past, that White Cloud was exhuming. One by one, the woman took out three such rich and dainty robes as are worn by the pale-faced ladies; an ebony casket full of glittering trinkets; a Cashmere shawl, knots of bright ribbon, and heaps of gossamer lace. She had taken a miniature from the casket, when Meda sprang forward, exclaiming:

"What brings White Cloud hither?"

The woman gave a start, and there was a gleam in her eyes when she replied:

"'Tis no unusual thing to visit burial-grounds, and here I have buried a dead love, Meda!"

"I do not understand you, White Cloud."

"Let my sister listen; for years you and the rest of my tribe have seen in me only a fierce daughter of a fierce race, engaging in all the avocations which fall to the lot of the Sioux women. I have paddled my canoe, I have gathered wild-rice from the marshes, nuts from the hazel-bushes, and fruit from the prairies. I have cooked venison for my brothers, embroidered moccasins, and braided mats with Indian diligence. But, there was a time, when a pale-faced hunter, wounded in a buffalo chase, crept into our encampment, and asked for aid. It was I who bound up his wounds, who taught him the mysteries of the Sioux tongue, who trembled with joy when he told me my eyes were like the midnight stars, my hair like the raven's wing, cheeks like the red rose. My heart beat quick when I heard his step; the sunshine was dark without him—shadows were sunshine with him in those days, Meda. He declared he liked our wild, free life of the woods better than society; that, as he had nothing to bind him to the great world, he would adopt our customs, and dwell with us. The braves of our tribe credited his story, and my brothers nodded a grim assent, when our marriage was solemnized with the Sioux rites. But he soon wearied of the simple wigwam, and he took me to Canada. For a time, he was proud of my beauty; my Indian garments were exchanged for these," and she pointed at the dresses she had heaped on the ground, the flimsy lace and the jeweled-casket, and other ornaments of her wardrobe. "Yes," she went on with indescribable bitterness; "I wore soft fabrics, and braided up my hair with jewels, instead of berries, and flowers, and gay strings of beads. We had a fine lodge, and I trod rich carpets, and lay down beneath a red canopy, but at last he grew tired of his Sioux wife, his Minniwawa, and left us alone in our grand wigwam."

She paused, her breath came in sudden gasps, and a thousand varying emotions swept over her face.

"With my child clasped in my arms," she continued, "I sought for him throughout the city; but those who knew him best told me never to expect his return. I came back to my people; I told my story, and round the council-fire, they swore that they would wreak their vengeance, not only on him, but on all the pale-faces. This chest contains the relics of my life at Quebec; here in the eternal shadows I have also buried my love! I have adopted my old costume and habits; I have taught my child the Sioux language, and tried to imbue her with Indian tastes! She has never met her father since he deserted us, but I have thrice seen and threatened him! He has good reason for calling me the Black Wolf of the Sioux! To-day is the anniversary of our meeting twelve years ago, and I thought it well to bring my child with me, to show her the likeness of Waldo Marston, and tell her what she has now heard!"

A convulsive sob attested Meda's interest in White Cloud's life-history, but Minniwawa's erect form, flashing eye, and compressed lip were proof positive that every drop of her Indian blood was boiling in her veins. There was a half-mournful, half-indignant survey of the miniature which was painted on ivory, the soiled and faded garments, the brooches, earrings, and bracelets, and thrusting the likeness among the folds of her tunic, White Cloud closed and locked the

chest, and again heaped the sods over that strange grave in the western forest.

In silence the three turned from the spot, and began to retrace their steps to their homes. They had proceeded some distance, when a gaunt, grey wolf leaped toward the little party, and gnashed his long, white teeth at Meda, who was nearest him. At that instant a handsome young brave bounded from a wood-path, where he had been chasing a deer, felled the wolf to the ground with a single stroke of his war-club, and walked on at her side. His movements were so slow that White Cloud understood his wish to be alone with Meda, and she therefore hurried her child through the forest. When they were beyond earshot, Osseo clasped Meda's hand, and with Indian eloquence poured forth the story of his love. As the girl had told Jessie, her heart was dead, a slow fire burned within; but she reasoned like many who are situated as she was. The pride of the chief's daughter had been wounded by occasional words, dropped by some of her tribe, and she resolved that Grey Eagle should not gloat over her misery at their estrangement. She therefore appeared to lend a ready ear to the young brave's confession, and ere they reached the camping-ground, she was his promised wife. The sound of the merriment in the corn-fields thrilled every nerve, for she knew she must soon meet Grey Eagle there, and yet her step did not falter. The young men of the tribe had joined the girls, and Grey Eagle's sturdy form, floating panther-skin, and red plumes, were the first objects that met her gaze. All looked up in wonder as Osseo advanced, with his arm encircling Meda, who had long been the beauty and belle of the tribe. The two seemed inseparable, and as they searched for the red ear among the corn, and danced the harvest-dance, no laugh was merrier or more frequent than Meda's. An expression of pique settled on Grey Eagle's face, when he observed this, and when at nightfall he loitered by her lodge, he said, bitterly:

"Grey Eagle walks once more among his tribe, and yet Meda keeps aloof till the sun is low, and then comes into the maize-fields to dance the harvest-dance with another! The chieftain of the Sioux once thought her true as the North Star, but he finds her changeable as the sky in the moon of bright nights!"

The girl was silent, and he continued:

"What says Meda?"

"She does not deny it; if her love has wandered, she has not a word in her own defense."

"But she used to tell me, when a child, that she would pound my corn, and cook my venison, and make me moccasins, stiff with bead-work."

"The child is a woman now, she cannot answer for her girlish fancies! As for Grey Eagle, there is many a bright-eyed girl, who would be proud to sit in a great warrior's lodge!"

"Ha, I know that, but I cannot talk longer; the council-fire blazes high, and I must for the first time in the moon of the falling leaves, take my wonted place."

With these words, he disappeared, and flinging herself on the mosses, which formed her carpet, Meda wept long and bitterly: now her love prompted her to follow Grey Eagle and seek a reconciliation; now her pride kept her aloof. While she was striving, like White Cloud, to bury her love, the chief had made his way into the council, and taken his accustomed place in the august assemblage. As he joined them, the warriors sprang to their feet, and savage exclamations rang loud on the clear, cold air. Rising from his seat, the chieftain exclaimed:

"Grey Eagle once more stands in the council: thanks to the Great Spirit, who sent Red Wing to his relief, his wounds are healed! See, his arm is strong as ever, and can wield the tomahawk and scalping-knife as well!"

"Ugh!" responded one of the warriors; "our chief is as welcome as the springtime after a long and dreary winter; as the rain, when the drought has parched the earth; as the sight of our watch fires, when we are wandering afar on the great prairies!"

A grim smile curled Grey Eagle's lip, and he resumed:

"While I have been under the care of the soothsayers, I have not been idle—my thoughts have been on the war-path! The pale-faces who spilled Grey Eagle's blood are still on the march. I will strike their trail, and bring their scalps dangling from my belt! You know how they have gained acre after acre of our land, giving us a paltry sum in return—how they follow the deer even in the shadow of our own wigwams! Some of our race are fools enough to receive the food and clothing, the arms and ammunition they offer, but I spurn them! Never will I go to their forts to take what they choose to give; never will I meet them in peace! Braves, will you give up your hunting grounds to the white men? Will you see your possessions melt before them, like the morning dew? Will you build your council fires, and lay your bones on the Pacific shore?"

"No!" was the unanimous response.

"Then let the warriors hearken; the Grey Eagle of

the Sioux will to-morrow lead the braves once more on the war-path! The horses, taken from the buffalo hunters, can skin the prairies like a bird on the wing; we will overtake the bold pale-face who snatched the prairie rose from your chief."

"Ugh, ugh, the warrior speaks well. The best braves of the tribe shall follow him, for he is strong and wise."

At this moment Red Wing glided into the circle, her scarlet garments trailing the ground, her eyes burning with a weird light beneath her red turban. Every warrior in the ring bowed low; being naturally superstitious, they held her in great reverence.

"Before the chiefs leave the encampment, they need something more than the tomahawk, the hunting-knife, or even their poisoned arrows!"

"And what is that?" asked Waban.

"Red Wing's spells and charms," observed Grey Eagle.

The warriors nodded as if well-pleased at the idea, and the sorceress continued:

"Whoever wears these, and puts faith in their power, will bear a charmed life."

As she spoke, she held out some tiny crystals suspended to a deer-skin cord. Muttering an incantation, she flung one around Grey Eagle's neck, and every warrior who was to follow him on this expedition received a like offering.

The next morning at sunrise, the scouting-party were on their way—three women of the tribe watching them with deep interest, but with different emotions—they were Meda, White Cloud, and Red Wing, the Sioux sorceresses.

CHAPTER XI.

REUBEN DUFFEE.—ADVENTURES WITH THE SIOUX.

The day after the prairie-fire, the company to which Maurice Rutherford had been attached, resumed its march, but not till John Marsh had with solemn earnestness told the story of poor Hester's wrongs. Jessie's eyes were dim with tears as she listened, but something of the old spirit flashed in their depths, when she said:

"I will never, never marry Waldo Marston, never go back to my home on the prairie. I heard my father say yesterday that an aunt of mine had come to reside at the Selkirk settlement; she idolized me as a child, she will not refuse me shelter now. I will go to her under your protection, Maurice."

"I shall be most happy to take charge of you; and as you and Blanche are the only ladies of our party, you will be the objects of much solicitude. There are two Indian ponies you can ride, and we will not travel far enough in a day to weary you."

Two hours later the cavalcade were on the march, John keeping close to Blanche, and Rutherford riding at Jessie's bridle-rein. At noon they halted to take their dinner on a charred and blackened prairie, where a pile of burning logs told that some settler's cabin had stood. Near the ruins they saw a pitiful sight—a woman, with a haggard face and a mass of unkempt hair, surrounded by a group of terrified children, with scorched garments and bare and blistered feet. Weary, frightened and foot-sore, they huddled together, straining their gaze over the once pleasant prairie.

"Oh, where can your father be?" wailed the woman, and her eyes followed the children's.

"There, there he is," shouted one of them; "I can see him," and he pointed to an object which seemed like a mere speck in the dreary distance.

The boy speaker sprang from the ground and darted away; and the mother rose and watched the far-off horseman till she was satisfied of his identity.

"Yes, it is Reuben," she exclaimed, and sinking down, wept for joy.

In a half-hour more an odd figure, mounted on a grey horse, with the boy to whom we have alluded riding behind him, drew rein beside the burning logs. Reuben Duffee was a good specimen of a western backwoodsman; his face was rugged and sunburned; his form short, thick-set and muscular; his hair and beard long and tangled, but there was an expression in his eyes and about his mouth which would have told he was frank, hospitable, and generous to a fault. He wore a coarse blue suit, heavy boots and a straw hat, from which the fire had burned a part of the brim. His horse harmonized with his own general appearance, and though fleet of foot, had a rough coat, and a mane matted with burrs and prairie weeds.

"Well," he cried, addressing the woman, "I've got back again."

"Yes; and thankful enough we all are to see you, Reuben."

"I've had a long and tedious jaunt over the prairie, but I found the colt, and here I am with him. It seems odd to have no home to come to, Hannah; but there 'tis, in ashes, and we must make the best of it. Halloa! I see some travellers yonder; they've got a fire, and are cookin' their dinner mighty sociable. 'Praps they're on their way to Pike's Peak; and I'll tell you what—since I've been thinking of our loss, I've made up my mind to go the fastest chance."

"And leave me and the children?"

"No—no; take you, too; 'tis a heap better than dragging along here. Wait a minnit, and I'll slip round and hail 'em."

With these words, he galloped towards the encampment of the party, and shouted:

"Halloa! halloo! strangers!"

"Halloa, yourself!" cried Dean Hollingsworth, who was a bit of a wag, and enjoyed a rencontre like this. "What's wanted?"

"Why, you see, I've been burnt out, stranger; I had acres and acres of wheat, corn, and such like, and as good a log-house as you could find, but the prairie-fire has burnt it all to ashes. A good many folks have passed us, emigratin' to Pike's Peak; they say there's heaps of money to be had for the digging, and I'm bound to go. I didn't know but some of your party might be going, and would lend a helping hand to a man that's lost everything."

"You have made a lucky hit, sir; we have among our number several who have resolved to seek their fortunes at Pike's Peak."

"Do tell—whew! Do you suppose I could make a bargain to travel with you?"

"So far as I'm concerned, I should be most happy to accede to your proposal. I am, however, but one of many, and cannot answer for the rest. Come and take a bit of game, and a cup of coffee, and we will talk it over."

The invitation was accepted, and though Reuben Duffee declared the five dollars in his wallet his sole earthly possessions, he and his family set out with the company, when they resumed their journey.

Jessie felt a sense of relief at the new accession, for when Mrs. Duffee learned her story, she manifested a motherly interest which was very sweet to the young girl. Day after day the party journeyed on, encountering all the perils which surround travellers in that wild region of country. There were dangerous streams to cross; fierce animals on the alert for prey, eager and watchful; violent thunder-storms; wandering tribes of Indians, in each of which they expected to encounter the dreaded Grey Eagle; and lurking hordes of desperadoes that infest the border, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canada line. But the march had its charms too, in the beautiful lakes of the west, dotted with islands bordered with pebbly beaches, and haunted by shoals of pelicans, drifting past like white clouds, or wheeling high in their slow flight. There were glorious woods, shadowy with giant trees, and holding nooks where the deer still dared crouch on the soft moss, and where pigeons made their brooding-place, and robins and thrushes warbled. Eagles soared aloft with stately grace, and the crane went flapping up from the damp marshes.

When the Indian summer came on, the journey took a new charm; "nature lapsed into dreamy repose;" a soft, mellow haze steeped the atmosphere, and hung over the prairies; the hum of the insect world was strangely audible; smoke floated lazily in the still air, and naught disturbed the placid surface of the lakes, save the ripple of a birchen canoe, or the dip of a swallow, as he skimmed the wave. It was on one of these mornings, that Nelson, the guide, whose custom it was to ride in advance of the party, perceived far away on the very verge of the horizon, what his practised eye at once told him was a buffalo.

"Gentlemen," he cried, turning toward them, "some buffaloes are in sight; you will soon have the pleasure of joining in what you have always been eager to see—a buffalo hunt!"

The more adventurous of the party made immediate preparations to join in the chase, and foremost among them was Maurice Rutherford. A wild chase ensued, and the women and children attached to the party trembled with fear, as they heard the heavy, headlong gallop of the buffaloes, saw their huge forms blackening the prairie, and the hunters in mad pursuit. But what their horror and surprise, when they perceived a band of Indian warriors riding amid the herd, headed by the grim Grey Eagle. The next moment their war-whoop rang shrilly above the click of rifles and the tumult of the chase, and Grey Eagle himself shrieked:

"Death, death to the white man—spare not a single pale-face! The bison are ours; we were in full chase, and they shall not snatch them from us. Seize Jessie, the prairie rose, while I tomahawk him who tore her from me!"

With a howl of rage, the savages rushed to do his bidding, and he dashed toward Rutherford, with brandished tomahawk, and a face livid with contending passions. The young man parried his blows with a courage and skill which convinced Nelson, the guide, that he would not need his assistance, and then his falcon eye followed the brave who had set out to capture Jessie. He was too much accustomed to such scenes to be easily foiled or daunted, and he spurred by the Sioux warrior on his swift steed, snatched Jessie from her saddle, and was off like an electric flash.

"Ugh! the white guide is bearing away prairie-rose!" cried the piqued and irritated savage; "shall I pursue, or will Grey Eagle follow?"

The chieftain heard these words, and saw Nelson fly past, and commanding his men to finish the work, he started in pursuit.

Bayard, the steed ridden by the guide, was a superb, mottled horse, whose fleetness and power of endurance were the wonder of the frontier. He had scaled the Rocky Mountains, picked his way along the brink of cliffs, where a single mis-step would have been death to both him and his rider, threaded dim gorges, and traversed almost pathless woods; he understood his master's voice, and there was a strong attachment between the two. Bayard—his horse, and Pilot—his dog, were the only things which the inexplicable guide was known to love.

Now the noble steed sped along, as if he comprehended the whole story; and on, on, also dashed the Sioux warrior, mounted on a fine bay, which he considered a great prize, as he was stolen from the Cree buffalo-hunters.

The excitement of the buffalo-chase was nothing to this; but Nelson knew that he could trust his valiant steed; and Rutherford, who was riding as fast as his horse could carry him, felt but a slight fear as to the result.

At length they reached a stream, with a high, precipitous bank, and exclaiming:

"A single leap, good Bayard, and we leave our foes behind!" Nelson urged his horse forward.

With a wild bound he gained the opposite bank, while Pilot, his dog, sprang upon the chief with such violence, that he reeled in the saddle, and was obliged to beat a retreat with his foiled warriors.

When, at nightfall, the company encamped several miles from the scene of the *melee*, Reuben Duffee clapped his hands and shouted:

"Zounds! the guide's in sight again, and Rutherford and Miss Jessie are safe, in spite of them pesky redskins. Here they comes full gallop 'cross the prairie! Look! look, Hannah, there's the young woman, so you may leave off frettin' now."

Dame Duffee left the buffalo-steak which she was broiling, and glancing to the westward, saw the welcome trio.

"I declare," she said, with a tremor in her voice, "the poor girl seems near to me since we have been travelling together so, and I was in hope she wouldn't have been taken by them Indians."

In a few moments, Nelson, Rutherford and Jessie Reed were once more within the encampment, where they received a cordial welcome.

"It seems," said Hollingsworth, "Miss Reed is bent on being a heroine, and Rutherford has hitherto been the hero of the party; but Mr. Nelson bids fair to snatch his laurels from him."

"Not Nelson," replied the guide, "but Bayard, my good steed, and Pilot, my faithful dog—they deserve the praise—let them wear the laurels. The horse has proved himself like the famous chevalier he was named after, *sans peur et sans reproche*."

"Ah, that he has!" was the reply, and the next morning, when they resumed their march, Bayard and Pilot each wore a wreath, woven by little Blanche, around their necks.

About noon, some of the band fancied they saw a formidable array of Indians advancing to avenge the defeat of yesterday, but Nelson pronounced it a brigade of buffalo-hunters. A grand and stirring sight they presented, for, with all their equipments, they may well be called a "travelling town." With their hundreds of fine horses, their trained dogs, their slow-moving wains, drawn by huge oxen, and their own picturesque costume, consisting of "loose, corduroy trousers, Canadian coats, decorated with bright buttons, otter or badger-skin caps, a gay sash with long tassels and Indian moccasins," they formed a scene which a painter might love to sketch. The party watched them as they wound by, and that afternoon they encamped within sight; and at an earlier hour than usual, the flag was lowered, and the brigade gathered into a circle called a corral, and tents were pitched, and the women busy over the camp-fire, baking their bread, and frying a true north-western dish for supper. Then they gathered round the smouldering brands like wandering gipsies, and began to smoke, and rehearse legends of border life. But Maurice Rutherford would not have slept so soundly, if he had known that within the corral, disguised as a Cree buffalo-hunter, there was the hated presence of Waldo Marston.

The following morning, a messenger was despatched from the encampment of the hunters, stating that a fine herd of bison had just been despatched, that it was thought the strangers might like the opportunity of joining in the hunt, as travellers from the east sometimes did. The invitation was gladly accepted, and while Nelson, Rutherford and several others resolved to mingle in the chase, the rest forgetting their usual caution, left the camp-ground, to watch the hunt, thus leaving it unguarded. Dame Duffee was occupied with one of her children, who had fallen ill, and she supposed Jessie was seeking the rest she needed after the fatigue of the previous day; but when the party returned, her tent was found to be vacant.

"Great God!" cried Rutherford, "Grey Eagle must have taken advantage of our absence; he has been prowling in the neighbourhood, I dare say, and has the advantage of us, but I must follow him, and bring her back."

"Take Bayard and Pilot," said the guide; "they are better than a dozen men, and I shall expect to see you at twilight ride into the camp with Jessie."

But for once, Marston, who had borne the girl away, eluded pursuit, and at length the company were obliged to go on without her.

It would be impossible to describe Jessie Reed's emotions, when she again found herself in the power of the man from whom she had fled. She tried to shriek, but she was dumb; she would have flung up her hands in frantic gestures, but her limbs were rigid; she had no control over a muscle. It was fortunate for Marston's purpose, that it was thus, for otherwise it might have been a difficult task to gain the shadows of a wood, where a powerful ally of his was awaiting him. The forest bordered a lake, and there his boat lay moored, with an oarsman, who would not betray him. Never, save when riding with Nelson on his swift Bayard, had Jessie ridden at such a mad pace as now, and in the tumult and excitement of the bison-chase, nobody heeded the solitary horseman speeding to the wood with some burden in his arms.

At length they reached the forest, and were guided by Marston's grim confederate to the lake.

The canoe was soon launched, and danced onward with the unconscious girl lying in the bottom of the boat.

The oarsman had just drawn the canoe upon the shore, when a figure rose from the tall rushes, and confronted Marston—it was White Cloud!

"Aha!" he muttered. "I have the honour of meeting the Black Wolf of the Sioux! What would you with me, woman, that you write your name in the sands, and haunt my steps thus?"

"I am an Indian—I have an Indian's thirst for vengeance! There was a time when I was your dupe, your bond-slave, and would have risked my soul to know you loved me. But that has passed; I hate you as fiercely as I loved! I set John Marsh on your trail. I have resolved to rise between you and the rose of the prairie! Villain, you shall not gather it in all its freshness and bloom; you shall not blight its beauty, you shall not rob it of its fragrance. White Cloud has sworn it!" and she stood erect and stately, the mock diamonds in her crown flashing in the sunshine, her mock ermine and crimson lending a more royal aspect to her queen-like form.

"Hark ye, woman; when I effaced your writing from the sand, I vowed that I would blot you out from the face of the earth, if you dared cross my path again, and by Jove, I will keep my oath!"

As he spoke, he leaped from the boat, and seizing her by the arm, dragged her to a bluff, overhanging the lake.

There was a cry, a plunge, and White Cloud sank beneath the waters.

The oarsmen and Will Baum stood aghast, but Marston said, grimly:

"So much for the Black Wolf—now for Miss Jessie. Forward, my men; we must reach our destination in three days more. The lake will keep its own secrets."

(To be continued.)

THE NOTTINGHAM SCHOOL OF ART.

On Thursday, the 22nd ult., the corner stone of the Nottingham Government School of Art and Design was laid by the Duke of Newcastle. A procession, including the mayor (Mr. Birkin) magistrates and members of the corporation, the Masonic body in full robes, and subscribers to the Institution, was formed at the Exchange-hall, at half-past 12 o'clock, and proceeded to the school, which is partly built, and is situated in Waverley-street, where his grace laid the corner stone, in the presence of a great concourse of people.

The Duke of Newcastle, after a few introductory remarks, said that 20 years ago schools of art were founded by the Government. Since then they had taken the name of schools of science and art. At the time of the Exhibition of 1851 they were only 19 in number. At present there were forty of them, and the number of pupils receiving instruction amounted to 70,000. It was not likely that 21 additional towns would have followed the example of the 19 unless there had been some great benefit derived from them. He had read the reports of celebrated Frenchmen of the Great Exhibition of last year, and they spoke in the highest possible terms of what these schools had done. These reports said that they trembled for the future pre-eminence of France as regarded design, greatly pre-eminence as France had been in this respect, because in these 20 years the English manufactures had made enormous progress, which they attributed to the influence of these schools.

If these schools had been of such advantage to the country, they had been of especial use to Nottingham.

He looked yesterday at the *Directory of Science and Art*, published in July, and he found that Nottingham took a foremost rank among the schools, which he believed was mainly due to the exertions of the master and the local committee. The Government had lately been paying for results in schools, and they saw the consequences. This rule had been adopted in schools of art for some time previously, and had been found to work well.

His grace then alluded to the school of art now in course of erection, and concluded by saying that he trusted the school might be a benefit to the enterprising manufacturers of the town, and also tend to the future wealth and happiness of the working men of Nottingham, who had, he regretted to say, suffered during the last few years, the greatest privations, and have undergone them with the most exemplary fortitude and patience. In the afternoon a public banquet took place in the Exchange-hall.

OCEAN LIFE.

I THINK it is now about sixteen years since the Jacob Morgan, of seven hundred tons burden, sailed from Liverpool for the East Indies. She was a noble ship, but, if we may believe the assertion of one who sailed in her, she was built for misfortune. She was launched from her stocks at midday, but yet the moon was seen in the heavens when she first gave her impress to the salt water. Seven years subsequent to the period at which our sketch opens, she was driven upon one of the Martyr's Reefs, and her ill-fated timbers were strewn upon the sands.

At the time of which we write, the Jacob Morgan was commanded by Captain Ben Wallack, a powerful, broad-chested man, but as kind and considerate as he was fearless and strong. Seamen were scarce, and the ship's crew had been obtained with great difficulty, and under the circumstances men had been hired who would otherwise have been most promptly rejected. The ship had been six days out when the first mate, a Mr. Gwynn, was suddenly taken sick, and on the next morning his lifeless clay was consigned to the deep grave of the blue waters.

This untimely event, left Captain Wallack in a critical situation. Nat Faulkner, his second mate, was by no means qualified for the vacant office, nor would he have taken the responsibility had the captain desired it. There was but one man in the ship who possessed sufficient knowledge of seamanship for the mate's berth, and though Wallack found that to him he must give the office, yet he did it with many misgivings. This man's name was Tom Roland, haughty and overbearing in his disposition, seeming, by his general comport, to have been in the habit of commanding, rather than obeying, on ship-board, and who had already begun to exercise a sort of control over the crew. But the case was one of necessity, and Tom Roland was installed into the office of first mate, and quartered in the cabin.

For several weeks things went on extremely well. Roland proved to be a thorough navigator, a finished seaman, and a ready and efficient officer, and Captain Wallack began to think that his misgivings were entirely groundless. Over the crew Roland had a most thorough control, and even those men who had evinced towards the captain marks of insubordination, moved without a murmur at the slightest beck of the mate.

One morning, when Captain Wallack and the second mate had had the morning watch, they both kept the deck until Roland had finished his breakfast, and when the latter took his watch at a few minutes past eight, they went below. When they reached the cabin, Mr. Russell, the supercargo, was just rising from the table, and taking a book from the head of his berth, he sat down upon a stool at the foot of the ladder and commenced reading. He passed a few observations upon the weather, as the captain and second mate took their seats at the table, and then went on with his reading. Some five minutes passed, when Wallack and Faulkner were attracted by a sudden exclamation of pain from the supercargo, and on turning they saw that he had dropped his book, and sat with both hands pressed hard upon his chest, while his features had assumed a livid hue, indicative of the most acute suffering. The captain sprang quickly from the table, and laying his hand upon the sufferer's shoulder, he exclaimed:

"What's the matter, Russell?"

"Oh, God! I don't know! Here it is—here! I burn!" uttered the supercargo, as he pressed his hands harder upon his chest.

"What have you been eating? What have you drunk?" asked Wallack, in a frenzy of anxiety.

"Nothing, nothing. Oh, oh!" groaned the poor fellow.

Wallack cast a trembling glance at his second mate, and for a moment they both remained silent.

"It's strange," at length uttered Faulkner. "Poor Gwynn was taken exactly in the same way."

The captain made no reply, but his countenance

wore a strange shade of doubt and suspicion, as he gazed upon the tortured features of the supercargo.

That night the waves rolled over another of the ship's company. Russell had breathed his last.

Captain Wallack and Nat Faulkner had the last dog-watch. Roland had gone down into the cabin, whilst the foremost hands, with the exception of the man at the wheel, were all forward. The captain paced the quarter-deck in a troubled, thoughtful mood, ever and anon casting his eyes towards the cabin companion-way, where his first mate had disappeared a short time before, and then turning his gaze towards the fore-castle, where the men were congregated. Faulkner was by the wheel, and several times, as the captain approached him in his walk, did he start to join him; but a fearful suspicion kept him back, and until the watch was changed, neither he nor Wallack spoke a word, save such as related to the management of the ship.

At eight o'clock Roland came on deck for the first watch. The ship was upon the starboard tack, close hauled upon the wind, and just able to stand on her course.

As Captain Wallack gave up the deck, he requested the mate, if the wind should haul round to the eastward, to call him. Roland replied kindly that he would, but beneath the half-curling smile that rested upon his features, the captain thought he could detect a lurking spirit of evil. He let not a shadow of his doubt manifest itself upon his countenance, but with a bland frankness he wished his mate a pleasant watch, and then went below.

"Faulkner," said the captain, as he turned a furtive glance to the head of the ladder, "let not a word escape you, unless it be of common-place affairs, until we have turned into our berths; but keep your weather eye open, and follow my movements."

Faulkner did not start at this request, for the same thoughts seemed to have been passing in his own mind.

"Let's see," said the captain, in a tone loud enough to be heard on deck. "I must run over my reckoning before I turn in. Mr. Faulkner, just hand me that chart, if you please."

As Wallack spoke, he reached over into his berth and took out his pistols, which he proceeded carefully to load, taking care the while that his back was turned towards the companion-way. Faulkner followed his example, and ere long the candles were extinguished, and the two men retired, but not, however, to sleep.

"Faulkner," whispered the captain, "we're in a snug fix, for I have every reason to believe that there is mutiny on board. Gwynn and Russell have been poisoned!"

"So I believe," returned Faulkner, in the same low tone; "and if I'm not mistaken, there'll be poison in our coffee-cups to-morrow morning."

"Ah! have you seen anything?"

"Yes. I saw Roland give the cook a small paper to-night, and they held quite an earnest conversation about it. I knew from their manner that there was mischief in their minds."

"Then, in God's name, what shall we do?" uttered the captain. "Their plans must be all formed, and I suppose they have made arrangements for the disposition of those in the fore-castle who do not join them. Would to heaven I knew how many of them there are."

"You have a passage between decks to the fore-castle bulkhead," suggested Faulkner.

"Yes."

"Perhaps you might gain some information by listening."

"No. If Roland heads the plot—and I know he does—he would not dare to carry on his conversation upon the subject there, for the rest would hear him."

"Hark!" whispered Faulkner, as a suppressed voice at the wheel caught his ear. He bent his head out from his bunk, and caught the following words, which he knew to be from the lips of Roland:

"They're both asleep before this, Hal. You look out for the deck a few minutes while I see the boys in the fore-castle."

"He's gone to the fore-castle," whispered Faulkner. "Now's your chance to follow him."

"No—you had better go, Faulkner; for it may be that some one will come down to see me, and in that case our knowledge would be discovered. There's mutiny, and no mistake. You know where the passage runs between the boxes; just abait the mainmast it takes a short turn to starboard, and follows chock down to the tanks. Slip out from your berth, and go over to where the poor supercargo used to bunk, and move that panel. It moves easier than mine does."

Faulkner lost no time in obeying the captain's directions. There were two secret communications to the hold of the ship through the cabin bulkhead, and through one these the second mate soon made his way. Nearly half-an-hour elapsed ere he returned, and during that time, the captain's mind was tortured by various fearful emotions. Until the death of Russell, he had not held a suspicion of direct mutiny, and his former

fears with regard to Roland had nearly been quieted, but now the suspicion had been sudden, and it was strong, even to the very certainty. A thousand little incidents came back to his mind, which, singly, had appeared as nothing, but which now helped to solve the mystery of Gwynn's death. Wallack had medical knowledge enough to know that his supercargo had been killed with white arsenic, and he now knew that his first mate had come to his end in the same way, though the dose of the latter must have been much smaller than that which sent poor Russell to his untimely end, and its symptoms had not been so palpable.

While the captain lay thus racking his brain, Faulkner returned from his espionage, and as he crept stealthily past the foot of his bunk, Wallack fancied he could hear his heart as it beat in his bosom.

"What news?" asked the captain, almost fearing to put the question.

"We are lost—lost!" uttered Faulkner, as he clasped his hands in silent agony.

"Lost!" iterated the captain. "No, no, that cannot be. Some of them will surely help us."

"Ben Wallack," returned the mate, in a tone that made the captain's stout heart beat more quickly; "you have but one solitary friend on board the ship."

"All, all! Are they all against us?"

"All but poor Nat Faulkner. I have heard the whole plot, every part and parcel of it. Roland is an old slave-dealer, and all the men, with the exception of four, whom he has frightened or persuaded to join him, are from St. Domingo, from whence they came in company to pick up the first ship they could meet with that suited their purpose. We are to be murdered to-morrow, and then Roland intends to run on to the coast of Benguela, and take in a load of slaves for either Brazil or Cuba. When the bloody villain first began to talk to-night, he had some thought of killing you, and then trying to gain me into his service, but he soon rejected the idea, and to-morrow we both die!"

"Don't give up yet," said the captain. "Some plan may be devised to thwart them in their villany."

"No, no, Wallack; there are sixteen of them, and we know not how or where to meet them. If we drink not their poison, they will yet kill us. But there is one consolation, we will die together—honest men."

"By the power of great Heaven, we will not die!" uttered Wallack, in a tone so loud that it might have proved dangerous. "My own arm is fit for half-a-dozen of them. No, no, Faulkner, let me think. You say Roland thought of retaining you in his piratical service?"

"Yes."

"Then I have it. I'll tell you on the watch to-night."

As the captain spoke, he heard a slight footfall at the companion-way, and fearing that he might be watched, he turned upon his back, laid his hand over the butt of his pistol, and fell into a low, steady snoring, which he kept up till his watch was called at midnight.

The remainder of the night passed off without disturbance. Wallack and his solitary friend carried on such conversation as they could during their watch, and in the morning, they came upon deck half-an-hour before the cook had prepared breakfast. The captain walked up and down the lee side of the quarter-deck several times in a sort of angry, troubled mood, muttering stifled curses to himself, until at length he stopped before his second mate, and shaking his finger menacingly in his face, he uttered:

"Mr. Faulkner, that makes the fourth time you have, by your lubberly carelessness, torn up the paper containing my day's work. Now, if you do it again, I will denigrate you, and put you before the mast."

"Do it as soon as you please," returned Faulkner, his face reddening with apparent anger. "You won't frighten me."

"Don't be insolent, sir."

"I am not insolent."

"You were."

"It's a lie!" uttered Faulkner, actually trembling at the sound of his own words, addressed to his herculean commander.

Captain Wallack took one step forward as the word "lie" dropped from his officer's lips, and on the next instant he dealt him a blow upon the breast that prostrated him upon the deck.

"Captain Wallack," said Faulkner, as he arose from his fall, "you will suffer for this. I will be revenged, as sure as there is a God in heaven!"

The captain made no reply, but turning quickly upon his heel, he went to his cabin. Twice did Roland start to follow him, but yet he remained on deck. There was a strange light in his eyes, as he caught the revengeful expression upon Faulkner's countenance, and then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he went quickly to the caboose and gave some hurried directions to the cook. After that he took two or three turns up and down the quarter-deck, and then beckoning to Faulkner, who still stood sulkily leaning against the lee rail, he walked forward to the binnacle. The second mate followed his silent request, and in a moment after he passed the caboose, the cook came

out and threw overboard the coffee he had prepared for breakfast. When Faulkner came up to the binnacle, Roland cast a furtive glance around him, and then, looking fixedly into his companion's eyes, he said:

"Faulkner, have you the courage to follow up the revenge you have sworn against the captain?"

"Yes."

"But you would not dare to take his life."

"I dare take any man's life who strikes me."

Roland's eyes sparkled when he heard this, and he then asked:

"But who would take his place in command?"

"Who?" returned Faulkner, with a perfect appearance of honest intent, "Why, who is there but you that is qualified?"

"But if I were captain, would you follow me?"

"Yes, even to the hoisting of the black flag, so that I had revenge."

Roland grasped his companion by the hand, and, after gazing a moment into his face, he went on, and detailed the whole plot he had formed for taking the ship, landing the cargo on the coast of Lower Guinea, and going into the slave trade. His recital was just the same that the second mate had heard while listening at the fore-castle bulkhead, and as he concluded, he said:

"Now, Faulkner, will you join us?"

"Yes, readily; but remember, it shall be my hand that finds the life of Captain Wallack."

"Then so be it," returned Roland. "And now," he continued, "we must have the matter settled as soon as possible, for Wallack intends to touch at the Cape de Verde, and we are not more than three days' sail from there at the furthest, so you must have him out of the way to-night. I want to keep away to-morrow morning and run down between St. Matthew's and Ascension."

"But, say, Roland, why have you not put this Wallack out of the way before this? It seems to me if I had been in your place, I should have made quick work of it."

"So I should," replied the villain, with a peculiar meaning smile; but, you see, I have been picking them off carefully. Had I known how the land had laid with you, Wallack would not have been living now."

When the two men separated, it was understood that Faulkner, should kill the captain during the first part of the next morning watch, and as soon as that was accomplished, they were to put the ship's head off to the southward and eastward.

Before night Captain Wallack learned the result of his own and Faulkner's stratagem of the morning, but the two had to be exceedingly careful, for Roland's eyes were open to all that passed about him, and they knew that if their deception was suspected, their death would be certain and immediate. But the most difficult part of the work was yet to be accomplished, for they had sixteen stout men to dispose of.

Faulkner had learned that five of the principal mutineers—those upon whom Roland placed the greatest dependence, were in the captain's watch, while there were some six or seven who were mere hirelings, following whatever fortune turned up for them, most of whom were stationed in the watch with their leader.

Wallack's main hope was in disposing of the five leading mutineers in his own watch by some stratagem, and then despatching Roland before the watch below could come to the rescue; but whatever was done must be accomplished before midnight, as all hands would be on the alert for action as soon as the morning watch was set.

At length the captain and second mate took the first watch. Nine o'clock passed, and so did ten. Wallack paced the quarter-deck in a steady, thoughtful mood, ever and anon casting his eyes about upon the crew, most of whom were forward. The moon threw its pale beams upon the herculean frame of the captain, and a close observer might have seen the iron muscles as they worked in his powerful limbs. His countenance betrayed the varying thoughts and intense anxiety that moved within him. Five times after the bell had told that ten o'clock had passed did he walk from the wheel to the mainmast and back. At the sixth turn, just as he reached the rack in which were coiled the maintop-sail halyards, he stopped suddenly with a nervous quickness, while the flashing of his eyes and the instantaneous contraction and expansion of the muscles of the face showed that a sudden and powerful idea had shot into his mind. He quickly resumed his walk, however, and the same appearance of cool thought once more rested upon his features.

The wind was now blowing a good topgallant breeze from south-southeast, and the ship was close hauled upon the starboard tack, and stood east half-south, under single-reefed topsails and topgallant sails.

"Mr. Faulkner," said the captain, again stopping in his walk near the mainmast, at the same time motioning for his second mate to come to him. "I have it! Watch my every motion and fail not to catch every word I utter. At the first opportunity you

get, as soon as the men are all up, secure the cabin and fore-castle companion-ways, and arm yourself!"

This Wallack spoke in a hurried whisper; and then raising his voice, he said:

"Mr. Faulkner, will you go below and tell my mate that I should like to see him a moment on deck?" Then he added in a whisper: "Tell him I have business of the utmost importance."

Faulkner looked a moment into his commander's face, as if he doubted whether this order were given in earnest, but the confident, resolute countenance that met his gaze assured him, and he immediately went below to do his errand. In a few moments he returned, followed by the first mate, who had not stopped to dress himself, but came up in his simple robe de nuit.

"Mr. Roland," said the captain, as his mate came on deck, at the same time stepping over under the lee of the spanker, "I should not have called you had I not the most urgent necessity. If you will just step this way, out of the ear-shot of Faulkner, I will tell you."

Roland stepped up to the lee rail, and leaned his back against it, while the captain stood also leaning against the rail, at the mate's left hand.

"Roland," continued he, "I am afraid Mr. Faulkner is up to some evil design."

"Ah," uttered the villain, while a peculiar sparkle shot forth from his eyes. "Perhaps he has not forgotten the blow you gave him."

"Look out, sir! Look out, Roland, or you'll be overboard!"

As Wallack uttered the first syllable of this exclamation, he placed his hand upon Roland's mouth, and with a crushing, irresistible force, he bent him back over the rail. At the same instant, he caught the mutineer by the leg, and ere the last syllable of his exclamation fell from his lips, Roland was plunged headlong into the sea. All hands on deck had heard the captain's apparent warning, but none had seen his deed.

"A man overboard!" shouted Wallack, as he sprang to the wheel and took the helm from him who held it.

"Mr. Roland is overboard. Cut away the life-buoy there, one of you! Main and maintop-sail braces, both sides! Main clew-garnets and buntlines! Mr. Faulkner, rouse up all hands, quick! Let go the main tack and sheet, and clue up! Ease off the lee braces and round in to windward! Work lively, men, or we shall lose him! Haul out the spanker! Now spring to the stern davits, boys! Cut the lashings—don't stop to cast off anything!"

These orders had been given at intervals, as rapidly as they could be obeyed, and by the time all hands were up from below, the ship was hove to, with the maintop-sail to the mast. The boat was lowered from the davits and hauled under the quarter, and those who were the most anxious to save the mate, were the first to leap into it.

"Let every oar be manned!" shouted the captain, "and you'll save him yet. I can see him. He's caught the life-buoy."

The boat pulled eight oars, and with a hand at the tiller, she had nine men in her when she put off, and, as Wallack had expected, these comprised the men he most feared. Faulkner saw the whole in an instant, and, unobserved by the rest of the crew, who were too intently watching the mate, whose white shirt could every now and then be seen, as he rose and fell upon the life-buoy, he sprang forward and secured the fore-castle companion-way, so that the men could not readily obtain their arms. When the boat had got nearly to where the mate was rolling about in his salt bath, the captain gradually gave the ship weather helm until the maintop-sail was filled abaft. Then, as if the affair was the result of accident, he exclaimed:

"Halloa, I've let her off! Mizzen braces, boys, and we'll wear round on the other tack."

The men mistrusted not, and in a minute the mizzen-top-sail was squared.

"Belay that, and jump to the head braces. That will do—belay."

As soon as the head braces had been belayed, part of the men came aft to the main, not even yet suspecting that anything but accident had to do with the movements of the ship. The wind was now nearly astern, and of course the ship was rapidly sailing away from the boat, which had just picked up Roland, and had turned to come back.

"Here, Howell," said the captain to one of the men who had stopped at the starboard main brace, "take the helm a moment. Lay aft here, all hands," he ordered, and he stepped back and beckoned Faulkner to his side.

Instinctively the men obeyed his order, "Shall I keep her off, sir?" asked Howell.

"No!" thundered Captain Wallack, as he drew a heavy pistol in each hand, while Faulkner did the same. "If you move the wheel a single spoke, or leave the helm without my order, you are a dead man! Stop there!" he continued, turning to the five men who had now come aft. "The first man that moves an inch till I bid him dies on the spot! Ah, my fine fellows, you are well caught. That boat astern never will return

to this ship. I threw your scoundrel leader overboard, and then I sent nine more after him. They may find the same resting place that they gave poor Gwynn and Russell! Ten of the sixteen individuals who thought to murder me have I disposed of by stratagem, but by Heaven, I shall need no stratagem with the other six, for if one of you dare speak a mutinous word—aye, if you dare even look a mutinous look, that man is dead on the next instant! Walleigh, Burnham and Vaughan, step forward here."

As the captain spoke, the three men thus designated advanced from their companions, and trembling at every joint they awaited his will. A moment he looked at them as though he would have utterly annihilated them with his very gaze, and then he said:

"Tell me, my men, and mind you tell me truly, were you frightened into this mutiny, or did you join it of your own free will?"

"Oh, Captain Wallack," exclaimed Walleigh, as he fell upon his knees and clasped his hands, while the other two followed his example, "we were drawn to it, sir. Gwynn and Russell had both gone, when Roland threatened us if we didn't join him. As true as there is a God in heaven, we did it to save our own lives."

"And you, Howell?" said the captain, as he turned to the man at the wheel.

"Walleigh knows, sir," answered Howell, not daring to let go of the wheel, but laying his right hand upon his heart, "that I refused at first, but there were twelve of them, sir, and we couldn't help it."

"Well, my men, I believe you," returned Captain Wallack, in a frank tone, "and if you prove faithful now, I will not only forgive you, but I will never speak of your fault to your harm."

"Oh, God bless you, sir," ejaculated they all in a breath, and the tears of gratitude rolled thick and fast down their weather-beaten cheeks.

"That will do—I will trust you now," said the captain, who saw that they were sincere in their protestations. "Now bring me some seizing-stuff from the long-boat, Walleigh, and we will soon dispose of Mr. Roland's two remaining companions."

The two men were bound without trouble, and placed in the long-boat for safe keeping. They begged, and prayed, that they too, might be pardoned, but Wallack knew that fear of punishment alone actuated them, and he would not trust them.

The ship was soon got in good sailing trim, head put northeast by east, and in four days she was anchored in Funchal Road, where the two mutineers were delivered up to justice, and where Captain Wallack obtained men enough to man his ship once more for his voyage.

When the Jacob Morgan returned, Captain Wallack learned that her owners had given her up as lost. A homeward-bound East Indiaman had picked up one of her boats, which was found bottom upward in the water, twelve hundred miles to the northward and westward of the Cape de Verde.

The villain Roland, and his companions in guilt, had indeed met the same grave to which they had consigned poor Gwynn and Russell! They had thought to make the blue bosom of the Atlantic bear them on in their godly enterprise, but its rolling waves were only destined to burst open the gates of eternity, and usher their souls into the presence of Him who had crushed them in their path of sin!

A. C. B.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—The *Tenby Observer* mentions a curious phenomenon which was observed in Carmarthen Bay on the 6th ult., the day on which the earthquake was felt in this country:—"From a base extending some three or four miles in the direction of Amroth Castle an immense piece of water, of a dark brown colour, as if holding earth in solution, seemed to be pushed forward in the form of a cone, of course surrounded by water of a natural colour. As they came in contact, the water was thrown up a height of several feet, the agitation extending round the whole edge of the phenomenon. It steadily advanced in the same form towards Monkstone, and thence some miles to sea, when we ceased to observe it. Some friends in amusing themselves with fishing were not a little startled by the strange sight. When the coloured water overtook the boat they found that the point of division between the colouring was maintained throughout the depth of the water; the boat was violently pitched about, and the water thrown completely over it. Either side of the line of contact was perfectly calm, and the water kept up a lashing noise, something like what would be made by an immense shoal of mackerel. It was observed first at about 11 a.m."

IMPROVED SEA-GOING MAIL-BAG.—A waterproof floating mail-bag, invented by Mr. George Mitchell, has been exhibited in the Exchange News-room, Liverpool, under the direction of the inventor. It is a strongly constructed bag, made of the best "duck," or sailcloth, thoroughly impregnated by india-rubber (caoutchouc) and consequently completely waterproof. From this quality it is less or more buoyant on account of the quantity of atmospheric air it contains, and so

becomes valuable. The specimen exhibited in Liverpool, where we understand it will remain on view for several days, is about three feet long, one foot broad, and about six inches deep. This bag was well filled by a miscellaneous collection of materials such as may be expected to find their way into a mail-bag. They consisted of newspapers, numerous loose papers, a comparatively large number of books, and to give weight in additional degree, two common building bricks, the whole forming a very heavy mass compared with the size of the bag. The whole, however, was buoyant, and on opening the bag it was found that not a drop of moisture had permeated into it. The inventor also states that he had arranged a means by which the whole contents of a ship's mail-room may be made buoyant, and connected so as to form a raft or buoy in case of necessity.

A NAME, at one time well known in the world of art, has disappeared from the list of living artists. Mr. John Clark, known as "Waterloo Clark," from his scenes from the Battle of Waterloo, drawn by himself on the spot immediately after the fight, and the inventor of the art-toys called the Myriomima and Urania's Mirror, died at Edinburgh, a few days ago, in his ninety-second year. His illustrations of books were at one time much admired.

WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jesuit," "The Pretate," "Minnigrey," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Seen through the medium of our passions.

The worst will oft appear the better part;

Interest can stifle duty and affection:

Both have their price when avarice holds the heart.

Old Play.

For some moments the two captives stood gazing on their brutal goler in speechless terror—well knowing how their attempt to draw attention to the prison-tower of Bordercleugh would excite his evil passions. "God help us!" whispered Maud to her companion, "but we shall have a sair dreed the now!"

"So!" exclaimed the ruffian, in a mocking tone, as soon as he had sufficiently mastered his anger to find words; "a pretty return for the indulgence I have shown you, in permitting you to remain together. I was a fool for my weakness. I ought to have known that two women, left to themselves but for five minutes, would be sure to plot as many mischiefs. I will take care," he added, "that this shall be the last!"

The females looked on in mutual despondency whilst Kelf extinguished the signal fire—which he did by raking the burning embers from the sill of the window upon the floor, and treading them out beneath his feet. "You have no right to detain us," said Mabel, recovering some degree of firmness; "and we are justified in employing any means to obtain our liberty."

"Are you?" muttered the keeper, between his teeth. "Are we no?" added Maud. "It's clean contrary both to law and Scripture!"

"Hang law and Scripture, too!" replied the ruffian, with a burst of passion. "My law is my will, which I will teach you to respect."

"Say rather, the will of your infamous employer!" observed Mabel, "who will one day suffer for his cruelty. Heaven, though patient and forbearing, is just; and the outrages, the sigils, and groans these walls have witnessed, must be avenged at last!"

"Must they?" answered Kelf, ironically. "In that case, there can be no great harm in adding to the score, since, as you say, it is sure to be wiped out. Come," he added, "you must quit this room. Henceforth I'll keep you in a cage, where darkness shall be your only companion—where you may beat your wings against the bars, and break them in your folly. I'll find a place for you."

The prisoners shuddered at his words—for they were both sufficiently acquainted with Bordercleugh to know that beneath the very foundations of the old tower there were a number of stone vaults, where, in former times, provisions had been stored, in case of siege, or the females of the family found a temporary refuge during some border fray or sudden attack; and they doubted not that it was to these vaults their goler alluded.

"Come," repeated Kelf, in a menacing tone, "I have no time to stand chattering here! I have been fooled long enough!"

Mabel and Maud both firmly refused to follow him.

This was the very occasion their keeper wished. Brutal as he was in temper and mind, like most of his stamp, he felt a hesitation at employing violence against an unresisting victim. But opposition appeared to justify it—if not to his reason, at least to his passion—and that was all Kelf ever consulted.

"You won't!" he repeated.

The females clung to each other for mutual protection, as if their weak resistance could avail them against the ferocious strength of their persecutor, who, with a

scornful laugh, sprang towards them, and commenced dragging Mabel towards the door.

The screams of the women became heartrending. Still Kelf was unmoved. Their outcries excited his rage, rather than commiseration; but, despite his great strength, the desperate tenacity with which the old Scotchwoman clasped her arms around the waist of her fellow-prisoner impeded him.

"Loose your hold!" he exclaimed, with a fearful oath. Maud merely clung the tighter to her companion. Her highland blood was roused, and had she been armed, it might have fared badly at that instant with her goler.

"She canna do that!" was the laconic response. The clenched fist of the ruffian descended with a heavy blow upon the temples of Maud, who sank, with a loud groan, insensible at the feet of her still struggling companion in misfortune.

"Villain!" exclaimed Mabel; "you have murdered her!"

"I should think he has!" observed a fourth party, who for the last two minutes had been standing at the open door of the chamber, a spectator of the scene.

Kelf, whose back was towards the speaker, turned suddenly round, and saw, to his confusion and surprise, the stranger whom he had met a few weeks previously at the sign of "The Drovers."

"What, in the fiend's name, brought you here?" he demanded.

"My legs!" was the mocking reply. "Do you suppose I have wings?"

Mabel started at the voice.

"And what do you want?"

"You had better ask my wife?" answered the stranger.

With a cry of joy, the poor, persecuted woman, recognized her husband—for the stranger was no other than the returned convict, Ned Cantor—who, having been fortunate enough to save the life of an officer at Sydney, had received a pardon and a free passage home from the governor of the colony.

Breaking from the grasp of the keeper, she threw herself into the arms of her husband, entreating him to protect her.

"Protect you!" repeated Ned. "What else do you suppose I am here for? No one," he added, drawing a pistol from his belt, and deliberately cocking the weapon, "shall ill-use you! No one has the right!"

"Except myself," he might have added. But Ned was a practical fellow, and preferred illustrating rather than explaining his theories.

Kelf was entirely unarmed, and at the mercy of the speaker, who still retained his position between him and the door of the Long Chamber.

It would be idle to speculate on what were the original intentions of Ned Cantor in obtaining an entrance to the old house of Bordercleugh on the first day of the month, when he had every reason to believe that its occupant would be absent. Whatever they were, the discovery he had made induced him suddenly to abandon them; for he was too much of a man of the world to suppose for an instant that Kelf had sequestered his wife and the old Scotchwoman on his own account. The affair turned out more profitable than he at first anticipated. Travel had sharpened his understanding; he had all his wits about him.

"Put up your snapper!" said Kelf, with a forced smile; "it might go off!"

"Not unlikely!" observed Ned.

"And come with me—I wish to speak with you."

"Do not go with him," whispered Mabel, imploringly. "You do not know him. He is the unscrupulous agent of Lord Moretown, who forcibly detains me here—fearing I should betray a secret touching his honour, and the means by which he has obtained his ill-gotten wealth and title."

In alluding to the wealth of her persecutor, and the hold she possessed over him, the speaker employed the very worst means she could have used to dissuade her husband from listening to his agent.

"Pooh—pooh!" replied Ned; "I am no chicken! What should I fear?"

"I have something to propose!" urged the keeper, who began to feel that his position was a dangerous one; "something to your advantage!"

"Can't you make it here?" said the returned convict, doubtfully.

"No—no! something very reasonable!"

"Well," answered Ned, after some slight hesitation, "if it is very reasonable, I don't care if I listen to you! But mark me," he added, "there must be no foul play—cards upon the table! I have an eye as quick and a hand as ready as your own. At the first attempt to cheat, I throw up the cards, and sweep the stakes."

"And what are the stakes?" inquired Kelf, who began to feel assured, from the tone and manner of the speaker, that his silence, and even assistance, were to be bought, provided he only bid high enough.

"Your life!" replied the husband of Mabel, with a significant glance at the weapon, which he still retained in his hand. "Let there be no mistake on that point! And now," he added, "I am ready to go with you."

Despite the entreaties of his wife, Ned Cantor persisted in his resolution of listening to what her gaoler had to propose. He had seen too much of the horrors of transportation not to prefer living honestly—provided he could do so without work—a *sine qua non* in the returned convict's new code of ethics.

Assuring Mabel that she might rely upon his protection, he descended to the lower part of the mansion, preceded by Kelf, who obsequiously carried the lamp before him: as he left the room he turned the key, which was still remaining in the door, and put it in his pocket.

The unhappy woman found herself still a prisoner. Her first care was to assist her companion in misfortune, who still remained insensible from the blow which the keeper had inflicted. After chafing her forehead for a considerable time, the old Scotchwoman began slowly to recover her senses.

"Wae's me—wae's me!" she murmured, "to be treated thus! Grey hairs are no protection now! and my poor bairn no here to stand up for his aged mither!"

The allusion to her son Willie touched the heart of her fellow-captive.

"Be comforted Maud!" she replied; "our sorrows must soon end now—my husband has discovered me!"

"Is he here?"

"Yes."

"And has he shot the villain?" demanded the woman, fiercely.

"He is below with him now!" replied Mabel, who felt her cheek burn as she answered the question.

"Below wi' him!" repeated Maud; "what does he do below wi' sic a ruffian, when he should be here to comfort and protect you? The wily thief wad whistle a birdie off the tree, muckle mair the brains out of a senseless, heartless fule that could abandon you in your misfortune! But I'll not add to your sorrow," she continued, perceiving that the tears of her companion fell fast upon her withered cheek, "it's the lot of a' of us—where we maist trust we are sure to be maist deceived."

The heart of Mabel silently echoed the doubts of the speaker; the very fact of Ned's listening to an explanation from Kelf, whose brutal violence he had witnessed—his cool, calculating manner—alarmed her. She knew that gold was the key to his mercenary heart, and her persecutors were not likely to be sparing.

The idea of Ned's becoming a willing instrument in their hands inflicted a deeper pang than any she had yet endured. He was the father of her lost child, and with the tenacity of woman's love, despite his crimes and unkindness, her heart clung to him still.

"No—no!" she murmured, pressing her hands upon her throbbing brain, as if to exclude the painful impression; "Heaven is too merciful for that! Bad as he is, Ned would never listen to them—it would drive me mad, indeed."

Maud made no reply, but remained silently regarding her.

No sooner had the keeper and Ned Cantor reached the room below, than the former placed a bottle of spirits and a couple of glasses upon the table, and pointing to a chair, requested his friend to be seated—a proceeding which evinced no little skill in diplomacy. Political differences are often settled at the dinner-table, and why should not theirs be arranged over the bottle?

"I suppose," he observed, after they had each filled a glass, "that you are very fond of your wife?"

"Perhaps I am," replied Ned, "and perhaps I am not—that can be no business of yours."

"Certainly not."

"Or any reason why you should ill-use her!" continued the affectionate husband; "she ain't your wife—you have no right to do it!"

This was a fact which Kelf felt it would be equally useless and impolitic to dispute. Our social system protects women in their liberty, person, and property, from all but their husbands. Marriage, in the eye of the law—if the law has eyes—must be a singular institution; for no sooner does a man swear at the altar to cherish and protect the being who intrusts her person and fortune to his manhood and honour, than it makes him, legally, the master of both; and should he prove a tyrant or a brute, reduces the free-born woman to the condition of a slave.

"You are a man of the world, I suppose," he resumed, changing his tactics, "and know the value of ease, comfort, and independence—of sitting by your own fireside, without fearing that the landlord will call for his rent, or the tax-gatherer walk in and ask for the poor-rate—in short, of being your own master instead of another man's servant?"

This was touching one of Ned's weak points—who, without being, in the strict sense of the word, a man of the world, was perfectly capable of appreciating the life of indolence which the speaker had so artfully described.

"Well!" he said, filling himself, at the same time, another glass, "I suppose I am a man of the world—what then?"

"Why, then," replied Kelf, "all these are within your grasp! The fact is," he added, in a confidential tone, as if he were imparting a great secret, "your wife is mad!"

"Mad!" repeated Ned, doubtfully, for he was weighing in his mind the advantages thus directly held out to him; "she certainly always had queer notions, which I never could understand; but I don't think she is mad as yet!"

The queer notions which the speaker alluded to were Mabel's love of industry and integrity, which induced her to prefer a crust by hard labour, to plenty purchased at the sacrifice of self-respect and honesty.

"But you will see it presently!" said the tempter, who began to feel certain of success; "her old uncle, who got killed lately in an affair with some poachers, was convinced of it, or he would never have brought her here."

"Ah!" interrupted Ned, "Gilbert Rawlins brought her here, then?"

"He did."

"And he got killed, you say, by some poachers? Humph!"

"No doubt of it!" replied Kelf, not feeling perfectly at his ease under the glance which accompanied the question. "I was in the Highlands, at my former master's place, at the time," he added; "but I heard all about the affair when I arrived here to take possession!"

The care which the keeper took to impress upon the mind of Ned that he was absent when the old man's death occurred, so far from dissipating the half-formed suspicion in his mind, confirmed it; and he mentally resolved to be doubly on his guard with him.

"Speak plainly!" he said; "by what right, after Gilbert Rawlins died, did you detain my wife?"

"I will speak plainly!" answered the keeper; "I detained her by the right of force, and my motive was interest! I was well paid for doing so!"

"By whom?"

"By one who will pay you—and liberally," answered the speaker, "if you have sufficient sense to attend to your own interests instead of your wife's folly! It seems she saw and heard too much when she was a child, to please my lord; and now the murder's out, if you prefer making a bother to securing a rich friend, I can't help it. My lord must answer for what he has done—not I! please yourself!"

Ned Cantor remained for some time philosophically weighing the pros and cons. Revenge was not without its charm, but independence possessed still greater attractions.

"I should not mind," he said, as soon as he had made up his mind, "Mabel remaining here, if I were only convinced that she was mad!"

"And what will convince you?" inquired Kelf, overjoyed to find that the bait had taken.

He should have said how much, but preferred the more diplomatic phrase, as being more delicate. Had he known all the antecedents of his unwelcome visitor, he need not have been so scrupulous.

"Being appointed her keeper!" deliberately answered Ned, at the same time stretching out his legs and gazing the respectable Mr. Kelf full in the face. "This seems a pleasant place enough—rather lonely, but I can put up with that!"

"And where am I to go to?" demanded the astonished tenant of Borderleugh.

"Wherever you please!" was the reply.

"But consider the loss—the —"

"You and my lord must settle that!" interrupted Ned Cantor, gravely. "I have not the slightest wish to interfere in your private affairs! My mind is made up to one thing; as long as my wife remains at Borderleugh I remain—when I leave she leaves!"

"But my lord doesn't know you!" observed the keeper.

"No objection on my part to make his acquaintance!" was the mocking reply; "I'm not a proud man!"

"What confidence can he place in your fidelity?"

"About as much as he did in yours," coolly answered Ned, with a grin. "Fidelity—shaw! his lordship can't be such a fool as to believe in such a thing, but he can trust to my interest, as he did to yours, so the sooner you see him on the subject the better!"

"See him?" repeated the bewildered Kelf.

"Or write to him!"

"Write to him?"

"Which ever you consider most advisable!" continued Ned, with the same imperturbable coolness; "I have no wish to dictate to you, although my decided opinion, if you wish it, is, that the former would be far the safest arrangement."

"And pray," inquired the man, as soon as he had recovered sufficient composure to make the demand, "who is to take care of the place in my absence?"

"Thank you, I can manage without an assistant!"

This was urging the keeper beyond his forbearance, and he vowed, with a deep curse, that he would not quit Borderleugh, unless at the express command of the earl. This was coming to the very point Ned

Cantor wished. The returned convict much more coolly, but with equal firmness, declared that he should not pass another day under the roof.

"What!" he added, with a sneer, "do you think I am such a fool as to admit poachers into my house? No, no, you have not Gilbert Rawlins to deal with, but one who knows the world and its ways quite as well as yourself!"

Although this was a random shot—for the speaker had no proof that Kelf was in any way cognizant of the old man's death—it had the desired effect: the ruffian was completely cowed, and muttered something about its being after all the best way; demanding, with the whine and look of a beaten cur, when he should set forth.

"As soon as you please. I am quite ready to let you out!"

"Let me out!"

"Oh, I am in no great hurry!" observed Ned, with a satirical grin; "you may remain till daybreak if you wish it!"

Kelf felt that it was useless to resist. He had found his master in the game of rascality; the fellow was completely checkmated. Hastily gathering the valuables he possessed together, he quitted Borderleugh with muttered threats and imprecations, leaving Ned Cantor master of the field.

His intention was to start by the first conveyance to London.

At an early hour the following morning, Mabel received a visit from her husband, who partially informed her of the truth. Anxious as she naturally felt to quit the place, gratitude to Maud—who was still weak and suffering—would have restrained her, even had the doors been open for her departure.

Being partially restored to liberty—for Ned no longer confined her to the Long Chamber—Mabel seized the occasion to examine the recess which her uncle had described as containing his will and property; the latter amounted to a large sum. All that she removed from it for the present was the Bible, which contained the writing of the elder brother of the Earl of Moretown. This she placed in the hands of her husband, that he might understand the character of the man he had to deal with, and why she had been detained a prisoner at Borderleugh.

"Well!" exclaimed Ned, after he had perused it, "had a poor man been guilty of such rascality, the law would have punished him; but as he is a lord, I suppose it is a different matter! Where did you get this?" he demanded of his wife; "I don't remember seeing the book at Loxden?"

"My uncle gave it me!" was the reply.

"He might have left you a worse legacy! Why, it is worth its weight in gold!"

Mabel shuddered. It was a favourite expression of her husband's, when he meditated any extraordinary act of villany.

For several days Ned never quitted the house, unless to purchase provisions, on which occasion he invariably locked his wife in the long room with Maud. The heart of the unhappy woman sank with dreadful foreboding, as the key turned in the lock of her prison chamber.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Grows with more pernicious root
Than summer seeding lust. *Shakespeare.*

LORD MORETOWN had not forgotten the disinterested opinion which he had drawn from Lawyer Quirk on the day of Lady Digby's funeral; and if he did not at once attempt to carry the scheme which it had suggested into execution, it was from no feeling of remorse, no compunctious visitings of conscience—but a wholesome dread of the infancy which would overwhelm him in the event of failure.

Like an adder in its shell, the design still lay fostering in his mind. Since Alice had become independent of him, his hatred had increased. Often he would repeat, when speaking upon the subject with his evil genius, Mademoiselle Athalie, that if the goldsmith were removed, he would at once attempt to carry the long conceived plan into execution; but the dread of that honest, sturdy personage restrained him.

As the hopes of the artful Frenchwoman to become Countess of Moretown grew fainter, she gradually conceived the idea of marrying her daughter, Julia, of whose existence her noble dupe was studiously kept in ignorance, with her pupil, the young viscount, whose every caprice she indulged, as the means of attaching him to her. The unfortunate boy ultimately became so passionate and wayward in his disposition, that even his father was compelled to reprove him: on which occasions his governess, when left alone with him, would kiss away his tears, and console him by telling him that although his papa had another son to love, that he alone would be Earl of Moretown. The boy at last grew so much impressed with the idea that his father no longer loved him, that he began to hate him, too.

The tree had already put forth blossoms, and Mademoiselle Athalie saw with fiend-like pleasure, that the fruit would not be long in ripening.

The wayward disposition of his nephew attracted the attention of the Duke of Ayrton, who remonstrated with his brother-in-law on the absurdity of permitting a boy of his years to remain longer under the care of a female.

"His temper," he judiciously observed, "requires a firm mind to guide and restrain. Considering his future position in life, it is time he was sent to some public school, or placed under the care of a private tutor, at least."

This had long been the opinion of the earl, but his own weakness prevented his carrying it into execution. Mademoiselle Athalie declared that she could not part with him, and her artful tears and passionate reproaches overpowered the better judgment of her dupe.

"You forget," he said, after he had urged the long-contested subject, "that I shall soon have another son to place under your care?"

"Another son?"

"Yes, Digby! his mother is unfit to educate him!" continued the earl.

The eyes of the Frenchwoman sparkled with malicious joy at the thought of having the child of the woman whom she so fiercely hated—who had humbled her—torn from its mother, to be intrusted to her guardianship. She contemplated with cruel satisfaction the pang it would inflict—the triumph of perverting his young mind: for such a revenge she could have submitted to any sacrifice.

"Are you serious, my lord?" she inquired.

"Perfectly serious, Athalie."

"In that case, my lord," she replied, "I might bring my heart—bitter as will be the sacrifice—to separate from Godfrey! You know," she added, with her usual tact, "why I cling to him: he is your image—the tie which unites us; when you are absent, I see the father in his son, and my heart is not quite desolate!"

The earl smiled complacently: nothing is so flattering to the vanity of a man in the meridian of life as the conviction that he has inspired an ardent passion in the heart of a young and beautiful woman. With this idea he may be persuaded to anything—even to his own dishonour.

"We must be cautious, Athalie!" he said; "the will of Lady Digby has made Alice independent of me, and her uncle will combat the project stoutly—still, it may be done!"

"Speak like yourself, and say it shall!" was the response.

"It shall!" repeated the earl, impatiently; "but it will require time! And now," he added, "you consent that Godfrey shall be removed to Eton?"

Mademoiselle Athalie gave a reluctant assent, and was rewarded by her dupe with a magnificent present of jewels, and a solemn renewal of the promise that little Digby should be removed from his mother and consigned to her care.

"I'll torture her!" she muttered, with fiend-like exultation, as soon as she was alone! "wring her heart, as she has wounded mine! Yes, yes!" she added, with an air of deliberation; "this will be a revenge worthy of Athalie! It is worth the sacrifice!"

A month afterward, the young viscount was sent to Eton, where his cousin, the Marquis of Dillington, had already been a scholar for nearly two years.

It was not often that the Earl of Moretown saw either his wife or infant son—and when he did, his visits were brief and formal: little Digby appeared to entertain an instinctive terror of his father, and ran screaming to his mother, whenever he entered the room.

So marked was the feeling, that even the servants observed it.

"So, madam," said the earl, when he entered the apartment of his wife, a few days after the explanation of his intentions and promise to the governess, "you are succeeding in your task of teaching my own son to hate me!"

"He does not hate you, my lord—indeed he does not!" replied Alice; "but he sees you so seldom, and your manner is so harsh and strange, that you terrify him! Go, Digby," she added, in a soothing tone; "go and kiss your father!"

The child turned his deep blue, thoughtful eyes towards his mother, and, encouraged by her smiles, with hesitating steps advanced towards the earl, who suddenly stretched out his hand to take him: the infant by the action became terrified, and, with a loud scream, rushed back to the shelter of his mother's arms.

"The boy is an idiot!" exclaimed his lordship, with a burst of fury.

Alice clasped him still closer to her breast.

"Or your folly," he continued, "will soon make him one; but thank Heaven the mischief is not irreparable! I shall soon be able to place him under the care of one who will know how to correct the impression you have made!"

"Place him!" repeated the countess, deeming she had

mistaken the import of the words which had struck a vague terror to her heart; "place who? and where?"

"My son, madam!" answered her husband; "my son! You understand me!"

"And you would take him from me?"

"For his own good! You are not fit to rear him!" continued the earl.

"Lord Moretown!" exclaimed Alice, with a dignity and spirit which for the moment awed him, "there is a point beyond which forbearance would be a crime—and to that point, the evil genius who has enslaved is already urging you! Deprive me of my boy!" she added, bursting into tears; "you cannot mean it! There must be some touch of shame, some sense of honour left! You could not!"

"Could not!" repeated his lordship, with a sneer.

"Dare not!" added Alice, now thoroughly roused. "The law will yet protect his mother's rights, and be assured I will not tamely resign him!"

Never had the unhappy wife ventured so openly to brave him, and the worst passions of the titled ruffian were roused.

"We shall see!" he said, transported beyond control by such unexpected resistance to his will, at the same time rudely grasping the infant.

Alice uttered a loud scream.

It is impossible to say how far the violence of the earl would have led him, had not the door opened, and Mr. Brindley unexpectedly made his appearance: he had called, as was his custom every morning, to see his godson, and had entered the apartment unannounced. In an instant his lordship became calm and self-possessed—prudence told him he had laid aside the mask too soon.

"By what right, sir," he demanded, haughtily, "do you intrude into the private apartments of Lady Moretown?"

"Save me, uncle!" exclaimed his niece, clasping little Digby passionately to her heart. "He would deprive me of my child—the light of my existence—the joy of my lone heart!"

"Deprive you of him?" repeated the worthy goldsmith, indignantly; "never! Lord Moretown is too wise to attempt such a proceeding!"

"And pray, sir," said the peer, "who authorised you to interfere in my domestic arrangements—even supposing that I did seriously contemplate removing my son from the care of a mother who is training him to hate me?"

"The right," answered the old man, firmly, "which my claim as the nearest relative of Lady Moretown gives me! The right, as the guardian of her and my godson's fortune! Dispute it, my lord, if you please! I am perfectly willing to try the question with you: it would long ere this have been decided, had my niece but listened to my advice!"

"Indeed!"

"Indeed, my lord!" continued the goldsmith.

"You had better withdraw, sir: your presence is an intrusion here! And I must request you not to repeat your visits!"

"In that case, I shall apply to the Chancellor for his authority to see my niece and godson!" answered Mr. Brindley, calmly. "I do not feel that they are safe under the exclusive control of your lordship! It is for you," he added, "to consider whether the exposure will be desirable!"

Lord Moretown absolutely foamed with rage, as he paced with hasty strides the apartment in which the scene so distressing to the feelings of Alice had taken place.

"How, sir!" he demanded, "do you think me capable of injuring my own child?"

"After the scene I have just witnessed, my lord, I regret to say, that I deem you capable of anything!" was the reply.

The peer was a cold-blooded animal—a thing with the head of a mathematician and the heart of a tiger: he felt that the speaker was right—he could not endure the exposure, and secretly cursed the ebullition of temper which had carried him so far.

"Mr. Brindley," he said, with forced calmness, "how would you feel, if, on every visit you paid to your son, you were received with screams and cries of aversion?"

"I should change my manner towards him, my lord! Poor little fellow," he added, "it is your fiery temper and harsh looks which terrify him! See how readily he comes to me!"

He held out his arms as he spoke, and little Digby sprang with alacrity from the arms of his mother, and tottered towards him, carefully avoiding the side of the room where his father was still standing.

"There!" said the old gentleman, with a look of delight, at the same time kissing his godson; "I told you so! It is nothing more than your lordship's manner towards him: children have an instinctive perception of those who love them!"

The waiting-woman of the countess entered the room with a dirty, crumpled note, which she gave the earl, stating that the valet had directed her to place it in his hands immediately. The countenance of the guilty

man changed as his eye fell on the contents, and, without a word of adieu, either to Mr. Brindley or his wife, he left the room.

An hour afterwards he started for the north, accompanied by the writer of the note—the keeper, Kelf.

"You must be firm, Alice," said her uncle, as his lordship left the apartment; "it was a mere idle threat to terrify you—nothing more! Years must elapse before he could legally deprive you of the guardianship of your son!"

"It would break my heart!" sobbed the wretched wife.

"It would break mine!" added the goldsmith. "But, I repeat, there is little fear that he will attempt it. On my way home I will call at the Temple, and consult my lawyer upon the subject. By-the-bye, Alice," he added, as if a thought had suddenly struck him, "what have you done with the jewels I gave you for the drawing-room?"

"They are at the banker's!" was the reply.

"Did you place them there?"

"No; my husband did previous to our quitting London for the abbey, at the close of the season. I have not required them since."

"In your name, or his own?" added Mr. Brindley, who evidently had some motive for his questions.

Alice answered with indifference, that she believed it was in hers, but was not certain. She would willingly have resigned the costliest gems on earth, had they been in her possession, for that more precious gem—sweet peace of mind.

"I thought so!" he muttered, as he drove towards the Temple. "Heartless scoundrel! I am sure they were the diamonds of his wife which I saw the Frenchwoman wear at the Opera last night! So much the better!" he added, "so much the better! It will make our case—if Alice can only be persuaded to act firmly—all the stronger against him!"

From that day a chill, a sad presentiment, fell upon the spirit of the much-injured wife. The thought that her husband might one day carry his threat into execution, and deprive her of her child, poisoned her existence. She became nervous and agitated, and scarcely ever left him: so much so that the strangeness of her manner began to excite the observation of the servants.

This was the very thing her worthless husband wished. His victim was unconsciously playing into his hands.

(To be continued.)

TRAVELLING ALONE.

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE GENTLEMAN.

ALMOST as soon as it was light one morning, two cousins were wending their way along the snowy streets of Eisenach towards the railway station, with their German maid-servant in advance of them, carrying the young lady's heavy trunk on the chibfonier-like basket that was strapped to her back. The bells at the doors of the chandlers' shops kept tinkling with the demand for "schnappa" by the men on their way to work as the couple passed along. The dusty-looking bakers were busy arranging their sausage-shaped little rolls of bread on the small wooden ledges in front of their parlour windows; and the little go-cart-like milk-waggons, laden with their big tin jugs, not unlike in shape to large Etruscan vases, stood at the gateway, with the donkey half-doing in the shafts; and the maid-servants were grouped about the wells that were not yet frozen up, waiting for their turn to get water at the spring, while on the stones round about were ranged the tall, queer-looking wooden "button," not unlike enormous quivers, in which they were to carry, strapped to their backs, the cold, wet loads home to their houses. The rude, old Roman tower which forms the only remaining gateway of the once ramparted town was soon passed, and then it was but two or three minutes' walk to the railway itself.

The starting-place had so few points of difference from an English station, that there is no necessity for particularizing it; enough to say that the officials were all clad in sky-blue, and every one had some hirato appendage to either his lips or chin, and the "restoration-room" was heated to the temperature of a baker's oven, and reeked with the not very fragrant odour of red-hot iron stoves and stale tobacco-smoke. Here were gentlemen done up in fur coats, and fur boots, and fur gloves, until they looked more like Esquimaux than the inhabitants of the temperate zone, waiting the departure of a train, and all smoking and drinking steaming cups of coffee.

Presently the huge bell hanging outside the refreshment-room door was tolled rapidly by one of the sky-blue officials, and then, the glass-doors that opened on the platform being thrown back, there was a general rush from within to without.

"Now, my dear Helen, I'll go and see that your luggage is safely stowed away, while you take your seat,

and arrange your rugs in this carriage," said Madame Steindorf, her cousin, as she approached the door of one of the first-class carriages, and then signalled the porter to come and unlock it for them, and by the time the young lady had drawn on her felt shoes, and exchanged her bonnet for a quilted hood, and taken the books she had brought with her from her bag, her cousin was back again at the carriage-door, inquiring if she were quite sure that she had brought this, and hadn't forgotten that, and then telling her that she need be under no alarm whatever, that the guard had told her that first-class carriages were almost always empty at that season of the year, and she had written, as she knew, over-night, to make arrangements for some one to meet her when she arrived at Harburg, who would conduct her across the river to her destination at Hamburg. The conversation was here abruptly stopped by one of the officials closing the door of the carriage, and then Madame Steindorf had only time to shake her cousin by the hand, and bid her mind and be sure to write immediately she got to the end of her journey.

As yet Helen Boyne had kept up heroically against the struggle of parting—she had promised her cousin that there should be no "scene" before strangers at the railway station, and she was too proud-spirited to allow herself to forfeit her word; but when she saw the last flutter of her cousin's handkerchief, and felt that she was now, for the first time, adrift in the world, and bound to a strange place, where she was to see only strange faces, the tender-hearted girl burst into tears, and sobbed as if her very heart would break.

Her father had been assassinated when she was but a mere child, and her mother, who had never recovered the shock of her husband's death, died but a year or two afterwards, so that she had been left an orphan long before her school-days were over. Her mother's sister had then received her under her roof, and had the girl educated for a governess, in which capacity her own daughter, before her marriage to Herr Steindorf, was acting in an English family, resident abroad. The subsequent marriage, however, of her cousin to Herr Steindorf, a young Bremen merchant, was followed by a proposal that Helen should become a member of their family, which she gratefully accepted.

Soon after, there came a stupendous financial crash. Firm after firm was swept away by the tempest, and among the rest the house of Herr Steindorf.

The young merchant's mind reeled under the shock, and ultimately sinking into a state of childish imbecility, he ended his days in a private asylum. The little property left was then invested so as to secure a small annuity to his widow, and upon this the two cousins had been living, until a situation could be obtained for the younger one.

It was a long time after parting from Madame Steindorf, as her only friend on that side of the channel, before Helen Boyne could manage to divert her thoughts by reading; for directly she tried to do so, the tears which she fancied she had stayed would flood her eyes once more, and fall in heavy drops, like summer rain, upon the leaves. Nor did she know whether they went through tunnels or crossed rivers; all outward things were an utter blank to her, for she heard nothing but the murmuring of her own heart, and saw nothing but her own sad fate before her.

She was hardly conscious even that the train had stopped at the little village of Gerstungen on the banks of the Werra, and was suddenly aroused from her dream by a strange gentleman jumping into the carriage in which she was seated, just as the train was in the act of starting.

The entrance was so abrupt and so utterly unforeseen that the girl gave a faint scream as she saw the man standing before her. Besides, the appearance of the gentleman was not of the most prepossessing kind. He was muffled to the nose in a comforter, and wore a fur cap drawn low over the forehead, and with the lappets covering the ears, so that there was hardly any more of the face to be seen than if his head had been enclosed in a vizor.

"Thank Heaven!" gasped out the man, "I caught the train." And the next minute he was jolted back into the seat with the motion of the carriages. Then, having flung his carpet-bag on to the vacant cushion next to him, he began to unwind the comforter from his neck, and to remove the fur-covering from his head. "I thought I should have missed it after all," he said quickly, and half to himself, and then turning sharply round to the lady, he added, in the same disjointed manner, "You are not a German, are you?"

The brusqueness of the question so startled the frightened girl that she knew not whether to answer the man or not. On second thoughts, however, she fancied it would be better to be civil to the person, lest he should take offence, and be rude to her in return; so, without turning her head, she replied:

"No, sir; I am English."

"So!" cried the other, as he mused over the information. The next minute he began to unlock his carpet-bag, and, after rummaging over the contents, ultimately drew forth a small hand-mirror, which he

held up in front of his face while he examined his beard, and the long, lank locks that hung like a lion's mane about his head.

While he was so engaged, Helen Boyne could not help casting a furtive glance at her companion; that horrible, grizzly, red beard, and those straight yellow locks, reaching to his shoulders, and tucked behind the large, projecting ears, were too deeply impressed in her mind to forget them, and while she was thus musing, she noticed that the man was about to draw a pair of scissors from the dressing-case he had removed from the bag, but the sudden appearance of the guard at the window of the carriage made him thrust them hurriedly back again.

"Your ticket, if you please," said the man. "Where are you going to?" he inquired, as he took the bit of pasteboard in order to make the customary hole through it.

"You can see if you can read," snappishly answered the new-comer. And as he took the ticket back from the official, he held it in front of his face, as he cried, "Can't you see Gerstungen to Cassel? It's printed large enough. I can go from there to Frankfurt, can't I?"

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

The manner of the stranger was so peculiar, and there was such a restlessness about his eyes that the guard could not help saying before pulling the window up again:

"Is this gentleman annoying you, madam?"

Helen Boyne could not answer the question in the affirmative. It is true she objected to the man's company; but she was too polite-minded a girl to ask for his removal from the carriage on that account, for she felt it would be casting a stigma upon him that he in no way deserved. So she stammered out:

"Oh, no; thank you."

The words were no sooner uttered than the window was closed again, and the train was in motion.

"So, now we are all right till we get to Cassel," cried the stranger, chafing his palms together, but whether for the sake of warmth or exultation it was difficult to say.

The words, "from Gerstungen to Cassel," rang like the drone of a cathedral bell for many a minute in the mind of the young girl. That man was to be her companion alone in the carriage for many an hour. She would get out at Cassel, and ask the guard to place her in another carriage. It was curious that he should have chosen to travel first-class, for it was evident by his manner and appearance that he was ill-able to afford the extra expense. Then she thought of what she had heard the day before at the hotel in Eisenach that none but English people and mad folks ever resorted to those carriages; and as the recollection flashed through her mind, she shuddered with alarm as she asked herself whether her companion could possibly be a person of deranged mind.

Gracious Heaven! what would become of her? If she had only pondered over the matter a few minutes before, she could have sought protection of the guard while he was at the window. What should she do now? Well, she would do all she could to calm and soothe, rather than vex, the man; then, perhaps, by humouring him, she might be able to ward off any great danger until they reached the next halting-place.

Absorbed with such musings as the above, the girl for a moment turned her head from the stranger, and was busy looking through the window sideways, now towards this end of the train and then in the direction of the other. When she turned round again she discovered her red-bearded companion in the act of trying to cut the hairy appendage from his face, as he held a pair of scissors in one hand and the little mirror up before him with the other.

If Helen Boyne had had any doubts of the man's sanity before, she was now fully convinced that her fellow-traveller was nothing less than a confirmed maniac.

The attempt of the fellow, however, at extemporaneous hair-cutting was utterly idle under such circumstances, for the motion of the carriage as well as the reversed movements of his own hand, as seen reflected in the glass, rendered it extremely difficult for him to divest his chin even of a lock or two; and as the girl saw him nearly run the sharp points of the scissors into his throat, she started and half-shrieked in her alarm.

The cry made the man turn sharply round and look wildly at her, and then he gave a faint titter, and rising from his seat went and placed himself directly opposite to the girl.

"Merciful Heaven!" she breathed to herself, as her heart sank like a heavy stone within her; "what will he do, and what shall I do now? If I move away he will follow me and be angry, too."

But there was little time for vague surmise, for the man soon said:

"May I ask miss to do me a favour?" and as he uttered the words he smiled grimly at the terrified girl and half bowed towards her.

Helen Boyne paused for a minute, and then stammered out:

"I shall be happy to do anything I can to oblige a fellow-traveller; but I must beg of you to remember that I am a young lady and unfortunately an unprotected one also, and therefore I entreat of you, as a gentleman, not to request me to do anything which I cannot consent to do with propriety."

"Oh! don't be alarmed, Fraulein," blurted out the other, "I am harmless enough if you take me the right way. All I want of you is to cut my beard and whiskers clean off."

It was as she had expected, and the poor girl in her modesty put her hands before her eyes as she sobbed out from behind them:

"Oh, sir! I'm a stranger to you, and I blush to hear you ask me to do such a thing."

"Come, come!" said the man, holding her hands down, "what should you blush about? I'm not going to ill-use you, and for the little matter of hair-cutting, you needn't put on these romantic flights, for in many parts of Europe the barbers are women, and no one looks upon them as indelicate people."

"But, sir, they are used to such an occupation, and I am not," wept on the girl, "therefore I implore you to wait till you get to your destination, and have it done by such as make a calling of it, for indeed, indeed, I cannot do it."

"Oh! oh! you can't, can't you? Too fine a lady, no doubt," said the man, with a surly scoff, "to play the barber; but we'll see."

"What would you do?" gasped Helen. "You would not force me to touch you?" and the girl shuddered with horror from head to foot.

"No force, only a little strong persuasion," was the cool, determined reply, as he drew his carpet-bag towards him and then dragged from the bottom of it a small revolver pistol, which he placed on the cushion beside him.

"Heavens! You would not murder me, man?" cried the girl, as she started up from her seat.

"Oh, no, no!" laughed the fellow, derisively. "Not if you don't particularly wish it, miss. But the sight of that little mild persuader there may bring you to your senses;" and then rose to put his carpet-bag up in the netting over his head. As he did so his back was turned towards the girl but for an instant, and in that instant Helen darted forward, and snatching at the pistol that lay on the cushion, rushed with it in her hand to the opposite corner of the carriage, and there she stood, with her back against the door, with her arm outstretched and the muzzle of the revolver directed point-blank at her adversary; nor did the weapon tremble the least in her hand.

"It does bring me to my senses, coward that you are, for it teaches me that though but a mere child in strength, I have now the mastery over you; and though I never pulled a trigger before, I tell you I will shoot you down if you move but one step to lay a hand upon me."

"Haugh! haugh!" bellowed her companion; and then turning round looked the girl steadfastly in the face, and said, sarcastically, "You never pulled a trigger before, didn't you?" and began to stalk towards her.

"Another step, and I fire," cried the girl.

"Bah!" returned the other, and then stretching out his hand he made a snatch at the muzzle of the pistol that the girl still held steadily directed towards him. "Simpleton!" he shouted, as he wrenched the weapon from her. "It's very plain you never did fire a pistol before, or you wouldn't try to pull the trigger with the hammer down."

Helen Boyne tossed her head with dismay when she saw how easily she had been defeated, and her flesh crept as the man seized her by the arm, and dragged her back to the seat which she had left but a few minutes before. When he had resumed his place opposite to her, he said, calmly:

"You see, miss, this is what you should have done; you should have drawn the trigger back thus, making it click twice, do you hear? And then having satisfied yourself that the percussion-cap on the nipple was all right, if you had held it out towards me as I do to you now" (and he brought the muzzle within a few inches of her face as he said so), "why, then, the least pressure of the finger would be sufficient to lay a person's body lifeless in an instant at one's feet. Do you see, simple one?" and the girl cowered her head as far back as she could: "Come, Miss Hasty, will you trim my locks for me now?"

CHAPTER II.

A SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

WHAT wonder, then, that the damsel, with eyes as full of fire as those of a blood-horse, should at one moment be levelling a pistol at a ruffian's head, and threatening to shoot him down if he moved a step towards her, and the next minute be crouching with the acutest fear, like a well-beaten spaniel at the feet of

its master. Even the strongest-minded of men can hardly bear to look steadily down the barrel of a loaded gun presented at his forehead; so it was natural that poor Helen should have averted her head, and shrunk away as far as she could from the ring of ugly black holes that formed the end of the revolver held within a few inches of her face.

"Now, girl," cried the fellow, "take the scissors and clip away. It's no use shivering there like an Italian greyhound. Do the work quickly, and you have nothing to fear; but hesitate, or attempt to raise the least alarm, and I can tell you I am too desperate a man to make any bones about taking your life."

"Oh, sir," faltered out the girl, "why not wait till we get to Cassel, and then I will willingly have it done. I should only wound you in the terrible tremble that I am in now."

"Bah! I shall have no time to spare there. Besides, it is my whim that you, and you alone, shall be my hairdresser," returned her opposite neighbour, wildly. "Directly I looked at myself in the glass, I made up my mind to have it all off; and when I saw your black eyes staring at me from the corner, like a rat peeping out of its dark hole, I was determined you should have the shearing of the sheep; so come, to your work, for there is not a single moment to lose. Do it quickly, I say again."

"But pray take that ugly pistol away, sir, and then I will try what I can do." And when the man had lowered the hand in which he held the weapon, and thrust his grizzly chin forward towards her, the girl shuddered from head to foot when she laid hold of the end of the ugly red beard. As she raised the scissors in her hand, her first thought was, "What if I stab the wretch in the throat with them?"

But she paused for a moment in the frenzy of the thought, and the cunning ruffian, half-guessing what was passing through the girl's mind, raised the hateful pistol once more—a movement so significant, that it quickly caused her to cast aside all ideas of vengeance. The next minute the locks began to fall thick and fast into her lap, and as they did so she shook them from her dress, as if they were a knot of adders clinging to her.

"Good! good!" shouted the fellow. "Cut it close off—down to the roots, girl—whiskers, moustaches, and all. Make me as bare as a clipped poodle."

"There!" cried the girl, after a time, "thank Heaven, it's over now—and I haven't wounded you, either." "Aye, you have done it well enough, so far as it goes; but come, your task isn't half-finished yet," said her ruffianly companion.

"Oh!" groaned Helen, "What else am I to be forced to do?"

"Here, all these locks must away as well," and with these words, the man lifted up a large bunch of the yellow mop of hair that dangled about his shoulders; so putting his head down, he waited for her to continue the operation.

The girl had now so far overcome the loathing which she had felt at the commencement of her arduous task, and was so far satisfied that if she complied with his lunatic freak he would remain quiet, that she began to ply the scissors again as rapidly as she could, so as to have done with the filthy work as soon as possible; and it was not very long before she had shorn the wretch's head as close as a convict's.

"Ah, that's capital!" he ejaculated, hurriedly, as he rubbed his hand over his bare round skull that was not unlike a huge skittle-ball, and then drawing once more the little mirror from the carpet-bag in the netting above, he began to gaze at himself again in the looking-glass, as he gave vent to the customary oath of the Germans, "I shouldn't know myself if I were to see my face now. Come, look at me, girl," he added, seizing her by the wrist and dragging her round towards him. "Would you believe it was the same person who stepped into the carriage some hours ago?"

"No sir," she faltered out. He looked now even more repulsive than ever, the colour of his hair being so very light that his head seemed to be absolutely bald all over, and had more the semblance of a skeleton skull than the cranium of a living being, while the broken black stumps of teeth that had been previously hidden by the terrier-like fringe of hair on the upper lip, were now visible with hateful distinctness every time he grinned.

"What strange mania was on the man?" she asked of herself, as she took up her book and pretended to read, so that she might fix her eyes on some other object than the hateful one before her. But her reverie was soon put an end to by the man asking her, as he let down the window, to toss to the wind the lumps of hair that lay heaped at the bottom of the carriage, "What on earth do you take me for, Fraulein?"

Helen was so startled with the apparent sagacity of the tone in which the question was asked, that she started as if she fancied some other person had put the question to her, and then replied, without taking her eyes from the book:

"You Germans, sir, have a saying that only English

people and madmen travel in first-class carriages in this country."

"So," replied the man, closing the window; "you are the English person, and I ——" but he broke off suddenly, adding: "You are mistaken, Fraulein; I am no lunatic, but have a purpose to serve, and for the carrying out of my object it is necessary, before reaching Cassel, that I beg another little favour at your hands."

"Merciful Heaven!" thought the girl; "what fresh indignity is now to be put on me?"

"Come, there is no reason for any further fear, for what I am about to ask," said the man, "is merely a promise from you."

The girl, though somewhat relieved, still sat in terrible suspense, awaiting the issue. Nor was this in any way lessened when she beheld him once more grasp the revolver that still lay on the cushion at his side.

"Now, listen to me, Fraulein; you must swear to me," he continued, "by all your hopes of happiness in this life, and salvation hereafter, that you will not breathe a word of what has occurred to-day in this carriage, until a month has passed, and then you have my permission—aye," he added, with a snap of his fingers, "even to publish it in the newspapers, if you will. Come, now swear to me."

Helen Boyne hesitated, for she had made up her mind, directly she reached Cassel, to report the whole of the circumstances to the guard, and to demand that he should see her protected for the rest of her journey.

"You hesitate to take the oath, do you?" cried the fellow, savagely. "Now hear me out, young lady—this pistol is loaded in every barrel, and if you do not take the oath I have enjoined, one of the bullets puts an end to you and another to myself. So give me your solemn oath that you will not breathe a word nor give so much as a hint to the officials at Cassel as to the description of your fellow-traveller, or whether he was going, or what he had compelled you to do."

Helen saw by the determined manner of her companion that there was no hope for her but to give the solemn promise he demanded of her, so she murmured, as distinctly as she could, owing to the fright that still possessed her, for she saw that the man's finger was once more on the trigger of the revolver which he held in his hand:

"You have nothing to fear from me, sir."

"Aye, but swear it," he cried. "Have you nothing sacred about you by which to enforce the oath?" and then, rudely throwing her cloak open, he discovered a little golden cross hanging from her neck. "Swear upon this token, by all your hopes of redemption, that you will keep silent, and I have done."

"I do," answered the girl; and as the man forced the little cross to her lips, she kissed it as a pledge of the sacredness of her vow. Then, to her great delight, she beheld the man begin to repack his travelling-bag, and to stow away the terrible pistol once more, as well as the mirror and the scissors, into the side-pocket from which he had originally drawn them; and when she heard the lock snap she felt as if some heavy incubus had been removed from her bosom, and she was waking up from some awful nightmare dream.

The next minute the man was busy costuming himself as when he entered the carriage; the fur cap that fitted as close as a helmet when the ear-lappets were tied under the chin, was once more resumed, and the long woollen comforter wound round and round the neck, and drawn close up to the nose, until it looked like a clumsy red respirator covering the lower part of the face.

"In a moment we shall be at Cassel, Fraulein, and then, be assured, if you break your oath," he went on, while he scowled with a terrible menace at the girl, "there will be no hope of your escaping my vengeance, wherever you may be," and before the train had fully stopped he sprang on to the broad stone platform, and hurried into the refreshment-room.

Helen Boyne was too weak to be able to move from the carriage, for she felt that if she attempted to rise from it, she must stagger like one after a long fever; nor could she even give heed to the crowd that kept shuffling along in their high fur boots and clumsy felt over-shoes, that made them seem like so many gouty old gentlemen. Neither did she hear the boy cry "sausage-breads! ham-breads! beer! schnapps!" as he came and stood at the open carriage-door with the tin tray of refreshments slung before him, and with tall glasses full of *Lager-bier*, arranged in a kind of big, black cruet-stand, dangling from his hand; the girl had her face buried in her hands, and was sobbing away, half with joy at her deliverance, and half from the depression of the fright that had overcome her like a palsy.

"Is the Fraulein ill?" asked the boy; but as the question was unheeded the lad jerked his head, as if beckoning to some one hard by, and the minute after, the guard was at the carriage-door with his face,

swarthy as a gipsy's with the smoke of the engine, and the high, black sheep-skin collar of his gaberdine-like overcoat standing up about his ears and neck; for the seats of the railway officials accompanying the trains in Germany consist of mere low-backed arm-chairs perched on top of the carriages, and so exposed to the wind and the smoke of the engine, that the guards after a journey have the same creole complexion as the smokers.

"The train stops here a quarter of an hour, Fraulein," said the guard, as he entered the carriage, and touched the girl gently on the shoulder. "Would Fraulein like some refreshment? A cup of coffee might do her good; shall the boy here bring it you?"

But as the girl merely shook her head without looking up or taking her hands from her face, the official added, in a softer tone:

"What ails the Fraulein? Has that fox-boarded fellow I saw in the carriage been rude to the young lady?"

"I have no complaint to make against him," she merely faltered out in a low voice.

"H—m! Fraulein has left her friends, maybe," went on the man, with all the civility of unfeigned compassion. "Can I do anything for the lady before I leave, for I don't go any farther than this station with the train?"

"Nothing, thank you," said Helen; "all I want is to be left alone."

"Then," said the man, jestingly, as he quitted the vehicle, "the Fraulein couldn't have come to a better place than a first-class railway carriage at this time of year."

The flood of grief had now somewhat subsided, and Helen Boyne began to feel as if she had strength to look for the reticule which contained the bottle of smelling salts that she had so longed for, but wanted power to search for previously.

She had, upon entering the carriage, placed it upon the cushion before her, and as she leant forward to reach it, she recognized the familiar little *Eisenach* newspaper (no bigger than a sheet of ordinary letter-paper).

In an instant she knew it must have fallen from the man's carpet-bag, and with a strange fascination of fright, she could neither keep her eyes nor her fingers from it, and the curiosity that was on her restored her, for a minute or two, to her senses.

She scanned it over as hurriedly as a person reads a long-expected letter, her eyes flying from paragraph to paragraph, with all the restlessness of mental distraction, till she came to the official announcements near the end, and there she found that a clerk in one of the Government offices of the town, had absconded with a large sum of money, and that he stood charged with having falsified entries, and forged signatures to receipts, and when she had read the description of the delinquent that was appended, she saw in a minute the clue to the mystery of the adventure she had been forced to take a part in.

The girl was busily engaged pondering over the printed description of her late companion, and saying to herself that the desperation and restlessness of the man were now fully explained, when the guard appeared again suddenly at the carriage-door and said: "I beg your pardon, Fraulein; but didn't you hear the man who was in the carriage with you say he was going on to Frankfurt by this afternoon's train?"

The young lady remained silent.

"You remember, Fraulein, when I asked him for his ticket?" added the guard, quickly.

Still there was no answer.

"He didn't tell you anything about himself, or where he was going to, in the course of conversation, you know, Fraulein—as sometimes happens, you know, among strangers travelling together?" chattered on the guard, inquisitively, as he waited eagerly for the answer.

"No," was the reply; "he told me nothing."

"Did the Fraulein see which way he went when he got out of the carriage?" inquired the official.

The damsel again shook her head.

"Tut! tut! tut!" said the man; "If I had only gone to the office directly, the fellow couldn't have slipped through my fingers, nor the reward either. But I know how he is dressed, and could pick his foxy beard and long yellow hair out of any mob. So he can't well escape me yet."

Some quarter of an hour after the above colloquy—Helen Boyne had sat speculating a hundred and one odd things during the brief interval as to her fellow-traveller's wretched career and fate—the doors of the carriages were heard to slam, one after the other, all along the line, preparatory to the train starting once more, and just as the scream of the whistle rattled against the wall of the long station, the door of Helen's carriage was once more suddenly opened, and a man in a soft felt Tyrol-shaped hat dashed into the seat next to it, and with the high fur collar of his coat turned up over his ears, immediately nestled up into the corner, as if he was arranging himself to sleep through the journey.

"Another intruder!" sighed the damsel to herself. "Had I thought there was a chance of such a thing, I would have asked the guard to shift me into a second-class carriage." Whereupon she inwardly made a resolution to do so on reaching the next station.

The next moment the train was off, and in a few minutes afterwards another guard made his appearance at the window to inspect the tickets of the passengers, and as he did so, the stranger in the "Garibaldi hat" and huge fur cloak, handed up his ticket to be perused, saying the while:

"From Cassel to Hanburg."

"Gracious Heavens!" ejaculated Helen to herself; it is he again. I could recognize that voice anywhere, now, and as the idea flashed across her mind, the man turned his head and looked towards her; out of the corners of his eyes, with the same threatening glance as when he left her.

As soon as the window was closed, and the guard had retired along the little external ledge to the second-class carriages, the man threw the cloak back, and slightly raising his hat to the young lady, inquired with a bow, "whether she had expected to see him back so soon again?"

CHAPTER III.

BLINDFOLDED.

"You didn't think to meet me so soon again, did you, Fraulein?" repeated the new comer.

The trembling girl could only stammer out, "I imagined you had fled—I mean gone to Frankfurt."

"Aye, and so the railway officers will fancy too. There's nothing like throwing the bounds on the wrong scent," returned the fellow with a triumphant chuckle.

"But why should the Fraulein have made use of the word *fled* when speaking of my movements?"

"Why, I—I—I—Miss Boyne hesitated, for she hardly knew what excuse to give for so significant a slip of the tongue.

"There, it's no use palavering, girl," was the surly rebuke of the man, "I see it all. The *Kreis-Blatt* there," he added, referring to the Eisenach journal, that I forgot to put back into my bag," has told all. No one with half an eye could mistake the description; but it would require a pretty good judge of character to recognise me now. Well, I don't mind about you knowing my secret, for I shall be far away before you can harm me. Do you know where I am bound to now?" he inquired significantly, as he again commenced unlocking the little carpet-bag.

"You said you were going to Hamburg," the girl shuddered out, as the question revived the idea of her having such a companion all the way.

"So I told the guard; but that's not my road, depend upon it, or I should not be fool enough to mention it," was the knowing answer of the runaway. "Men in my desperate condition stick at nothing, and I can tell you that in the mood that's on me I'm ready to sacrifice everything—truth, honesty—aye, and even human life if necessary, to get clear away. You are sure you said never a word to the guard at Cassel, girl?" and he looked her full and savagely in the face while he went toward and seized her by the wrists, "for if you had, he has told it to the men on duty by this train, and then I shall have hard work to dodge them yet. Are you sure you have kept faith with me, girl?" and he wrenched her wrist round in the fury of his doubts, that Helen shrieked out with pain. "My God, if I thought you had sold me, I would have your blood on the spot, young as you are," and he looked straight into her eyes to see if he could detect the least look of treachery in her gaze.

The stare of the man was like that of a furious wild beast, and so terrified the girl, that in a minute or two the eyes began to swim, and the blush to fade rapidly from her cheeks. On the fellow releasing his hold, her head fell back as powerless as if her soul had withered under his glance.

"Fainted, or shamming," said the man, callously, and he flung himself down in the seat before her, and began to unlock his bag for the second time, and draw from it the revolver as before. "Come, come, Fraulein," he then cried, as he proceeded to shake the comatose girl violently by the shoulders, "I've no more time to put up with this nonsense. Open your eyes, girl, I have something else that you must do for me."

Half-insensible as the damsel was, still the stupor was not sufficient to render her deaf to such words. The speech was too terrible for her to admit of her quickly fainting at such a time.

Accordingly she started up wildly, and rubbing her eyes as if roused by some sudden commotion out of a deep sleep, and staring wildly about her, asked, almost frantically, "What would you have me do now?"

"Give me your handkerchief," was the answer; and Helen watched him anxiously as he spread it out upon his knee, and then proceeded to fold it up in a broad bandage, nor did she fail to notice that the revolver lay on the cushion at his side.

"Oh, Heaven!" she cried aloud, piteously, while she

raised her clasped hands and fell upon her knees before the fellow, "what would you do with me?"

"Blindfold you, girl," bluffed rejoined the other.

"Oh, mercy! mercy! you are never going to take my life?"

The ruffian, however, made no answer, but merely forced her head down, while he placed the bandage over her eyes and tied it securely at the nape of her neck. What pangs shall tell the agony that poor maiden suffered in her darkness; for she made sure that the fellow had seen her speaking with the guard while the train waited at Cassel, and that fancying she had betrayed him, he had returned solely to execute the vengeance he had threatened her with. She expected each moment to be her last. How she listened for the clicking of the pistol that was to warn her of her doom. But though her senses were rendered tenfold more acute by the horrible suspense in which she was kept, she could hear only the man tumbling her articles out of his carpet-bag.

"Oh," she cried in her anguish, "tell me what you are going to do with me—any fate is better than this. My heart will break. My head will burst if you keep me here much longer. But let me know how I am to die, and I will try and bear it patiently. Oh, cousin! cousin! if you only knew what has befallen me!"

For some five minutes the bewildered girl was left to suffer in this manner, and then to her utter surprise the bandage was suddenly withdrawn, and to all appearances an utter stranger sat before her.

Had she really gone mad? she asked herself. That man there—he with the short black ringlets and long raven whiskers and moustache—could he possibly be the same person as the red-bearded and yellow-haired creature that had entered the carriage that morning, and that dull black "Gibus" hat that he wore now, how different it made him look from what he did when he wore the soft Garibaldi hat but a few minutes before.

Nor was Helen's astonishment in any way diminished when the fellow raised the "Gibus" from his head, and making her a polite bow, said, in French, with an excellent accent, "Est-ce que mademoiselle me connaît à présent?" and then, with a shrug of the shoulders, and indulging in the miming gestures of a Frenchman, he went on to inform her that she was in future to regard him as a true Parisian, and as a proof of his having been naturalized, he begged to present her with his passport, which he bade her read and see whether the description agreed with the kind of person before her. But before placing the document in her hands he took the precaution to double back the part of the side where the personal traits were noted down, so that she might peruse only that part, and still be ignorant of the name and character in which he was about to travel.

Sure enough it was a veritable French pass, and as the girl read half-aloud, "black curly hair, long black whiskers and moustaches, low forehead, broad nose, defective teeth," &c., she glanced in wonder from the written particulars to the real characteristics of the person before her, marvelling not a little at how he could have become possessed of such a document.

"Would mademoiselle believe I was of French extraction if she had never seen me before?" asked the man, with a true French politeness, for his manner was now as much changed as his personal appearance.

"A girl who has never been in France can be easily deceived," was the formal reply.

"But I ought to be able to blind more sharp-sighted folks than you, in such a disguise, since my mother was French, and all my cousins on her side are French too," he continued, half-talking to himself; and then, as he stood up, he divested himself of a fur cloak, in which he had entered the carriage at Cassel, and revealed a long black Capuchin overcoat, with a tasseled hood hanging down the back, such as Frenchmen are known to delight in, and which, on his first entry into the carriage at Gerstungen, he had kept carefully concealed under the plaid shawl that he wore over his shoulders, after the fashion of the university folks of Germany.

"Von ozer favor, meess, you shall make, and zen I am done," he now said, in broken English, affecting to speak the language as a Frenchman.

"Another?" trembled out the girl, as the terrible recollection of the ordeal she had passed through on the last occasion, darted across her mind.

"Zeez far redingote! You shall be so good as to give him to zee conducteur of zee train, when he is arrived at Harburg, and you shall say to him that a shentleman did take him away viz him by error from zee waiting saloon at Cassel. Have you zee goodness to say so?" he jabbered on, still affecting the ways of a Frenchman.

The girl nodded assent, for she was still too prostrate from fright to speak overmuch, now that her astonishment was at an end.

Then, resuming his former air, the man added, in his native language, and with the same terrible menace in his looks, "Remember! One word of what has passed in this carriage before a month has elapsed, and you shall feel the vengeance of a man driven to despera-

tion by his crimes. Swear secrecy again," he raved on, "ere I leave you, for my time is just up. Swear it with your right hand on your bosom, as is the custom with women in Germany. Thus, girl," and with the words he forced her palm rudely on her breast.

"I do, I do," murmured Helen Boyne, ready to comply with any request to be quit of the fellow.

The next minute the train was entering the Hanover station, where the stranger sprang once more from the carriage, and was soon lost in the crowd.

As usual, the guard made his appearance in a few minutes, to tell the young lady that the train stops for a considerable time at this station; and immediately Helen saw the welcome form of the official, she said, in a faint voice:

"I have a ticket for Harburg, can I stay here the night, for indeed I am too ill to go on?"

"If the Fraulien will walk with me to the office, I will arrange it for her," replied the guard.

"Indeed I cannot; I am too weak and ill. Oh, pray take me to some hotel," she cried, "and do not let me travel here alone any longer," and the poor thing trembled from head to foot, as though she had been seized with a tertian ague."

"Yonder is the Flaus-knecht, from the Hotel de Hannover," said the official; "I will go and bid him get a drosky to carry the Fraulien, for we are some little distance from the town here."

And by the time the young lady was brought to the door of the hotel she was so faint that she had to be lifted from the vehicle and carried to her room, and she had only the strength to dictate the address of her cousin in Eisenach, and to beg that the mistress of the hotel would write a letter to her by that night's post, and entreat her to come to her immediately, as she felt as if she would never rise from her bed again.

Nor was it until two days had passed that Madame Steindorf was able to join the girl, and then she learned from the medical gentleman who had been called in, that the young lady was suffering from some violent shock to her system, but how it had been caused it was impossible for him to learn from her. From the first he had been afraid she would sink into a state of collapse, so utterly prostrate was the entire constitution. She must have suffered, in his opinion some terrible fright; had there been an accident on the line that would have accounted for her symptoms? for he had seen such cases even when not the least bodily injury had been sustained. But though the guard of the train had been questioned, he could give no account of the girl having been frightened in any way; all he knew was that she had travelled with a gentleman in a first-class carriage, and that the young lady made no complaints to the officials whatever on arriving at the station.

"There is some fearful mystery in all this," thought Madame Steindorf, "and I must have it cleared up somehow."

The first point to be attended to, however, was the restoration of the poor girl herself, for the doctor added, "that he was afraid of fever setting in now that some slight symptoms of reaction began to manifest themselves; the pulse had been getting quicker and stronger all day, and if he was not much mistaken, the girl would be in a state of delirium that night—and then it would be impossible to say which way the case might go."

The physician was right. Some hour or two before midnight Helen Boyne was raving, and describing ugly apparitions: now of some man with a red beard, who was pointing a revolver at her head, and now of another with black ringlets, who was blindfolding her eyes, at one time she was begging of the man to spare her life, and the next minute swearing a solemn oath never to divulge his secret.

Madame Steindorf sat patiently by Helen's bedside, bathing her burning and throbbing temples, and giving her cool drinks whenever she could get her to take them; but never for a moment venturing to divert the current of her dreams, for she knew that by letting her rave on, and afterwards putting together the disjointed sentences uttered in her wanderings, she would be soon able to make out the puzzle, if not to bring the ruffian within the reach of justice.

And so it happened. In the course of that long night Madame Steindorf had, with the doctor's assistance, obtained sufficient clue to give information to the police as to the disguise of the runaway government defaulter, and with their aid, telegraphic despatches were forwarded to each of the German ports trading with America, and before many days had passed news was received that the culprit had been arrested at Bremen while in the act of boarding a vessel that had already hoisted sail for New York.

It was long after that before Helen Boyne was well enough to resume her journey to Hamburg, and when she did she travelled thither in company with her cousin—and not in a first-class carriage, assuredly.

"For the future, my dear," said Madame Steindorf, as they paid for their tickets at the Hanover Station, "we will leave the first-class for 'Englishmen and madmen.'"

W. K. M.

THE LONDON READER.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 14, 1863.

HEALTH, LONG LIFE, AND DISEASE.

THE recent deaths of an eminent judge and a well-known lawyer, have directed public attention, in more than a usual degree, to the subjects of health and disease. The one individual had attained to the age of seventy; the other was considerably his junior; both died suddenly, of an unsuspected malady affecting the heart. These events have very widely raised the question whether our medical science has made advances in proportion with the other positive sciences, the progress of which has been so triumphant and so rich in beneficial results to humanity. We have, no doubt, in our generation, extraordinary examples, not merely of long-protracted lives, but of lives wonderfully extended, with the powers of the intellect without which they must be regarded, even by the human eye, as worthless. Lord Palmerston is a veteran, still in the prime of his mental capacities. Neither Lord Palmerston nor Earl Russell appears to have approached the exhaustion of memory or of any other capacity whatever. A hundred other instances might be cited. And yet, men, apparently in the fullness of their vigour, drop like fruit from the tree, and the doctors then discover that a mystery of physical affliction has been consuming and killing them for years past. We are unwilling to stigmatise any large and respectable profession with the reproach of incapacity; we would not say that our medical men, as a body, are incompetent; we should hesitate to affirm that modern medicine is only a slight improvement upon the empirical practice of the dark ages; but we do say that the family doctor is, in thousands of instances, a family sham. There is, in this, we repeat, a serious subject of speculation. Can we, as a rule, put confidence in our medical advisers? Emphatically, the answer must be—We cannot.

We must confine ourselves to the superficial aspects of the subject; but, before entering upon the questions affecting the general health and longevity of individuals, and treating them apart from the remedies prescribed by medical men, we may briefly remark upon the enormous progress made of recent years in anatomy and surgery. Dr. Abernethy was among the first to point out how ignorant a great multitude of his professional brethren were, in regard to the early symptoms of that large class of maladies represented by tumours. The patient does not know of their existence in their first stage; in their second, he becomes reconciled to them; in their third, he suffers in unmitigated and despairing agony. But the doctor ought to have told him, from the first, what affected him, or he should never pretend to have studied even the case-books of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Take again, at the opposite pole of medical practice, the topic of infectious fevers. We remember, in connection with this, an incident of the last great European war. Towards the end of the year 1777, the air of one of the principal churches of Dijon became so contaminated, that the authorities had to shut it up, because the physicians could suggest no means for its purification; and, on the following Christmas, an epidemic broke out in the prisons of the same town, whereby a hundred persons perished before an attempt was made to check the rage, and then the simplest fumigations with muriatic acid checked the contagion altogether. Nitrous acid, moreover, stopped the mortality on board the Union Hospital ship, at Sheerness, in 1795; but fifty victims had been buried before the doctors agreed upon an opinion. It was so at Winchester, and it was so at Worcester, during the jail-fever seasons. We, in presence of the tragedies which frequently arise from ignorance of these examples, are bound to recall them to the public memory, and to remind the thoughtless multitude of the simplicity, both of means and process by which the most awful of family and social calamities may be averted. We will take, as an instance, infectious fever, of which the late Prince Consort perished, and enumerate the preservative and anti-contagious agents which may advantageously be employed. Water, cold or warm, carries off, by ablutions, contagious matters; it weakens, but does not decompose them. Lime decomposes animal substances before putrefaction, and absorbs carbonic acid; but produces little change on putrid odours. The combustion of resinous and other odiferous substances, only masks, for a moment, the contagious elements which float in the atmosphere. Fires may occasion currents in the atmosphere, but can only decompose the contagious matters which come directly within the sphere of their activity. Gunpowder, like common fire, produces only a mechanical effect. Vinegar does very well for purifying substances which admit of being immersed in it, but it is neither sufficiently volatile, nor sufficiently

powerful to be employed, with advantage, in large apartments. If we come to mineral acids, our choice is easy. Sulphuric, on many accounts, is the worst. Nitric possesses medium qualities. Muriatic is the best.

So far as regards those invisible enemies of human health which lurk in, around, and beneath our dwellings, we have discussed the mortal maladies of the body, and the ghastly atmosphere through which they invisibly float. Let us now advert to the necessities of health and longevity. Many writers have pretended to find it an easy task to prescribe the materials of a dose which shall protract human life to a hundred years. Some have recommended tar-water—others, water from the spring; a few, Cognac; a second few, shower-baths. Sir John Sinclair affirms that the health of a man depends upon the age of his parents, and declares that Lord Chatham must have died earlier had not his mother owed her ancestry to Miss James, of Redhall, in the Highlands of Scotland. The same author argues that gradual, instead of sudden, growth, is the true preservative of youth, and tells the tale of Bishop Berkeley having, by some peculiar systematic process, made a poor boy grow to the height of seven feet before he was sixteen years of age, and in consequence of which preternatural elongation, he became stupid, and died of old age at twenty. Well, the theory has run for hundreds of years, that height is not essential to health. Raphael was five feet seven, Napoleon was short, Wellington was not tall. But, to the shame of our human nature be it spoken, the body is not wholly to blame. The mind, after all, is the grand criminal. A violent temper, a peevish constitution, fatness, and leanness, conduce much to good health and bad health, and, which is more important still, to vice or to virtue.

We must be very cautious in reflecting upon this topic, in accepting old-fashioned axioms. One famous author tells a story of an Irish doctor, who lived for fifty years without having had a death in a numerous family, in consequence of having no glass in his windows, and of thus encouraging a perpetual whirlwind in his mansion; while, but a few pages before, he commemorates, with infinite approbation, the equally successful practice of another doctor, who lived to a hundred, by sleeping under eight blankets, and constantly inhabiting a stove-room, heated up to 70 degs. Fahrenheit. We firmly believe both traditions to have been imaginary. Neither the windows nor the blankets were infallible. But food intrudes itself into the allegory. Feed your children upon milk, says the medical proverb. Gruel, toast-and-water, tea, coffee, chocolate, and soups, forthwith put in their rival claims. If, however, people will drink tea, it should not be green; it should be mixed with cream and sugar; and it should be taken with a certain proportion, invariably, of solid and substantial aliments. Wine, too, if Solon and Cato are to be credited, is good in moderation; but, as Sir Robert Peel averred, there is nothing like eating a hearty dinner "when a man has a mind for it." Generally, however, the regulations for human life, volunteered by Sir John Sinclair, and approved of by Sir Cresswell Cresswell—notwithstanding his sudden submission to an unsuspected malady—are worth recording. Rise, he said, in summer, at seven; breakfast about nine; take a little fruit, a crust of bread, or a biscuit about one; dine between four and five; take tea or coffee between eight or nine; sup on bread and strawberries, and go to bed at eleven. In winter, rise at eight, breakfast at ten, lunch at two, dine at seven, tea at nine, and go to bed at twelve. This was the Duke of Wellington's famous programme. We are far from taking credit for it as applicable to all, or even to the generality of individuals. But we would certainly suggest that the world of ordinary men and women should trust more to diet and less to doctors; more to the habits which make up human life, and less to the slang which makes up physicians' fees. There may be no exact code, the principles and ordinances of which will secure long life; but experience proves that our medical professionalists have not arrived at the secrets of longevity, health, or disease. Let us analyze the catalogue of deaths among eminent men within the last few years, and, miscellaneous as have purposely been the illustrations we have cited, we shall find that, in nine cases out of ten, the profession has been blind, and the public have been startled. There has been a break-down of science, experience has been at fault, and medicine has been "nowhere!"

THREE of her majesty's gillies, who were out with ponies on Wednesday week, and were surprised at the Queen's carriage not coming up to them on their way home, began to conjecture the cause of the delay, when one of the party rode back, accompanied by another, to find out the reason. Not meeting the carriage, they went on to the place, when the Queen, whose pony the gilly had, ordered the other two to be brought up, and her Majesty and Princesses having been seated in the saddle, rode home to the Castle, refusing to enter a carriage which had been sent forward to bring them home.

Next morning, on the arrival of the gilly who had acted so well, an order was given him that her Majesty wanted to see him. On obeying the order, his astonishment may be surmised when the Queen presented him with a most splendid watch, in token of her appreciation of his assiduity in the matter.

ONE of the birds discovered during Stuart's expedition—a new species of paroquet—has been named, by Mr. Gould, *Polytelis Alexandra*, in honour of the Princess of Wales.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.—We are enabled to state upon the best authority, that her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales will probably be confined in March next. The health of the Princess is all that can be desired under the circumstances; and the nation has reason to rejoice at the prospect of the perpetuation, in a direct line, of the sovereignty of her good and Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.—*Observer*.

By the death of Lord Lyndhurst a pension of £5,000 per annum reverts to the public, that being the stipend which the noble and learned Lord enjoyed as one of the five ex-Lord Chancellors, who divided between them the round sum of £25,000 per annum. The surviving Vice-Chancellors now in receipt of retiring pensions are four in number, namely: Lord Brougham, aged 85; Lord St. Leonards, 82; Lord Cranworth, 73; and Lord Chelmsford, 69.

MUNIFICENT GIFT.—A Parsee mercantile firm in the City of London has presented to the National Lifeboat Institution £2,000, to enable it to plant an additional lifeboat on the coast, and to permanently uphold it. The committee of the Lifeboat Society have decided on calling the boat the Parsee. The institution has now 125 lifeboats under its management. They save every year between 300 and 400 shipwrecked persons. The cost of a lifeboat establishment, including boat and gear, transporting carriage and boathouse, is about £550, and an additional expense of £50 a year is required to keep the station in a state of thorough efficiency.

It having been stated that her Majesty had expressed a desire that a memorial of some kind should be placed in the county which has given birth to so distinguished a traveller as Captain Speke, it was resolved to invite that gentleman to a county dinner at Taunton, Somersetshire, to be succeeded by a grand ball, and the following gentlemen were appointed a committee to consider upon a fitting testimonial with which to present the gallant captain: Lord Taunton, Sir W. Miles, Bart., M.P., Colonel Pinnay, M.P., Sir A. A. Hood, Bart., M.P., W. H. P. G. Langton, Esq., M.P., Dr. Prior, and Messrs. Grenville, Sanford, Hamilton, Dickenson, Coombe, Elliott, Halliday, Kinglake, and Esdaile.

His Royal Highness the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief has issued a circular containing regulations, under which leave of absence is to be granted to officers, and furloughs to non-commissioned officers and soldiers, as soon as the half-yearly inspections are completed. No officer is to quit the United Kingdom without especial permission; and the leave, to commence on the 15th of October, is not to extend beyond the 14th of March next, when all officers and soldiers are required to be present with their respective regiments or depôts. His Royal Highness has intimated that he expects the generals and other officers, who are empowered to grant leave of absence under the provisions of this order, will strictly confine that grant to the proportion of officers specified therein.

THE GREAT FLOAT AT BIRKENHEAD.

As a single work, the Great Float far surpasses anything on the opposite side of the water, or indeed any work of its class that has yet been attempted anywhere. The area of water in this one dock is 121 acres, and it is approached by three great entrances, one of which has a sluicing apparatus, intended to keep the low-water entrance basin free from sediment, and which is constructed on a scale never before attempted; but whether it will attain its proposed object is very much doubted. The principal entrance has gates with a clear opening of 100 feet; the largest ever constructed, which would admit the Great Eastern if divested of her paddle-wheels, and will admit the largest screw-steamer or sailing-ship that the wildest imagination has yet conceived.

It is difficult to convey a correct idea of the magnitude of such a work as this, for even its money value does not tell the story of its difficulty. It may, however help us if we recollect that St. Paul's Cathedral cost about £800,000, and this was more than the expense of any of our mediæval cathedrals. The Parliament houses cost two millions; and if we take the Great Pyramid of Cheops at a shilling a cubic foot, which is about the price at which a contract could be obtained, it would cost a little over four millions. As before hinted, this dock will cost six; but as two millions, at least, were wasted in doing and undoing, it is probable that a contractor might be found to undertake this Float or the Great Pyramid at about the same lump sum.



[A LEAP FOR DEATH.]

MAN AND HIS IDOL.

CHAPTER XL.

NOT FOUND.

And now toward the bank they go,
Where crowding on their way below,
Deep and strong the waters flow.

Southey.

Now! on the sea. A dark, stormy night; clouds gathering and breaking over a moon yet in its first quarter, a stiff wind blowing, waves rolling and cresting in incessant commotion.

Out, far away from the land, no longer discernible, except where the lights of towns made the air luminous, rolled and plunged the packet that made its daily transit between the shores of France and England. Fair or foul, the Victress crossed; starting from the same port, bound for the same port, working over the same route so constantly, that one half-looked for the track of its keel along the watery highway.

Only when it blew a gale, when a hurricane tore up the sea in its mad fury, did the Victress fail of her appointed course. It took something, I can tell you, to make bluff, hardy, purple-faced old Captain Monckton decline the responsibility of carrying his ship and passengers over; but, when he did so, nothing would move him. He was inexorable.

Captain Monckton had been inexorable for two successive nights, those preceding that on which he was now crossing. For two days and two nights he had stamped about the quay at Dover, imbibing brandy and water, and growing from purple to black in the face with suppressed impatience.

But this night the wind had dropped, and with a boyish eagerness he had taken his place on the bridge—a throne on which he was absolutely monarch—and which he now paced, shrouded in tarpaulin, and grasping his glass in his hands clasped behind him.

Owing to the two off-days, the packet was crowded. As he looked down he could see the deck dotted with black forms, and the cabins were, he well knew, reeking with closely packed human beings, all more or less victims to that brisk wind—it still blew half a gale—and that lively sea.

In the midst of his duties and the orders it was necessary for him to give every moment, the captain found his mind constantly wandering to a subject which troubled him not a little.

There was a mystery about a couple of passengers on board, which had accidentally come to his knowledge and which he could not be quite easy over.

It had so happened that after the passengers, were for the most part on board—it was then quite dark—

he had quitted the ship for a few minutes, on some matter of business, and was waiting on the quay, undistinguished among the few loiterers about there, when a cab drove rapidly up.

It had come from the railway station.

From it two persons alighted. One a young man, well dressed, and with easy, affable manners; the other, a stout vulgar woman.

Between them, these persons assisted a third out of the cab, a young girl, completely wrapped up in travelling cloaks, and apparently an invalid.

As they lifted the girl out, she suddenly uttered a faint scream, and cry for "help!" And then, as nearly as the captain could tell, the woman thrusting her back into the cab, dealt a blow on her muffled face which rendered her senseless.

"You'll find her more trouble than you think," said the man.

"Trust me for that," was the answer.

"And you think you can get her on board without me?" asked the other.

"Of course. She's like a lamb, now. Good-night, sir."

The captain saw that the gentleman took something from his pocket, probably money, which he placed in the woman's hand, who thanked him briskly. On this he disappeared. The captain's impulse was to step up and ask a question or two about this strange proceeding, but he was called away by a seaman at the moment, and before he had time to recur to what had happened, the woman and the patient were on board, and the Victress was ploughing her way through the buffeting seas.

Still, Monckton reproached himself for not having interfered. Rough and hard as he was, the man had a heart of womanly tenderness. And at home—in the little white cottage on the cliffs over there, where the heaven was lurid—Le had a wife, whom he dearly loved, and flaxen-headed little ones, who were dearer to him than his life. These he never left without a tear—a bright tear glistening on his weather-beaten cheek—and the thought of them made him gentle toward all helpless things.

"They may have carried off that girl," he thought to himself, as he paced the bridge; "for what vile purpose who knows? Her father and her mother may be frantic at her loss. Oh, my God! if such a thing were to happen to my little Carry—almost a woman now—almost."

Thinking thus, he determined within himself to keep a sharp look-out on the French side, and not to lose sight of the woman and the girl till he had learnt something about them.

The ship laboured on.

The wind freshened every minute; sea after sea broke over the deck, drenching the passengers to their skins, and reducing them to the last degree of wretchedness. Down in the hot, stifling cabin every one was ill—some utterly prostrate, others hysterical.

In one berth a young girl lay smothered up in rugs, but white, still, rigid as a corpse. The stewardess coming round, started at the sight of her.

"She is dead!" was her exclamation.

But a stout woman, with a broad, flat face, seated on a camp-stool close to the girl, and holding between her brown hands a bottle apparently containing brandy-and-water, looked up calmly.

"No; she's all right," said this woman.

"She has been very ill?"

"Very."

"Too ill to cross, I should say."

"Oh, no. It's weakness, fits, and all that—nothing more."

"Indeed! She's a beautiful girl. I've laid out a many in my time, but she'd make as sweet a corpse as ever I see."

And the stewardess passed on. She did not know that the apparently inanimate girl had heard every word she had uttered, shuddering as she heard. This was, nevertheless, the case. You will have already divined that it was poor Emmy Kingston who was being borne across the ocean to encounter a fate at the horrors of which she could not even guess. And I need hardly say that it was Madame Dupin, the Vampire's wife, who had her in her diabolical custody.

The arrangement with which we are already familiar had been carried out. Under the specious pretext of taking her back to Galescombe, Mark had enticed the girl into a railway-train with him, and had tried, but hardly succeeded, in calming her terrors on finding that Madame Dupin was to accompany them. In the course of the journey Emmy had become uneasy, so uneasy that it was felt necessary to adopt the measures which Mark's presence had been intended to obviate, and as they reached Dover, the victim had fallen into a placid sleep, produced by narcotics. In moving her from the train to a cab, they had partially aroused her, but a well-timed blow from the woman's fist had set all right. It was a second blow of a similar kind which Captain Monckton had seen administered.

From these brutal acts the poor girl had learned wisdom, and when she became conscious of being on board ship, she did not permit a murmur to escape her lips.

She silently resolved to await an opportunity of attracting and appealing for aid.

The increasing roughness of the weather protracted

her sufferings, and delayed the opportunity for which she so eagerly sought. Within an hour the wind had increased to a gale, and the vessel laboured heavily through seas which every moment seemed to threaten its destruction. The situation of the *Victress* became critical. If there was no real danger, there was sufficient of the semblance of it to awaken in the passengers the liveliest terror.

All were more or less affected, save one.

Some, in their terror, believed that their last hour had come, and behaved themselves like lunatics, yelling, sobbing and praying all in one. Others were so ill, so stricken down by that horrible malady which has no parallel, that they were indifferent. To die, to lie down and die, was all they prayed for.

So, as the ship rolled from side to side, and the few who strove to keep their legs, reeled as if in the last stage of drunkenness, and those in the berths could hardly keep their places, and there was moaning and yelling, and the atmosphere was fetid, and the saloon more like an abode of demons than any living-place for human beings—as all this happened, I say, there sat Madame Dupin, ugly, placid, indifferent, grinning with a ghastly grin, and appearing to enjoy the misery of which she was the centre.

That horrible woman! And beside her that pale, beautiful child, suffering torments, yet shrinking in abject terror from breathing even a sigh, lest she might bring down upon her the cruel violence which the jealous hag delighted to inflict!

For an hour the ship hardly made way an inch.

Like a log on the waters she heaved and rolled, and was only saved by consummate seamanship from keeling over and going down. It may be forgiven Captain Monckton therefore if, in the calls upon his attention, he forgot the mystery of the fair passenger, and thought only of saving his ship and the desperate souls on board it.

And at length he succeeded. The passage was effected, and, though long after the hour at which she was due, the *Victress* steamed into the harbour of Calais.

In spite of the hour, for it was far on in the early morning, the quay at Calais was crowded with anxious, excited folks, who had watched, with feverish interest, the struggles of the steamer out in that terrific sea, in which few men, save Captain Monckton, could have crossed. From the lips of these watchers, there burst, as the ship glided into harbour, a shout, that rent the night, a cheer of welcome, such as the desperate souls who heard it never forgot.

Emmy Kingston, lying in that horrid den below, heard the shouting, and understood dimly what it meant. These about her, too, recognized it as the signal of safety, and their expressions of joy were as frantic as those of terror had been.

"There! there at last!" cried a dozen voices at once, and their thankfulness found expression in the fervent ejaculation of the Sacred Name.

To Emmy alone the idea was worse than all she had yet passed through. Danger had not appalled her; safety filled her with an indescribable terror.

And out of that terror grew a desperate resolve.

It was not long after steaming along in smooth water, before the motion of the ship stopped altogether. They had reached the landing-stage, and already passengers were hurrying on board.

Madame Dupin rose, bent over her charge, and examined her critically. Pale, rigid, apparently senseless—those symptoms satisfied her.

"She'll do," muttered the woman; "now, if that fool Baptiste is only waiting with his trap, she'll give me no more trouble."

Emmy heard those words.

Then she felt herself lifted cautiously up, wrappers and shawls were coiled round her, and she was swung over the woman's brawny shoulder.

Madame Dupin carried her like a child.

In this way the deck was soon gained.

Captain Monckton, leaning over the rails of the bridge, lantern in hand, superintending the landing of the passengers, as, more dead than alive, they passed through the gangway, caught sight of the woman and her burden, and the thought of what he had seen and heard flashed upon his mind. He resolved to question the woman as to her business and her relations to her victim.

For this purpose he commenced descending the ladder from the bridge.

While he did so, Madame Dupin had pressed forward to take her turn at the gangway, so that she might pass on to the quay; but the crowd was great, and not wishing to attract particular attention, she retired a few steps, out of the glare of the lamps, which the men were throwing on the gangway, and sat down on a coil of ropes in the shade.

Emmy still leaned as a dead weight over her shoulder.

But this was the opportunity for which she had waited, to carry into effect the plan she had resolved on to save herself from the fate she dreaded worse than death, a fate of which words dropped from the lips of the jealous hag had faintly warned her.

With a sudden spring, she released herself, stood erect, and rushed from the spot.

Madame Dupin, utterly amazed, was, for the instant, incapable of movement.

But as she looked, she saw the captain.

He approached her.

She saw Emmy dash before him like a wraith. She heard him utter a cry of astonishment and raise his lamp, and the next moment it seemed to her that the air was full of voices, all uttering one cry.

"Woman overboard!" was the exclamation which ran like wild-fire through the ship.

Startled at what had happened, Captain Monckton naturally withdrew his attention from the woman against whom his suspicions were directed, and rushed to the side at which the form of Emmy Kingston had disappeared.

The crowd, in the very act of crossing to the quay, turned back, and pressed after him.

Madame Dupin saw her opportunity.

She had no desire to become the heroine of the moment. Questioning, scrutiny might follow, and she was not prepared for that result; so, in the very crisis of the commotion, she stole from the spot on which she had been seated, and, unobserved, gained the quay.

As she did so, two men stepped up to her.

"Where is she?" asked one.

"Come along, fool!" was the rejoinder, and they strode together away from the edge of the quay, which, by this time, was in almost as much commotion as the ship itself.

"Has she —?" the man asked.

"Jumped overboard?—Yes."

"She must be drowned—nothing can save her!" was the man's quiet reflection.

"So much the better," said Madame Dupin.

"How? We shall lose 1,000 francs at once, and no end of money in prospective, if she was as beautiful as was described."

The eyes of the woman flashed fire.

"Beautiful! Stuff and nonsense!" she muttered.

"What! She was over-rated—you think so?"

"You shall give your opinion about that," said Madame Dupin, significantly.

"If? When? How?"

"When you see her—at the Morgue."

With a hideous laugh, she thrust her arm into that of the man to whom she had spoken, and hurried him from the spot.

A hasty, unskilful search was made for the body of the desperate girl, but in vain.

Meanwhile, Captain Monckton returned to the spot where he had seen Madame Dupin seated.

She was gone.

He inquired for her: only one man had seen a woman answering the description leave the ship.

"Fled has she?" exclaimed the captain; "my worst suspicions are confirmed, then. Oh! if it had been my little Carry!"

The steamer emptied. The search in the water ceased; and the body of poor Emmy Kingston was not found.

CHAPTER XII.

NEWS ACROSS THE SEAS—STARTLING NEWS.

If it is true? There goes my argosy—

The venture of my life. Down, down!

THE wedding preparations were going on with great vigour at Redruth House.

Madame Fandango, the great court modiste, had been honoured, as she expressed it, with a commission for the wedding outfit, so far as the bride and bridesmaids were concerned, and she had, according to her own account, made a study of as sweet a wedding as it was in the power of millinery and its attendant arts to turn out.

At her special request, a suite of rooms at Redruth House had been placed at her entire disposal. A detachment of *artistes*, as she called her workpeople, had been sent down by train, and had taken up their residence in the rooms so assigned to them, and the work of preparation was carried on in secret, the bride herself only being admitted to the sanctuary on favour.

That it was not a favour often sought you will easily imagine. That secret chamber in Blue Beard's castle was scarcely less inviting to those who had learned its secret than were those apartments to the Lady Blanche.

Yet her feelings with regard to the approaching ceremony were greatly changed since it was first proposed. There no longer existed the strong cause which led her to shun it with positive aversion. True, Lord Sandown inspired her with no feeling of affection, but as she saw the bright dream of her life fade away, the bright prospect towards which she had looked with loving eyes, grew fainter and fainter, until it resembled the mirage of the desert—a vision of sweet waters changing to arid sands—there had come upon her sickness of heart, followed by almost utter indifference.

She no longer hoped, no longer dreaded.

She suffered herself to be moved by the will of others, as passively as a child, as completely as if life had already gone from her.

The fact of the marriage being fixed for an earlier day had been announced to Blanche by Lady St. Omer cautiously and with diplomatic skill, so as to prevent an outburst of feeling. The precaution was unnecessary. Blanche heard the words, listened to an explanation about the Duke of Hereford's indifferent health, desire to see his son settled before he was called away, and so forth, and only shuddered.

"It is very desirable in many respects," the countess had said.

"Be it so, then," was her answer.

Nothing more.

But I am sure a pang must have gone to the mother's heart as she saw the wan face, the listless eyes, the tired, over-wearied air of her child, and thought that it was her wedding which she treated with such indifference. It was so unnatural, so unlike what a young girl's feelings should have been at such a moment, and it told of the terrible shock which had brought about so sad a result.

This unnatural calm was never disturbed, except by the presence of Flora Angerstein. From the first, that woman had inspired Blanche with aversion—nay, almost with terror. She shrank from her at every turn; but Flora knew the feeling she inspired, and it delighted her. Not an opportunity did she lose of thrusting herself on the company of the earl's daughter, and it appeared to afford her singular pleasure to choose such topics as her spiteful, ill-natured heart told her would be most painful to the listener.

It was with this feeling that she one morning hid wait for Blanche in the corridor, under pretext of admiring the family portraits there; but, in reality, knowing that if she waited her victim could not escape her. Undemonstrative as she usually was, it was clear that something unusual had excited her, and she could not refrain from giving vent to her satisfaction in a little air, which she hummed to herself in an undertone.

Presently Blanche came, like a ray of sunlight, darting through the gloom of the long corridor.

She was very beautiful that morning. A faint flush suffused her oval cheek, and gave a hue of health to her face, which had grown too thin and pensive of late. Round her head the bright curls gathered in a tangled mass, which, as the light of the corridor window, beneath which Flora stood, fell on them, turned to living gold.

"You are looking superb this morning, dear," cried Flora, holding out both her hands in assumed warmth of welcome.

Blanche answered with a blush.

"I wanted to see you," continued Flora, "the letter-bag is just in and it brings me so much news."

"You have a very large correspondence," remarked Blanche.

"Oh, yes, I have so many friends, and I am fond of writing letters. It's so delightful I think, to converse with dear old schoolfellows, and other absent ones, through a simple sheet of paper. And then I must have sympathy. I should die without sympathy."

Poor sensitive plant!

Blanche listened to the words with loathing. Her heart told her how false this woman was; how false and how dangerous.

"And you have news for me?" she asked.

"Yes, oh yes; you remember, dear, what I told you not long since of the young girl, the daughter of that person who died in the prison here? You recollect that I spoke of her emigrating?"

The spasm which distorted the face of the listening woman, showed how deeply those words had burned themselves into her brain.

"Well, it seems that I was not quite right in my information. But she is gone. She has left England for France. It is casually mentioned in a letter to me to-day that she was a passenger on board the *Victress* the other night, when it was caught in a gale, and nearly went to the bottom."

"But it survived?"

"Oh, yes."

"The poor child! I pity her."

"Do you?"

In that simple question, Flora conveyed a fiendish meaning.

"Ah, yes," said Blanche, "so young, so inexperienced as she is, and to have seen so much trouble!"

Flora looked at her for a moment as if enjoying in anticipation the pain she was about to inflict.

"I, too, sympathised with her greatly," she said, "when she made me her confidant. I should have pitied her more, but she was so sanguine, so full of hope. One can't sympathise with one so full of hope, you know."

Blanche knew the meaning hidden in these words. She recalled every syllable of what Flora had told her at their last interview, she felt that it was to Kingston Meredith's attentions to poor Emmy that all this referred. And she was angry with herself that she

should have permitted this woman to have wormed the secret of her heart from her.

"What can have been her object," asked Blanche, "in leaving her native land and throwing herself on the cold hospitalities of strangers?"

"What?"

Flora smiled maliciously as she repeated the word.

"It was surely a rash, ill-advised step," said Blanche.

"That depends on what has happened. I don't quite know myself, but I can guess. I've a habit of putting this and that together, dear. You may have heard me say so before. Now, when I know that a young friend of yours, Mr. Kingston Meredith, took a great interest in this poor girl—quite a disinterested interest I dare say—and when I'm told that she has gone to France, and happen to know that he has gone there too—"

"Gone there! Has Kingston left Galescombe?" interposed Blanche.

"Oh, yes, didn't you know it?"

"I? How was it possible?"

"There now! all your pretty colour's gone, and I've been the innocent cause of it. Why, everybody knows that he and his trusty squire, Frank Hildred, started off suddenly two days ago, in hot haste, bent on some Quixotic errand, and I for one, couldn't imagine what their motive could be till this morning's letter made all clear."

"Stay!" cried Blanche, "you are not deceiving me. You are sure? You have it on authority which admits of no question, that Mr. Meredith has left England for France?"

"I am quite sure of it."

"And this—this poor child has followed him?"

"Or gone with him."

"With him?"

"Why not?"

She repeated the question; but Blanche only replied to it in general terms. She would not discuss the secret of her heart with this woman. It was too sacred to be so profaned. She therefore suffered Flora to enter upon another topic quite as hateful to her—that of the wedding preparations, and endured half-an-hour's torture while Flora enlarged on questions of millinery, on the relations of colours to complexions—on points of taste in regard to bonnets and veils, and other topics naturally arising out of such an event.

In the midst of her remarks, carriage-wheels were heard in the park, and Flora, looking from the window, saw that Mark Allardyce had returned.

"Mark is here!" she exclaimed, "I'm so glad. I must leave you, dear, and go and welcome him home. You don't know what excellent friends we've become. But for all that, I shall scold him well for stealing away in such a sly manner, and carrying Sandown off with him, too. The monster!"

Without waiting for any reply she hurried from the room.

Once in the corridor, she clenched her little hand—her soft velvet hand that made the funniest and most vindictive little fist—and shaking it at the door she had closed, burst into fierce mutterings.

"Once more, my lady," she said, "I've made you swallow a bitter draught. I'm glad of it. You must be married in state, of course, and any mincing, milk-faced chit may have leave to swell your wedding triumph. But I'm not asked. I'm not good enough, rich enough, clever enough, I suppose, even to act as bridesmaid to the beautiful Blanche! I'm not to be consulted about what goes on in the very house, and under my own eyes. But I shall have my revenge, and I'll have my triumph, too. They shall ask me to form one of the bridal party, and I shall refuse. Ah, Mark!"

The last words were addressed to young Allardyce, who was ascending the grand staircase, looking pale and seedy, and betraying anything but pleasurable emotions at the sight of this tormenting woman.

"The prodigal has returned, eh?" continued Flora.

"If you mean that I've got home," returned Mark, bluntly, "you're right. I'm used up, and that's the truth."

He leant his back against one of the carved oaken pillars, supporting the baluster of the stairs, and folded his arms in practical illustration of the remark.

Flora standing opposite him, with her shiny bands, her bright eyes, her dimpled rosy face, surveyed him as blandly as if the outburst of passion to which she had given utterance, was impossible. The clouds which distorted the creole face had entirely vanished.

While they thus stood, he detected the silken sweep of a woman's dress, the sound grew more distinct, and before they had exchanged further words the countess appeared.

"My boy!" she cried in delighted surprise, "I did not know you had returned."

"Didn't you?" was Mark's only rejoinder.

"I am so glad," the poor mother went on, taking his hand, "I wanted to see you sadly."

"Stuff!" growled Mark.

"I did indeed!" said the countess.

"Don't be a fool," said the dutiful boy, "and don't talk as if I was one. You wanted me here, because you know I can't get rid of the tin as I can in town, and you and the earl are a couple of old screws together!"

"Mark!"

The countess uttered that word with a burning cheek, and it did not pale as she turned toward Flora Angerstein, and saw that she had not moved an inch, but was watching everything with her stereotyped smile.

"It's about the truth," reiterated Mark, gathering up his limbs, as if about to make off.

"Stay!" said the countess, "I have much to say to you."

"I wished to speak to Mr. Allardyce," said Flora, quietly.

"Oh, certainly," replied the countess with perfect politeness, "my son will join you as he leaves my boudoir."

"Thank you. That will be too late," said Flora.

"Indeed? If your communication is so very important—" began the countess.

"Don't fight," cried Mark, with offensive vulgarity. The countess looked at him, with an expression of offended dignity, of utterly outraged decency. Mark saw it, and burst into a loud laugh.

"Come, Mark," she said, and moved up the stairs, as not deigning to protract a contest which compromised her position so entirely.

"In a few minutes," said Flora, significantly, and she fixed on Mark a look which he did not dare disobey.

Lady St. Omer turned as she heard these words, and the look which accompanied them was not lost upon her. But she said nothing. She would not notice the outrage offered her beneath her own roof. Yet it stabbed her to the heart—the mother's loving, yearning heart. And when she reached her own room she threw herself on the couch and burying her face, gave vent to her feelings in bitter, bitter tears.

Meanwhile, Flora, whose mean nature exulted in petty triumphs like these, drove Mark into the picture-gallery, and seating herself there beneath a painting of Samson in the lap of Dalilah, drew out her floss silk and ivory needles, and set to work at that amazing web in the weaving of which she so delighted.

"And now," she said, "let me hear the news."

"I have little," replied Mark, "beyond what is already known to you. I wrote to you word of my singular meeting with your brother, Thaddeus, and of my taking Kingston's girl down to Dover. On the quay I left her in charge of Madame Dupin, and I suppose they made the passage, though it was a fearful night, by the way."

"They did make the passage," said Flora, quietly.

"What! You have heard?"

"Yes—this morning."

"And the girl—is she safe in Paris?"

"No."

"Let me understand?"

"Yes. I may tell you more than I ventured to tell Blanche. She knows that Emmy Kingston has gone to France; she knows, too, that Kingston Meredith has left for that country."

"And has he?" interrupted Mark.

"Yes. He went abruptly, and for some reason which you must find out for me. Blanche thinks he went with the girl. It was desirable to impress her with that idea. It helped to confirm her impressions of his faithlessness; but it is not the fact, as you know. He did not start till the day after—till in fact, his going to meet her would have been of no use."

"Indeed? Why not?"

"Why, my dear fellow, Providence seems to have acted with us throughout this affair, ever since I took it in hand. And according to the news I have received, a most providential thing happened at Calais. You know that it was one principal object to get rid of this girl; we didn't care what became of her, so long as we saw the last of her, did we?"

"Clearly not."

"Well, then, that object is accomplished. In a moment of frenzy, the combined effects of terror, narcotics, and sea-sickness, she took a desperate step at Calais. She jumped over-board."

"Jumped over-board!"

"Yes. And was lost; so there's an end of her. I said we would trample out this pestilent opposition as a man tramples out fire. Was I not right?"

"You are always right," said Mark.

"It is because I act with judgment, and without feeling. That's the way to conquer circumstances, and to rule the world—that is to say, so much of the world as a woman cares to have under her control. Nothing now remains but to see Kingston Meredith shipped for his destination, and then it will be time to free the earl of the charge against him, and to claim our reward. Those are points that I leave to you."

The angry flush which similar words had before provoked overspread Mark's face. He did not like the imputation conveyed in these words, neither did he relish the idea of that reward to which the subtle woman looked. With all her arts she had failed to inspire him with

those feelings which usually animated men who came within the circle of her influence. Mark admired her, feared her, but he did not love her. I doubt if the principle of love remained in his selfish and depraved heart. He had seen so much of life, his experience of woman had been so large and so bad—for it will be readily understood how questionable had been the circle in which he moved—that he was no longer capable either of confidence or affection.

"I have told you," the man said, "I have no proofs of the earl's innocence."

"And no invention?" suggested Flora, plying her needles and counting her stitches, after a coquettish manner altogether her own.

"What has that to do with it?" he asked.

"Only this, that if we are to make anything handsome out of the earl, as it is agreed we ought to do, we must lay our heads together to render him some signal service. There! that is enough. I would advise you to go to the countess, and make your peace with her. We may need her assistance."

Thus the conference abruptly ended. Flora rising disappeared, knitting that eternal Arachne web, and humming softly to herself as she went.

CHAPTER XLII

IN SEARCH OF THE PROOFS.

I must have ground more relative than this.—*Hamlet.*

THE fact was, as Flora Angerstein had stated it to Blanche, Kingston Meredith had gone to Paris. That he had gone with Emmy Kingston was, as Flora herself admitted in her conversation with Mark, utterly false.

What his real motive was, you will have no difficulty in surmising. The revelations made by old Aaron Greggson threw a new light on the position of this young man.

They awakened in him fresh hopes, fresh objects of ambition.

The few mysterious words in which Daniel Kingston had indulged, and to which Meredith had given little attention, suddenly assumed an importance which made him feverishly excited. Taken in conjunction with the half-told tale to which he had listened, they served to awaken in his mind more than a vague hope that he was something more than an honest man who owed his position to his own talents and industry. That is, Heaven knows, as proud a title as a man can flash in the world's face; but society has its own artificial patents of greatness, and it was the thought that on this ground also, he might be a match for those who had oppressed him and trampled him under foot, that made him so proudly elate.

"If I am the son of David Meredith, the elder son of Rupert, Earl of St. Omer, and the true claimant to that title, it follows that I, and not the man who looks down on me with contempt—I have the right to this earldom."

It was a proud thought, and the eyes of the man flashed with unwonted fire as it swept through his mind.

But between the thought and its realisation what a gulf difficulty yawned! Poor Daniel Kingston had sacrificed his life to the idea of his claims to the same honour; and, in spite of his sanguine expectations, Meredith sighed at the bleak desert prospect before him.

One whole day and a portion of the next, he waited at Elderside, in the fervent hope that Aaron Greggson might recover sufficiently to take up the thread of the interrupted narrative on which so much depended.

He waited in vain.

The exertion of speaking so much, added to the natural excitement of recalling events so nearly affecting the one remorse of his life, had produced a piteous effect on the old man. His strength was prostrated, he was only conscious at intervals, and a bad symptom, that of excessive indulgence in sleep, had returned.

On the second day, Kingston debated with himself on the practicability of opening the sealed packet, which had been placed in his hands, with instructions that it should be opened only after the writer was in his grave. The motive for those instructions had now, he properly argued, been set aside. Aaron Greggson had explicitly stated that the narrative, with a portion of which he had favoured him, was, in the main, identical with the written statement, so far as it went.

That it had ceased at a point at which it became of supreme importance was not the fault of the narrator. Undoubtedly he had intended to carry his revelation farther, but was only deterred by the calamity of his bodily infirmity.

So, at last, Meredith resolved to possess himself of the contents of the packet, and for that purpose he broke the seal.

The additional disclosures were not many; but some of them were important.

An opinion was expressed by the writer that it was the first son of the Earl Rupert, which was, for some reason conveyed from Italy to Rouen and placed at

school there. If so, then David Meredith, as he was called, after the assumed name of the father, was clearly the direct heir to the St. Omer title and estates, and Meredith's heart beat wildly at the thought that he might, by some lucky chance, put himself in a position to prove that he was the son of this David Meredith on his marriage with Florence Morland. That this was so, he did not for a moment doubt, for poor Aunt Eleanor Morland, with whom his childhood was passed, had over and over again spoken to him of her sister and her good husband—who, first a lieutenant in the navy, afterwards became a missionary—both of whom had been carried off by the cholera, leaving him an orphan in his early childhood.

Proof only was wanting.

Proof of the marriage, of his father's birth, and his own; and more than all, some evidence as to the relation in which he stood to Daniel Kingston and his child. In his own mind, Meredith did not doubt but that the poor coffee-house waiter was that second son of the Earl Rupert St. Omer, who was carried off by the vindictive nurse, and he could readily believe that the Bible and the papers, to which the murdered man had attached so much importance, were the stolen papers carried away by his nurse, containing proof of his claim to wealth and station.

It was curious to reflect on the series of apparent accidents which had led to the disclosures Kingston Meredith now made. And as he pondered over them, the question rose forcibly in his own mind, whether Daniel Kingston had any idea of the dangerous rival he was nourishing, and of the claims of the man to whom, with such confidence, he entrusted the welfare of his child.

"At all events," he said to himself, "that confidence was not misplaced. Whatever may be the result of my inquiries, whatever they may establish, poor Emmy Kingston shall want for nothing that her father's heart could have imagined for her welfare. If I am rich she shall share my wealth, and I will make her happiness only second to my own. But the proofs—where are the proofs of all this?"

It was easy to ask the question, but how hard even to suggest an answer.

Proofs! He might seek them through the wide universe, wasting a life's energy and enterprise, yet fail of one single link to lead him to the golden prospects which opened up before him. Proofs! He was like a mountaineer severed from his home, his little ones, everything dear to him in life, by a single chasm which he was yet powerless to leap. In those proofs he might have bridged the ravine, but where to seek them?

His only hope was in old Aaron Greggson, but the missionary was, as he had said, ninety-three, and the span of his life had dwindled down to the last few expiring days, mere grains in the glass, dropping, one by one, on to the heaped mound below.

In his perplexity and uncertainty how to act, the idea occurred to him that it might be well if he spent the few days which remained to him before starting for Sierra Leone—if he went there, a point on which he began to waver, although he had accepted the appointment—in visiting Paris and such other places in France as the document before him indicated as likely, with a view of examining registers, and so getting some clue to future proceedings.

His inclinations led him to linger by the bedside of the aged Greggson, but his doctors gave very little hope of his recovery, and strictly prohibited his being troubled on business matters. It was little use, therefore, to linger at Elderside. And the tedium of the place became so excessive to a man eager to be up and doing that he resolved to leave for Paris at once, and to return as speedily as possible.

It was this resolution which he had conveyed to Frank Hildred on meeting him after his rebuff by Flora Angerstein.

By the merest accident he missed crossing the Channel in the *Victress*, and thus arriving in France simultaneously with Emmy Kingston. Had he done so the tragedy over which Flora had gloated so much, would have been prevented, while it would have given a still stronger colouring to the lying assertion that it was under his care that Daniel Kingston's daughter travelled.

Two days Meredith spent in Paris—two weary and depressing days. The object with which he had gone there he found surrounded with all sorts of difficulties. Impediments seemed to spring up at every turn: delays sickened and irritated him.

At the end of two days he was as far from having made any discovery as when he went. The registers of the time in which he was interested were badly kept, dilapidated, and sometimes altogether wanting. The great gaps in the series frightened him. He was in despair.

"I will go to Montreaux to-morrow," he exclaimed, as he sat over his untasted dinner at a *café* in the Palais Royal.

A young Swiss, seated at the same table, looked up, catching the purport of the half-muttered resolve.

"Pardon me, monsieur," he said, "you spoke of Montreaux. It is my native town."

The circumstance would not have warranted an Englishman in making the remark to a stranger: but on the Continent more freedom prevails, and the intercourse of society is not hedged round with so many formalities.

Meredith understood this. Moreover, a certain simplicity and genuineness in the young Swiss pleased him. So expressing his pleasure at having met the young man, he proceeded to make some inquiries respecting the place, and the result was that they soon became on exceedingly friendly terms. Without being pressed on the subject, the youth stated that his name was Leon Marne, that he was the son of the Protestant priest at Montreaux, and was studying in Paris to become a notary.

One of these facts naturally interested Meredith greatly.

"You are the son of the priest?" he asked with astonishment.

"Yes."

"He has probably lived there many years; he may have succeeded his father in his office?"

Leon Marne shook his head.

"No," he said, "he spent his youth in Paris. Five years is the outside of the term in which he has held his living at Montreaux."

The hopes suddenly raised in Kingston Meredith's breast were as suddenly crushed out.

"I regret it," he said; "I had hoped that Providence might have thrown in my way a man who might render me a great service."

"Any service which lies in his power he will render you willingly," returned the Swiss gallantly; "the name of his son is a passport to his heart; from my friend he would withhold nothing."

Encouraged by these words, Kingston Meredith imparted to his companion the nature of the service he needed; but without mentioning the details, or stating the magnitude of the consequences depending on what he sought. Leon Marne was naturally enthusiastic, and was sanguine as to the success of the enterprise.

"What you seek," he said, "is easily found at Montreaux. They have not had so many marriages there, even in a century, as to render the record of them difficult to search. It is even possible that, among the hardy peasantry, there may still survive those who recollect the wedding of the English people. At that time, it must have been a rare occurrence. So far as Paris is concerned, I promise you the benefit of all the influence I possess, and my personal assistance into the bargain."

This understanding having been come to, it was proposed that they should adjourn to the Champs Elysees, and enjoy the benefit of the air.

So they set forth, and for two hours roamed, not without pleasure, through those unequalled scenes, which, in their enthusiasm, the Parisians have named after the Elysium of the immortals.

There is something very exhilarating in the pure, dry air of Paris, and Kingston Meredith, cheered by the faint ray of hope which had dawned upon him, enlivened by the wit and vivacity of his companion, gave himself up to the enjoyment of the scene. If the moment was clouded for him, it was by the recollection that once, in the bygone, happy past, Blanche and he had talked over a visit to the gay capital, and in happy playfulness had fixed on it as the scene of their honeymoon.

How near that time had seemed then! and how far, how immeasurably far, the golden vision had died away into the black future now!

As it grew late, Kingston Meredith proposed to return to his hotel. Leon Marne having ascertained the name of it, said he would accompany his new friend part of the way, as they would pass through a street, in which an artist, a friend of his, resided.

"A good fellow," he explained, "but a bit of a rake. To tell you the truth, I am going there to see a new model he has just secured, an English girl, by the way."

"An English girl!"

Meredith could not tell what it was that sent a thrill through his frame, a shuddering, loathing at the idea of one of his countrywomen thus degraded.

They did not pursue the theme.

In turning the corner of a street, they found themselves suddenly in the midst of a rushing, excited, gesticulating crowd. At the same moment the darkness was illuminated with a red glare.

"It is a fire!" cried Leon, "see! Ah, great Heaven, it is at the house of my friend, the artist, poor Philippe!"

Meredith heard no more.

What had passed about the English model flashed across his mind with painful intensity. With a bound he cleared a barrier which the authorities were endeavouring to throw across the road.

A few seconds brought him under the doomed house, from the windows of which flames were already bursting. It was one of those old-fashioned houses, rare now in Paris, with overhanging stories, the upper one coming over to the edge of the pavement.

As the young man dashed up the road, he looked up to the dormer windows, now bright with the glow of fire, and against that terrible background he saw the dark figure of a woman.

Her arms were thrown up in the attitude of despair. It was evident that she was imploring, screaming for help, but her voice was drowned in the roaring of the flames, the rush of water, and the shouting of the crowd.

Meredith stopped short.

His rush to the house had been aimless, and dictated only by the generous impulses of his nature: but here was a definite service to be rendered.

"Jump!—jump from the window! I will catch you,"

So he shouted.

The woman heard his voice, and, with a glad cry, obeyed the order it conveyed.

She leapt into the street.

With the utmost difficulty, Kingston Meredith caught her in his arms, for though light and fragile she fell heavily.

But his effort was more than repaid, as, staggering back, he saw in the light of the roaring flames who he had so providentially saved.

It was Emmy Kingston!

(To be continued.)

THE JOYS WE MEET.

The joys we meet are flowers in life's garden
Diffusing sweetest fragrance in the heart,
And holding sweets, where like the bee, our mem'ry
Lingers and sips, unwilling to depart.

And tears are showers falling, gently falling,
Life's flowers making bright with pearly rain
When sorrow's cloud is wafted from above us,
And sunshine reigns within the heart again.

May countless flowers bloom about your pathway,
And though you often see dark clouds above,
They'll only hold the showers God designeth
To nourish precious flowers of his love.

F. W. W.

FORBIDDING MARRIAGE BANS.—Lately, at St. Andrew's Church, Stratton, Cornwall, bans of marriage had been published for the third time, when a tall, middle-aged woman rose from her seat, and in an audible voice said, "I forbid the bans." She was requested to enter the vestry after service, and it was then discovered that she was the *bond fide* wife of the proposed bridegroom.

A LONDON clerk was going through the rifle exercise at his office, when a fellow-clerk gave him a cap, and he jokingly said to another clerk, "I'll shoot you." The young man begged him to take his aim at some other object, and he fortunately pointed the rifle at the clock in the office. The rifle turned out to have been loaded, and its contents smashed the time-piece, and lodged in the wall.

On the 8th of September, the anniversary of the betrothal of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prince gave a beautiful present to her Royal Highness—a bracelet, set with diamonds and rubies, enamelled in Danish colours, and introducing his own portrait. The monogram, surmounted by the coronet of the Princess, is most tastefully arranged, and the bracelet is altogether of a very novel and chaste work. The design was by the Prince.

FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS' WORTH OF BUTTERFLIES.—In the canton of Basle not less than 12,000,000 butterflies have been caught this year, and the Government has paid the catchers the not inconsiderable sum of 1,500,000*fr.* Naturalists tell us that of every hundred of these beautiful insects, forty-five are females; and as each of the latter is estimated to lay, on the average, forty fruitful eggs, the destruction of these 12,000,000 is virtually the same as the annihilation of 216,000,000 caterpillars.

LORD LYNDBURST is said to have lost his life at last, not through natural decay, but through the plague of infected lodging-houses, about which there has recently been so much correspondence. He went to a fashionable resort, where he caught a low, some say a scarlet fever, and when he returned to town he thought it so much a matter of course that a man of ninety-two should die, that he took no steps to keep up against the disease. Even unaided, however, nature made a hard fight, and, up to the last moment of life, the lamp of the immortal mind shone clear and bright amid the ruins of the earthly temple.

FOUNDING A FAMILY.—A German, named Hoeflich, residing five miles west of La Crescent, was married in Portage, in November, 1860, to a healthy German girl. The week after they married they moved to Minnesota, on the farm which they now occupy. In August, 1861, Mrs. Hoeflich gave birth to three boys, two of whom lived. In June, 1862, she gave birth to three boys and a girl; two of the boys and the girl are living. This year she has given birth to two girls and a boy.

all of whom are alive and well. Ten children in less than three years is pretty good, even for this vicinity. The parents are proud of their success in the family line, and point with pleasure to their company of German infantry. Government cannot afford to draught the head of that family.

ANECDOTE OF WELLINGTON.

CAREW, the sculptor, told Haydon the following story of the Duke of Wellington:—

The duke was at the Marchioness of Devonshire's, and the ladies plagued him for some of his stories. For some time he declared all his stories were in print. At last he said, "Well, I'll tell you one that has not been printed." In the middle of the battle of Waterloo he saw a man in plain clothes riding about on a cob in the thickest fire. During a temporary lull the duke beckoned him, and he rode over. He asked him who he was, and what business he had there. He replied he was an Englishman, accidentally at Brussels, that he had never seen a fight and wanted to see one. The duke told him he was in imminent danger of his life; he said, "Not more than your grace," and they parted. But every now and then the duke saw the cobman riding about in the smoke, and at last, having nobody to send to a regiment, he again beckoned to this little fellow and told him to go up to that regiment and order them to charge—giving him some mark of authority the colonel would recognize. Away he galloped, and in a few minutes the duke saw his order obeyed. The duke asked him for his card, and found in the evening, when the card fell out of his sash, that he lived at Birmingham, and was a button-maker! When at Birmingham the duke inquired of the firm, and found that he was their traveller, and then in Ireland. When he returned, at the duke's request, he called on him in London. The duke was happy to see him, and said he had a vacancy in the Mint at eight hundred pounds a year, where accountants were wanted. The little cobman said it would be exactly the thing, and the duke installed him—much to his grace's honour.

A WHITE SWALLOW.—About a fortnight since, when the Earl of Stamford was staying at his seat at Bradgate Park, Leicestershire, his lordship was informed that, for a month past, a white swallow had been seen about, in the neighbourhood of the mansion, and was asked whether he would have it shot. The noble earl directed that his rare little visitor should not be molested.

As a lad fifteen years of age, was eating bread and beef in an old barn, near Redruth, Cornwall, he was attacked by three rats, who attempted to take the food as he was putting it into his mouth, and severely bit him about the face. At length, with the assistance of a man, the animals were overpowered, or the consequences might have been serious.

It is announced that among the fashions to be adopted by the fair sex in Paris during the coming season, is that of feminine whiskers. The little tuft which starts from the root of the hair at the side, and which formerly formed the little curl known as an *acrocche cœur*, is now to fall straight down the cheek in a thick mass.

PANAMA HATS.—Guyaquil is the great dépôt for Panama hats, eight hundred thousand dollars' worth being sold annually. The grass of which they are made is found chiefly in the neighbouring province of San Cristoval. They can be braided only in the night or early in the morning, as the heat in the day-time renders the grass brittle. It takes a native about three months to braid one of the finest quality, which look like fine linen, and are valued at fifty dollars apiece.

LAWSUITS.—A lawsuit will sometimes make a man extremely pleasant company to his wife and children. Even a losing lawsuit will sometimes do so, if he be well backed up in his pugnacity by his lawyer, and if the matter of the battle be one in which he can take a delight to fight. "Ah," a man will say, "though I spend a thousand pounds over it, I'll stick to him like a burr. He shan't shake me off." And at such times he is almost sure to be in a good humour, and in a generous mood. Then let his wife ask him for money for a dinner-party, and his daughters for new dresses. He has taught himself for the moment to disregard money, and to think that he can sow five-pound notes broadcast without any inward pang.—*Rachel Ray. By Anthony Trollope.*

LADYBIRD.—Another famous friend of ours among the insects is the ladybird. The ladybirds will come in swarms to save the hop crop when it is much afflicted with aphides, or green blight. In hops, that is called the fly, and sometimes does damage enough to make a difference of two hundred thousand pounds to the hop duty. In the midst of the aphides, wherever she finds them, the ladybird lays her eggs, and the larva born among them eat them up for us so greedily that thousands and thousands of the green aphides are cleared off by the family of one small ladybird. It

should be high treason to kill a ladybird in a flower-garden. The French knew also the value of this insect before they found out the uses of the birds, and in some parts of the country their gardeners will take pains to put ladybirds on greenhouse plants that they particularly cherish.

WHAT IS A POUND?—The original pound, under William the Conqueror, was a pound of silver coined into twenty shillings, and which pound of silver is now coined into sixty-six shillings, and it will be seen by William Virgo's monetary tables, and who wrote to Sir Robert Peel in 1844, that there have been no less than thirty-three different pounds since William the Conqueror, thus proving that our Governments can make a pound sterling of any amount they please.

AUTUMN'S BROWN.

The leaves of bright yellow, the gay leaves of red,
Compose a rich crown around autumn's sage head—
The gold and vermilion commingled so fine,
Make a far richer crown than the pearls from the mine.
Each breeze that now passes moves gently the spray;
And keeps them all dancing like fairies at play;
To the sigh of the zephyr—the birds in the tree,
They move round their circle and dance with sad glee.
The crown of sage autumn is brighter than May,
Though it boasts no fair blossoms, it boasts that as gay—
Trees robed in deep yellow bespangled with red,—
A crown of rich beauty as any that's fled.

We talk of gay summer,—its roses and bowers,
Of its wreaths of fair beauty bedecked with gay flowers—
It's true this is gay, but still beauty's not fled,
While autumn remains with its forests of red.

J. H. R.

JANET SEVERANCE.

I HAD risen very early, and gone out on deck. If ever any girl of seventeen felt utterly desolate, unfriended, unprotected, I was that girl. Three years before, my father had died and left me an orphan; yet bound by a certain semblance of a tie to my step-mother and her children. All the property, no great fortune to be sure, but a comfortable competence, was left to this woman; only a few books and some articles of elegant jewellery which had been my mother's, were bequeathed in his will to me. For this wrong to his motherless child, I justified my father's heart at the expense of his intellect. I felt confident that in health he would never have done it, and forgave him for submitting, when enfeebled by illness, to the guidance of his second wife.

She was cold, selfish, heartless, if ever woman was; but somehow she had won his love, and kept it to the last.

It is not always the best or most loving women whose empire over a man's heart is most absolute.

I had never seen her till he brought her home his wife; and I can recall to this day the shiver of aversion that shook me as she kissed me, and how I sat unnoticed that evening, and studied her—how I daguerre-typed on my memory her cold blue eyes, her blonde hair, and pale, firm features—the high, narrow forehead, the long face, and the lips shut resolutely, holding their own secrets, and never wavering in purpose. Yet she was handsome in a certain way. She had a stately figure, and a grand air, and the effect of her singularly white complexion and full light hair was not unpleasant, unless one studied the features further, and detected their latent meaning. She had the most entire command of her temper, and I know not what could have roused her into plain speaking or petulance.

By virtue of this unwavering calm my father thought her a saint; but from the first, I dreaded her. I knew by a sort of intuition that the anger which finds no outward expression is all the more long-enduring and vindictive—the blow which bides its time is deadly when it comes.

I think her keen cold eyes penetrated the secret of my dislike and dread, and returned it with interest. But she never treated me with any open unkindness. On the contrary, she won golden opinions for her endeavours to do her duty by me, her conscientious zeal for my improvement. When her own children came, she developed an intense, catlike instinct of love for them. Blanche, the elder, was her mother in miniature—blonde, and cold, and cruel. Little Mabel was like my father—sunny and trusty, but passionate and easily influenced. Had she not been her mother's child I could have loved her dearly. As it was, her tender ways drew her nearer to my heart than I cared to confess. They were babies still, the younger scarcely two years old, when my father died. Their remembrance in his will was even slighter than mine; but the property was left to their mother, and I was both motherless and portionless.

Time would fail me to tell the petty indignities, the

exasperating small cruelties, to which I was subjected after my father's death. All this however, without any tangible hardship—anything to which I could point and convict my stepmother of wrong. It was like the constant stinging of gnats. It drove me well-nigh mad. But for a constitutional tendency to hope, I think I should have died; but even at the worst, my faith in life did not fail me. I knew there would be space and time for me yet beyond her blighting reach; and I strengthened myself to support the present by a vague belief in what the future would bring me.

When I was seventeen, I mutinied. I told Mrs. Severance—I had never even at first called her mother—in a few plain sentences what I thought of her; of her treatment of me, and influence over my father, in regard to the property; and then I finished by informing her that I had reached my limits of time and of forbearance—I was going away. Her blue eyes glittered savagely; some keen emotion struck fire on her cheeks. For a moment I thought that I had roused some temper at last—I should have the triumph of stirring her from her calm. But her voice when she spoke gave no token. It was as placid as ever. It fell on my ear with a slow, measured coldness.

"Poor, misguided child! I have borne with you long. I am ready to bear this also; to forgive you this outbreak. It may be well that I should leave you to yourself. I shall take the children and go to my father's for a visit we have been planning for some time. The day after to-morrow you may look for us back. Let me hope, for your dear dead father's sake, that I shall find you in a better frame of mind when I return. I know you are impulsive, and I will judge you leniently. You shall not have to sue in vain for my forgiveness."

"Madam," I cried, hoarsely, exasperated beyond all self-control, "beware how you take my dear father's name on your evil lips. You deceived him while he lived; but do you think he does not see you in your true colours, now that he looks down from the land of spirits? Do you think, if the dead can curse, he will not curse you for the pangs you have caused his child?"

I thought she winced. I thought her pale face whitened and her resolute lip quivered; but still her voice was cool and calm; exasperating me with its deceitful smoothness.

"When we meet again, poor, rash girl, you will have thought better of all this;" and she turned away without haste; gracefully, regnantly as usual.

"When we meet again!" I cried after her. "We shall not meet again. I would not come to you, if you sent for me when you were dying."

I knew she heard me, but she did not turn her head or make any sign.

An hour later she came down ready for her visit, she and her children. I had not meant to speak again to any of them; but when I saw little Mabel, with her eyes so like my father's, my heart yearned over her, and I caught her in my arms, covering her child's face with passionate kisses. She was the only being on earth whom I loved ever so little, and though she was her mother's child, my father's blood was in her veins.

"You are detaining us, Janet," spoke Mrs. Severance's cold voice; and I dropped the child and rushed into the house, and cried madly, like the poor, lonely, undisciplined girl I was.

I knew well that my stepmother had left home because she understood that I was in earnest; and wished to shield herself before the world from any apparent responsibility about my going away. Well, it mattered little to me what was said after I was gone. I was thankful to be relieved from her presence while I made my preparations.

I was comfortably clad. Her regard for appearance was sufficient to prevent her inflicting on me any conspicuous shabbiness. I had certainly clothes enough, I thought, to make me respectable until I could procure more. Besides these, I had the real valuables which had been my mother's. There were her watch and chain, which had cost sixty pounds. A handsome enamelled watch it was, with a diamond rose on one side of the case. The chain was heavy and of fine gold. I thought it safe to calculate upon their bringing me half their original value. Besides these, there were a pearl brooch, a pair of solid gold ear-rings, and her wedding-ring. The latter I put on my finger. It should be a talisman, I said, to preserve me from evil, and remind me always to keep fit to meet my mother in the home where only the poor in heart can enter. I think without these resources, even I, goaded to desperation as I was, would not have dared to go out into the wide, untried world. With them I hoped to make a successful venture. I thought they would keep me, at least till I could do something for myself. I had, besides, ten pounds in gold. It had been my father's last gift to me, given one day when we were alone, just before his last illness. I do not think that Mrs. Severance had ever known that I possessed it. With that I could pay my passage to London, and establish myself somewhere until I had an opportunity to effect a sale of my possessions. I had no

scruple in taking everything that belonged to me. My books would be companions, luxuries—the rest were for use.

From the first moment in which, resolved to go, my thoughts and intentions had pointed towards London. In so great a place it seemed to me there must be something I could do, some nook for me. The very crowd promised me solitude—secured me from notice. And so I found myself on a blue, bright August morning on the deck of a steamboat. Oh how friendless I felt as I stood there looking down into the water. When I reached the pier I must take a cab and go somewhere. Where? I think, buoyed up till then by hope and excitement it was my first glimpse in the real difficulties of my situation. How mockingly the Future looked at me with her great inscrutable eyes. How she seemed to sneer at my powerlessness and inexperience. What could I do? Failing all else, there was the resource of an hotel. But how long would my funds support such an expensive experiment? Moreover, my instinct told me that I should be placing myself in a questionable position. I looked about me in desperation. There surely must be some other resort.

Among the few passengers who, like myself, had come out early, I saw one only whose face seemed to invite confidence. She was dressed in Quaker garb. Under her drab bonnet was a serene face, but it was not the serenity which has never known pain or passion. Rather it was the calm which follows the storm. Those soft brown eyes had won their patient tenderness, those lips their half-sorrowful sweetness, that brow its benignant repose, only through suffering. I read in the deep meaning of her look that her own heart had endured pangs, by virtue of which she could sympathize with mine. My very helplessness gave me courage and resolution to address her. I went to her side, and a kind smile reassured me.

"Do you live in London?" I asked.

"I do, friend. Is thee going there also?"

Upon that hint I told her my story in hurried words. Her eyes searched my face a little; then she asked, mildly:

"Did thee do right to come away? Hadn't thee too much temper?"

"I did right," I answered, firmly. "My step-mother did not love me, nor did she need my help. I was but a burden to her. No tie of duty held me. I had a right to take my life in my hand, and escape from misery. At any rate, here I am, and I shall never go back. The thing is, what can I do? I spoke to you in hopes you could tell me of some small boarding-house, not too dear, where my money would keep me quietly and respectably till I could find something to do."

She was silent for a few moments, and I could see by her face that the matter perplexed her a little.

"If I were not going out of town I might help thee more. But I only go through London to-day. I've been to see my daughter in Ireland, and now I'm going to see my son in Jersey. But I'll tell thee a good place, where I think thee can get in. I'll write it down for thee, and then there'll be no mistake."

She took a card and a pencil from her pocket, and presently handed it to me. On one side was written the number of a boarding-house; on the other:

"Ruth Osgood, No. 10, — Street."

Pointing to the latter, she said:

"That is my name, and where to find me. In two months I shall be back there, and then thee had better come to see me and tell me how thee is getting along."

I thanked her, and some one else, in Quaker garb like herself, coming up to speak to her just then, I turned away. I supposed that I had seen the last of her; but just as I was stepping into a cab, I felt her hand on my arm.

"I am going with thee," she said. "I can stay over a train without much trouble, and it is borne in upon my mind that I ought to see thee there. If thee couldn't get in, and should come to any harm, my conscience would be sore disquieted."

She got out of the cab at the boarding-house door, leaving me inside during her negotiations. I heard her talking earnestly for a few moments in the hall, telling part of my story, perhaps. Then she beckoned to me.

"Mrs. Jenkins can take thee in. She will give thee a room alone. Keep up a good heart, and don't be afraid to look out for honest work. God bless thee."

How doubly lone I felt as she rode away. Mrs. Jenkins, a busy, bustling woman, with a face pre-occupied though not unkind, was waiting to show me my room. An attic, of course, but clean. It was so much to be settled anywhere—to feel that I had a home in the city of strangers.

I thought at first it would not be hard. Surely in that great wilderness must be use enough for willing hands. In the boarding-house parlour lay usually two or three daily papers. I devoted myself to them after the gentlemen were out of the house; and, soon learning to find my way about town, commenced a weary round of answering all sorts of advertisements in person. In some instances the work required was beyond my strength or my ability. In others I was

quite capable of fulfilling all expectations; but, in all, the same thing operated against me. I had no references—not a soul in the city or out of it whose name I could mention as endorsement for my capacity or my honesty. If my Quaker friend had been in town I should have gone to her for counsel. Trusting as she was in her own nature, I do not suppose it had occurred to her that others would not be as ready as she had been to believe me on my simple word.

By the time a month of rebuffs and discouragements had passed I was really ill. I could not eat or sleep. A white shadow seemed to look at me out of the glass, instead of my old self. My lips were parched, my hands hot and dry. Sometimes a rending pain in my head frightened me. I feared I was going mad. I resolved to send for a physician. I wanted him not alone for my physical maladies—I meant he should minister to my mind as well. I meant to tell him all my troubles and be guided by his counsel. I went to Mrs. Jenkins. I chose a time when I knew she was not busy, and she received me good-naturedly. I made known my errand at once.

"Can you tell me of a good physician?"

"Are you sick?"

"I believe I am. I do not rest, and I am growing weak."

I asked her to send one of the girls for him, and have him shown to my room when he came. Then I went up-stairs, to put myself and my little apartment in order. Poor as I was, I had indulged myself in purchasing two articles of furniture since I had been there, second-hand both of them; a small book-case for my books, and an easy chair. The little room looked tolerably comfortable when I had dusted it. Then I dressed myself. I put on a soft white wrapper, and let my hair droop about my face. I believed in first impressions, and wanted to look as well as I could.

It was not very long after I was ready before my doctor came. I liked his looks. I knew from his face that he was good, and kind, and true. A quiet, friendly face it was; with honest, cordial eyes; frank, kindly smile, and a certain expression of reserved power that made you feel as if you would not be disappointed in your trust in him.

"So you are ill?" he said, sitting down in front of me, and taking my hand. "I see—pulse heavy and quick, hand burning. Are you so pale and thin naturally?"

"Not quite."

"I don't think you can tell me of any pain, except in your head, perhaps."

"And heart!" I suggested, altogether involuntarily. "Yes, I suspected as much. Something troubles you. It is the action of your brain upon your nerves that has made you ill. What has taxed the poor brain so severely? What burdens have you been making it bear? If it be anything that you can communicate, you had better tell me, for I cannot doctor you at random."

"Have you a spare fifteen minutes?"

"A spare hour, if necessary."

He settled himself in an attitude of expectant attention, and briefly as I could I told him my whole story, not omitting the episode of Mrs. Ruth Osgood. He looked at me with such a tender pity when I told him my wanderings to and fro in search of employment, that the fountain of tears in my own heart which had been dry so long, was stirred, and I finished my story with wet eyes and trembling voice.

"No wonder you are pale and thin. No wonder your pulse is heavy, and your step languid. Poor, tired child. I'll tell you what medicine I shall give you—just something to do, the certainty that you are above want. You shall have two weeks to rest and recruit in, and within that time I pledge myself to find some work for you. So you are to give yourself no more trouble. Just consider that matter settled, look at no more advertisements, take no more weary tramps in search of employment. Just get well, and as soon as you are able, you shall have occupation enough. Mrs. Ruth Osgood is a friend of mine; just one of the kindest, truest souls that ever was. If she had been in town your troubles would have been over long ago."

When he rose to go, I tried to give him his fee; but he put my hand back resolutely.

"No indeed, Miss Severance. I only take fees where I give prescriptions. I have given you none. I shall come and see you often, if you are sensible and talk no such nonsense. My profession does not cut me off from the pleasures and good offices of friendship."

He went away, leaving me comforted. My cure was already commenced, now that my hope was kindled again. I felt stronger, and that night I slept.

I did not see him again for two weeks, but that did not trouble me. I felt sure that when the appointed time came he would have my work ready. I waited in tranquil expectation. Two days before the time expired, my Quaker friend, having returned to town, came to see me. She came on a most unexpected errand. She asked me to go home with her and live. She had a comfortable house, she said, and no one to share it with her but one servant. She would like me

for a companion. She could give me a much pleasanter room than I had now, much better accommodations. I must come as a visitor. I could not tell the delight with which I received this offer. When the prospect of something so much better opened before me, I began to realize how lonely and desolate I had been in Mrs. Jenkins's attic. Now I should be homeless no more.

I could not keep back my glad, grateful tears as I accepted her proposal.

"What shall I say?" I cried. "I can't thank you."

"Thee needn't try," she said, quaintly. "Put on thy bonnet."

As I arranged my shawl, a misgiving struck me. Was I not going to miss something? Where would Dr. Greene find me? I turned to her.

"There was some one I was to see in two days more."

"Oh, yes, Dr. Greene. He knows. He will find thee."

Then I went, thankfully, unquestioningly.

She put me into a pretty room, a flight above the parlour, and just across the hall from her own.

How cool, and white, and pure it looked, with its drab carpet, its oak furniture, and the snowy spread and curtains. A neat, pretty chamber, simply; but I thought it was Paradise!

Dr. Greene came on the morning of the day on which I expected him. His visit was a hurried one, but he brought the sunshine in with him. He sent up for me, and when I went down he was talking cheerily with Aunt Ruth, as she had told me to call her. He turned to greet me.

"So here is my patient, all well and ready for her work. Do you think you would like copying?"

"Yes, I am sure I should; writing is one of the few things I can do rapidly and well."

"Well, then, you may begin to-morrow. I will bring the gentleman who wishes to employ your services round, this evening. He is a lawyer, Lawrence Derwent by name, and he will have writing enough to keep you busy most of the time."

All that day I was on the *qui vive* with expectation. I was not quite eighteen, not old enough to be a patient waiter—scarcely past girlhood, with my life yet before me. Then, too, I had a girl's natural interest in a strange young man. Dr. Greene seemed different. But this new-come—who knew what fashion of cavalier, what gay Sir Launcelot, he might prove to be?

I tried to look as well as I could. I put on my one silk dress—a heavy, plain blue—my stepmother had bought it, when I went out of mourning, for state occasions. I had begun, by this time, to get back my healthy colour, and the blue became me. I looked in the glass with an innocent, girlish self-satisfaction. I saw there a pretty figure; a bright, young face; small head, glittering with golden hair, peach-bloom blush on the cheeks, vivid crimson at the lips, a gay light in the eyes of violet blue. I knew I was handsome, and I rejoiced in it. Even Aunt Ruth, my quiet Quakeress, looked at me, when I went into the parlour, with a smile of approval.

"Beauty is one of God's good gifts, child," she said, in her grave, sweet voice. "Thee ought not to despise it, but thee mustn't let it be a snare."

I was not in a mood for serious thoughts just then. I hummed gay tunes as I sat waiting, that must have raised in the dim, sombre Quaker parlour the ghosts of many a forbidden dance. At last they came—Dr. Greene, with his brisk, cheerful step; the other thinking the whole thing an awful bore, as I knew by the lazy way he sauntered in.

His face brightened into perceptible interest as he saw me, however, and he turned inquiringly to Dr. Greene. The doctor came forward and introduced us. There was a little talk, at first, about the business we had to settle. The terms Mr. Derwent offered were liberal—the work would be easy for me—I agreed to commence the next day.

That over, they passed an hour in pleasant converse. Lawrence Derwent was fascinating. In my limited experience of life I had never met such a man before. He was quickly gentlemanlike, with a low, persuasive voice, and an air so innately graceful that every one else felt at ease in his presence. He had a dark, proud face, with beguiling eyes, that talked even when his lips were silent—eyes full of slumberous meaning, and with a strange, pathetic power. Then, too, his manner was so devoted and earnest. Without paying a single compliment, he managed to make one feel how interested he was, how eagerly he hung upon one's words—a dangerous companion for a girlish heart and eyes of seventeen.

That night I was restless again. Sleep would not come. The echoes of the voice I had listened to all the evening still swam in the air. I opened my window and looked into the restless, fragrant night, with the stars shining through it. It was the first week in October. The air was soft as summer, and the city was still with the suggestive silence of midnight. There I sat and thought, girl-like, of Mr. Derwent. I

knew I had pleased him—he would not have been so willing to linger otherwise—but even I was not credulous or hopeful enough to believe the interest was real and permanent. I knew that golden hair and blue eyes were not so rare to him as were mainly beauty and gallant grace to my inexperienced vision.

The next morning my work came. A boy brought it in a little box, and shut in with it were a few violets. I smiled at the contrivance of the box, tied tightly with red tape—a clever device that his messenger might not know what else besides law papers came to the copyist. I sent back the work in the same box, and when it came again a little book lay with the papers inside. So it went on—constantly some trifle to remind me that I was not forgotten. How I cherished the flowers, learned the poems by heart, I need not say—it is not all written when I have said that I was a dreaming girl, and he at once the handsomest and most graceful man I had ever met?

Often he came to see me. There was always a good excuse—something in the papers he thought it necessary to explain to me himself, or some slight mistake to be corrected. Then, after these business trifles had been attended to, he would sit and talk with me, swaying my thoughts and fancies with a strange power, bringing me into sympathy with his mood, subjecting me more and more to his influence.

I was drifting dangerously near to love.

All this time, too, Dr. Greene came not unfrequently to the house. I always welcomed him warmly, out of the strong, true friendship I had for him. But he did not fascinate me—there was no spell in his presence—no witchery in his kind, honest eyes. I never thought of his caring for me with other than the quiet, half-fraternal regard I felt for him. Aunt Ruth, who was usually in the room during both their visits, made no comments. I thought then she noticed nothing. I knew afterward that she had watched all with keen interest, but she was not one who believed in the possibility of any good being effected by interference in matters of the heart.

One day, when I was in my room, the girl came with a message that Mr. Derwent was waiting to see me in the parlour. Aunt Ruth was out, I knew, and I hurried the few changes I wanted to make in my toilet so as not to keep him waiting. Just as I was about to go down I heard Dr. Greene's chaise drive to the door, and the girl came up again with his name. I waited a minute or two longer, knowing they were together, to look for a passage in Browning I was to show Mr. Derwent. Then I went down, softly I suppose, for I wore slippers. At any rate they were too much engaged to hear me. As I had almost reached the foot of the stairs I heard Dr. Greene ask this question:

"What, then, am I to understand are your intentions toward Miss Severance?"

I think I should have been more or less than woman, if I had not stood still then to listen. How my heart beat as I waited for Lawrence Derwent's answer. It came, after a moment, in those finely modulated tones of his:

"I must know first by what right you ask the question."

"If the right of her faithful friend is not enough, I will prove to you that I have a stronger claim to care for her welfare when you have answered me. I wait now for your reply."

I had not dreamed that Dr. Greene's kindly voice was capable of such grand, compelling power. It subdued even Derwent.

"I can hardly tell you my intentions, because I have none. I certainly mean Miss Severance no harm. I should be powerless to do her any, probably. She interests me—her acquaintance passes away the time."

"And do you come here so much with no better motive than that? I had not thought it of you. You know how young she is, how inexperienced. You have been successful enough among women, if report speaks truly, not to be ignorant how more than likely it is that she should learn to love you."

"Spare your criticisms, if you please," Derwent interrupted, laughingly. "I have answered your question, and it is your turn to prove to me, as you promised, what right you had to ask it."

"What right, indeed! The right of a man who has loved Janet Severance from the first day he ever saw her—who would gladly make her his wife, and has been deterred from seeking her love only by the belief that you entertained the same purpose, and were more likely to succeed."

"Wait no longer, then," said Lawrence Derwent's silvery tones, a little scornfulness blent with their sweetness. "Go in and win, if you can. If you succeed, it is proof enough that Fate did not mean her for me. If you do not succeed, there will be time enough left me, if I choose to use it."

"Do you mean, then, to marry her in any case? Be honest for once, Derwent, and let us understand each other."

"You drive me to the wall. I told you before, I had no intentions. I will tell you all the truth, if you want

it. Janet Severance interests me beyond any woman I ever knew. She is fresh and beautiful. Somehow I can't well stay away from her, yet I should think it a positive sacrifice to marry her. She is friendless, portionless; as the world reckons, a nobody. Still when I am away from her she haunts me. Time may wear the spell out. If it doesn't, I might be driven to marry her, to lay the ghost. You see that I have no feeling positive enough as yet to build upon. You are free to win her if you can—it will settle the matter for me, and do me a real service."

"Understand then," Dr. Greene said, with a sort of passionate earnestness, "that I take you at your word—that if I can find favour in her eyes she will be my wife."

I waited to hear no more. I had heard enough already. I stole up-stairs as quietly as I had come down. I would not think. I would not let myself look into my own heart. While they were there I must not venture to begin any self-communion. I employed a moment or two in putting on a pair of high-heeled boots, and then I went clicking down the stairs, making noise enough this time.

When I went into the room they seemed a little embarrassed, both of them. I alone was cool. I appeared, I believe, perfectly as usual. I showed, as my habit had been, a little the most attention to Mr. Derwent. To Dr. Greene, however, I was cordial and friendly as a sister. I tried my utmost to be agreeable, and I think I succeeded. Dr. Greene was the first to leave. When he was gone Derwent moved nearer to me.

"And now, Janet!" he said, with a smile bright and tender, and an air of relief. He had called me Janet sometimes of late, when we were alone, and I had thought the name never sounded half so sweetly as when his tones made it seem almost like a caress.

There was still the old devoted manner—the manner that had almost made me believe he loved me. Thank Heaven, I understood better now the meaning of lingering looks and soft inflections. Well, I did my best to help him pass away the time. When he went away, I think my spell over him was deepened, not "worn out."

I went to my room, when at last I was left alone. I locked my door and sat down to think. The conversation I had heard had opened my eyes. I had not known until then how near I had come to loving Lawrence Derwent unasked. Then I knew it by the wrench at my heart-strings. While he spoke it had seemed to me, for one mad moment, as if I must die. I believed all men false, looking at them through the light he had given me. It was Dr. Greene's firm, manly words coming after which saved me from utter wreck of the heart. In the stillness I seemed still to hear them echo:

"A man who has loved Janet Severance from the first day he ever saw her, and would gladly make her his wife."

God bless him! What were airs and graces, dark eyes, and beguiling tones, when weighed in the balance with the fibre of a true manhood? But I did not love Dr. Greene yet. Love does not always come when it is invoked. Gladly I would have given him my heart, but as yet I could not. I thanked Heaven, though, that I had learned in time to discriminate, and know which of those two men was my lover. And yet, it was strange, but it was Lawrence Derwent's face which haunted that night's dreams. All night I seemed to hear his voice; not careless, not scornful, as when he spoke to Dr. Greene, but low and tender—the tone which had called me Janet. Even in the sober light of morning, when I thought it all over again, I could not divest myself of a certain mutinous emotion of joy at the remembrance that even he had been forced to confess that he could not easily stay away from me.

"It shall be harder yet," I murmured to myself. "The spell shall deepen. We shall see in the end who will suffer."

This determination to avenge myself was wrong, I know; but I think it was very natural to a proud girl, who felt herself trifled with. From that hour though my own heart, I thought, would be in no more danger. I should be safe from the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.

So the days and weeks went on again as before. To my surprise, Dr. Greene treated me just as he had always done. I almost began to think my ears must have deceived me, when I heard him say that he should try to win me for his wife. He certainly made no attempt to do so. He was as kind as ever; friendly, brotherly, no more. After a while this piqued me. If he loved me, why did he not tell me so, I thought. What a cool, easily-restrained love it must be, scarcely worth having! And yet I could not forget his strong, earnest tones when he said:

"A man who has loved Janet Severance from the first day he saw her."

It was very singular.

Meantime I had no lack of devotion to complain of in Lawrence Derwent. He came oftener than ever. His manner was full of subtle menace. Declarations of love looked wnderfully from his eyes, trembled in

in the soft modulations of his voice. But they did not form themselves into words on his lips.

And yet, at last, the time came when he did speak; and, after all, he was my first suitor. They wore both there one winter night. Aunt Ruth was in her own room, and I had been entertaining them in the parlour. As usual, the doctor was the first to leave. It happened that I followed him into the hall, and stood there while he put on his overcoat. As I opened the door for him he caught my hand in a strange, impulsive fashion, and pressed it, as if he could not help it, to his lips. It was his very first demonstration toward me which had ever been more than brotherly. I was a little absent-minded when I went in. I could not help thinking of Dr. Greene. I scarcely knew my own heart. Sometimes, even of late, I had thought it was Lawrence Derwent, whom I loved, and yet why did that kiss thrill me so? Mr. Derwent looked at me keenly.

"Why did you follow Dr. Green into the hall?" he asked, with the manner of an autocrat.

The question, and his tone of voice, roused all the pride and obstinacy of my nature. I answered, haughtily:

"I am not aware of ever having given to any person the right to question my actions."

"No, but I am going to ask that right." His eyes gleamed, and a look of power came in his face. "I asked you that question, Janet, because I wanted to know if Dr. Greene had any claim on you that could interfere with mine. Child, I love you—I want you—be my wife."

I looked at him steadily. I believe there was a calm scorn in my glance that dismayed him:

"So you have resolved at length upon the sacrifice? You should think twice before you decide to marry a nobody."

"That Greene, curse him!" I heard him mutter, under his breath. Then, to me:

"Janet, I had thought better of Greene than to believe he would violate the peculiar kind of confidence in which those words were spoken—draw out my most secret thoughts, and then turn them as keen weapons against me. It is well, though. One point is gained when you cannot help despising my rival."

"Acquit him!" I cried. "Dr. Greene's honour is unstained. He never mentioned the subject to me. It was my own ears which heard you. I was coming down the stairs with no thought of listening, and I heard what he said, and what you answered. I put me on my guard. But for that, who knows whether you might not have made shipwreck of my heart?"

"Are you implacable, Janet? Do you not know what it means to forgive? Can I make an atonement for a hesitation which nine men out of ten would have felt? Do you not see how strong the love must be which conquered every scruple, every suggestion of expediency? You almost loved me once—your own words prove it. Do not let your pride break two hearts. Janet, my darling, come to me!"

He spoke eagerly, breathlessly. He opened his arms wide, as if to gather me into them. Two months ago how easily he could have won me—how cold my heart was to him now! I moved a little away from him, and met his passionate gaze with calm, proud eyes, as I answered:

"It took too long to make your decision. Your spell for me is worn out. If you felt two months ago that it would be too great a sacrifice to marry me, the time would come in after years, when the charm of novelty had passed away, that you would remember again what you think the inequality in our positions, and regret that you had given up so much. Even if I loved you, I would not trust you."

His face darkened, but his lips set themselves firmly together. His purpose grew stronger with opposition. He seized my hand, and almost crushed my wrist in his fierce hold. There was a steely ring in his voice:

"You shall be true to yourself, Janet. You do love me, say what you will of me for telling you the truth. I tell you your infernal pride shall not come between us. I love you with every throb of my being. I shall never repent it if I marry you, for to marry you is the only thing I care for in the universe. I am not selfish, if I have seemed so. I will make you happy. Come to me. Here on my heart is your home. Do you not know it? Dare you, remembering that you must die some day, say that nature has not made you mine?"

"I dare!"

I know my tone was cold and clear, and as full of firmness as his own. He shivered when he heard it, as if a current as icy air had struck him. He dropped my wrist, red with his pressure, and looked at me curiously.

"Janet, are you engaged to Dr. Greene?"

"You have no right to ask the question, yet I will answer it. I am not engaged to Dr. Greene, nor has he ever spoken one word of love to me."

"Then why do you refuse me—why make shipwreck of both our lives?"

"Because self-preservation is the first law of nature, and to marry you would be my ruin, I do not love

you. If you think I do, you are self-deceived. I will tell you one thing more, that will settle all. I do love Maxwell Greene. If he never asks for my heart, it is this all the same; and if my hand does not go with it, I shall die unwedded."

As I spoke, I knew in the inmost depths of my being that I spoke the truth. I had not understood myself before. It needed this test to show me I was. Lawrence Derwent's face gleamed at me savagely. A lurid light was in his eyes; but his tone, though bitter, was cool, and gentlemanlike.

"I am answered, Miss Severance."

He turned to go. Then, as if his mood had changed, and the tenderer impulse would not be resisted, he came back, and spoke again, this time with a plaintive sadness that pierced my heart—

"Janet, I will not part from you in anger, for we may never meet again. I must blame myself not you. I believe I lost you through my own weakness. My one hope has set, but life is short. Let us forgive each other."

I gave him my hand, and he held it a moment tenderly. Then he said, with low, sad voice, yet fervently:

"God bless you, Janet."

The next moment he was gone.

I went up-stairs with a strange regret. It was Dr. Greene I loved, not Derwent. I did not want him back. And yet my heart ached for him, and I felt a sense of loss, for I knew now that his love had been in earnest. Would the other love me as well?

The next day Dr. Greene came.

I think Aunt Ruth understood that his visit was for me only, for she presently made an errand out of the room. Then my visitor came to my side. He gave me a note to read in Lawrence Derwent's hand; it contained these words:

"Miss Severance has rejected me. Life without her is not worth much. I am about to leave the country for ever. Home has no charms for me now."

As I read, my tears fell fast.

"Do you regret him, Janet?"

There was a jealous eagerness in Dr. Greene's tone that thrilled my heart and made me smile, even through my tears.

"I do not wish to marry him, if that is what you mean by regretting, any more than I did last night; but I am sorry he is gone. How can I help it, when it was because he loved me?"

Then he took me very close to him, and I heard other love words, dearer to me and sweeter than any my other suitor had spoken. Was this the man I had feared was cold? He had waited all this time only for my sake. He wished me to have time to know whether I loved Lawrence Derwent. He wished me to be sure, if I came to him at last, that the other could not have made me happier. Now that he was free to show me his heart, I saw it, pure as snow, warm as flame, deep and fathomless as the world that never ends. My own!

He was not a patient wooer now. He had waited long enough, he said. Now there was nothing which could compensate him for delay. He wanted Janet. Janet loved him too well to be reluctant, so she commenced her preparations.

One morning a letter came. I recognized in the superscription the handwriting of my stepmother, to whom, on being settled at A— Street, I had sent my address. The characters were uncertain, as if traced by a tremulous hand. The contents, curt, self-possessed, decided, were characteristic of her.

"Janet Severance, you said once that you would not come back to me if I was dying. The time has come to test your resolution. I am dying, and I want you. You had better come."

I read the note twice through, and then my resolution was formed. I would go to her. My new happiness made me tender of heart to all the world. I could afford to pity even her, poor, dying woman! My words when I left her had been but a girl's words, wild, unthinking. I felt differently now. If my presence could give any ease to her death-bed she should have it.

I was not to see Dr. Greene till evening, and before then I must be on my way. So I left a note for him with Aunt Ruth, in which I enclosed the one I had received from my stepmother. Besides a few things of interest only to ourselves, I told him that I was sure he would see my duty as I did. If she needed me, I should stay with her to the last. As I should be so busy he might not hear from me again. But, even if our marriage should be delayed a while by this interruption, we were secure enough of happiness to afford a little waiting.

The next day I reached my old home. As soon as Mrs. Severance knew I was there she sent for me. The same woman still, though her face was grey with the shadow of the coming change. Her full light hair was arranged with care—her wrapper, with the soft lace at the throat and wrists, was gracefully draped about her—her room bore no indication of illness. But her voice, when she spoke, was sepulchral. In a husky whisper she bade me close the door tight; and then she motioned me to a seat in front of her.

"I have a confession to make," she began, "something to tell you I meant you should never know. But a secret is a heavy burden to carry through the valley of the shadow of death. I think I shall die easier if you know mine. The will which disinherited you was my work. I wrote it. I made your father sign it, though. He was too ill to read it, and he trusted to me. I told him it was an instrument confirming me in the guardianship of the children—you and my own."

"What if he had insisted on reading it?" I interrupted her, involuntarily. Even then she smiled.

"Ah, I was prepared for that. To be sure I should have lost my game, but I should not have been exposed. I had the other instrument ready also, and I should have substituted it, if he had made any difficulty. He did not ask to see it. I had my witnesses ready, and they signed without knowing what the paper was. In this business I had more than one motive. Partly I hated you, for I knew you had all along disliked and distrusted me, and I wanted to have you in my power. Self-interest was a more powerful impulse still. The part of your father's property which would naturally be my share was not enough for my wants. I had no mind to try the self-denying experiment of living on it. With all in my hands I could do what I chose for my own children, and no coming of age would deprive me of my authority and importance. I executed my plans skillfully. I was careful to will you all that had been your mother's. No one suspected me of anything more than undue exercise of my influence over your father. I am almost done with the world now, and I have taken steps to right you. I have made a will bequeathing to you what would justly have been your share of your father's property, and also what would lawfully accrue to you at my death. Are you content to accept this, and be silent; or will you blazon my guilty secret to the world? Remember you have nothing to win by disgracing me—you could not, by proving my guilt, gain one shilling more than I have willed to you—remember also that the name I bear was your father's."

She paused and peered anxiously into my face. I answered her coldly, but decidedly—

"You need have no fears, Mrs. Severance. Your name is safe from any assault of mine. I pledge you my word that through me your memory shall never be disgraced. And now, if that is all, I will go."

I turned away as I spoke, and had nearly reached the door, when her voice came after me in a sort of wail, a choking, gasping cry—

"Janet, come back, come back."

I went to her side again. Her face had changed fearfully. There was a look of the most abject terror in her eyes.

"Janet," she said, "I had to tell you. When I thought of dying without, the pains of perdition seized upon me; I thought when you knew it I should be easier. But the terror is on me still. If you could forgive me I might be relieved, perhaps—if you can't, how will Heaven, how will your father?"

"I do forgive you. I forgive you from the very bottom of my heart," I cried, soothingly; but still the wild terror looked out of her eyes.

"Pray," she gasped, "pray, Janet."

And I knelt there, and poured out my very soul in prayer for her, my enemy. God grant that my words bore up her spirit towards heaven, for when my prayer was over she was dead. Her excitement had snapped the frail thread of her life, and without one word of farewell, one kiss on her young children's lips, her soul was gone.

It took two weeks after that to arrange matters. The children were left to the guardianship of their mother's friends. According to directions in the will, my share was paid me at once, without any formalities or delays of law; and when I had seen the children settled in their new home, I went back to London with my fortune.

I found Dr. Greene in Aunt Ruth's parlour. The welcome he gave me paid for my absence. After a while I told him my story, for I knew Mrs. Severance's secret was safe with him, and he had a right to my confidence.

"So I am not quite the poor, portionless girl you thought me, after all," I said, when he had heard me through. "Do you love me less or more, now I have some money?"

"Neither less nor more," he answered me, with a heart-warm smile. "I think money, or the want of it, could never come between me and Janet."

We were married, after all, at the appointed time.

L. C. M.

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT ROMAN TOWN.—There are hopes that the long-lost Roman town, Vindomis or Vindomum, is about to turn up. It is mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus from Calvea to Sorbiodunum. On the line of this imperial tour, from Silchester to Old Sarum, some important remains have been found in the parish of Enham, on land occupied by Mr. Biggs. Six Roman roads intersect that parish. Recent researches have brought to light the walls of a Roman camp, the

sites of more than one Roman villa of no ordinary magnitude, coins of the Emperors Antoninus and Constantine, and numerous fragments of tesserae, Samian ware, fictile vases, pottery, and tiles. Hitherto, the Vindomum, on the road from Venta, Belgaram to Calvea, has been looked for at Whitchurch and East Sherborne; and, led by similarity of sound, Horsley and others have determined that Vindomum and Farnham are one and the same. The name of Antoninus is found on coins and medals discovered at Enham, and in the names of the two rivulets flowing one on each side of the Roman camp—rivulets known from time immemorial as the Anton and East Anton.

ROMANTIC STORY EXTRAORDINARY.

UPWARDS of thirty years ago, a marriage took place in the north of England, the man and wife being in humble circumstances. After living together till after the birth of a child, the husband went to Australia to seek his fortune. His wife never heard from him after he left her, and, supposing he was dead, on the lapse of seven years, she married a widower with three children. To this number, in her second married life, she added five, making her whole family, including the child by her first husband, nine in all. Some time since the second husband died, and she was left to struggle with her large family. To her great surprise, at the beginning of the present year, her first husband made his appearance in Liverpool.

During his thirty years' absence he had prospered in Australia, and was a large landed proprietor there. He had heard of his wife's second marriage, but as the fault was his, he never thought of returning to England until he heard of the death of the second husband. To make amends for his former neglect of his wife—for notwithstanding her second marriage, she was still his wife—he behaved in the most handsome manner to all her children, gave them costly outfits, and has taken them and the wife of his early affections out with him to the land of his adoption. The wife, who has thus, after an absence of more than thirty years, been restored to her position, is now about seventy years of age. As no marriage ceremony was necessary, none was gone through.

MR. JOHN DRUMMOND, of Sherbrooke, has raised a quantity of Canadian tobacco this season, of which one stalk, after cutting off the seed or tow, weighed 4½ lb., and five of the leaves measured respectively 29½ by 13 inches; 24½ by 13; 27½ by 12½; 26½ by 13½; and 27 by 14 inches.

THE interest taken by the Emperor in Mons. Nadar's balloon calls to mind the fact that, twenty years ago, he went up in a balloon himself in England, with Lablache for one of his companions. His majesty, after conversing, on Sunday week, with Nadar and his partner, the Viscount Gustave Ponton d'Amécourt, was so much struck with the theory of the aerial machine on the screw principle which they propose to construct, that he gave M. d'Amécourt the sum of 20,000 francs for the purpose of building a small model of sufficient force to raise one man, and thus to try the principle.

INSTINCT OF THE WASP.—As Mr. Darwin was walking out one day in his garden, he perceived a wasp upon the gravel walk with a large fly, nearly as big as itself, which it had caught. Kneeling down, he distinctly saw it cut off the head, and then, taking up with its feet the trunk or middle portion of the body, to which the wings remained attached, fly away; but a breeze of wind acting on the wings of the fly turned round the wasp with its burden, and impeded its progress. Upon this it alighted again on the gravel walk, deliberately sawed off, first one wing and then another, and having thus removed the cause of its embarrassment, flew off with its booty. Here we have contrivance and reconstrivance—a resolution accommodated to the case, judiciously formed and executed, and, on the discovery of a new impediment, a new plan adopted, by which final success was obtained.

AMERICAN TEA.—The American Tea Company, an association chartered by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, have employed Dr. Spencer Bonsall, a man of experience and character, to examine the American tea plant, and he speaks most confidently and encouragingly as to the success of their undertaking. He declares that the tea plant exists in Pennsylvania and Western Maryland beyond all doubt. "It grows indigenously," he states, "in the greatest luxuriance and abundance in the places that I have visited, limited, however, to those localities which afford the peculiar soil indispensable to it, as is the case in China, Assam, and Japan." The character of the plant differs somewhat from the Chinese variety, but the difference is not greater than might be expected from the difference of climate and soil of the two countries. The leaf is almost identical with some of the varieties from which the best tea is made in Assam; and Dr. Bonsall expresses his belief that tea equal to any that is brought from China could be made from this plant.



[MR. MILDRED'S INTERVIEW WITH HIS DAUGHTER.]

THE THREE ROSES.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A FRESH ARRIVAL.

She stands, as stands the stricken deer,
Checked midway in the fearful chase
When bursts upon its eye and ear,
The gaunt grey robber baying near
Between it and its hiding-place—
While still behind, with yell and blow,
Sweeps like a storm the coming foe.

J. G. Whittier.

AWAY sped horse and rider, on the wings of lightning. Away, like a white meteor glancing through the dark path. She overtook and swept past a carriage too swiftly to see the Redclyffe arms painted upon its panels. Away! as rock, tree, hill and valley whirled, reeled behind. Away! towards the western horizon, where the lofty, deep blue hills swept round half a sphere. Away! towards an opening cleft from summit to base of the mountain, which let in a flood of glory from the sun, of blinding light, like an angel's pathway to the earth. Away, she flew up this broad ray of light, that faded before her flying steed as a sunbeam, dimmed by a white cloud. She has gained the goal as the sun has set. She has reached the Ferry. She has thrown herself from her horse, and, unheeding the group of low drinking men, filling up the rustic porch, and staring at her, has darted into the little dark passage; running against Ruth, who receives her in her arms—and she has totally lost the power of utterance, while the alarming palpitation of her heart could be felt and almost heard. At length:

"Charles!" she gasped.
"My dear Mrs. Staunton, come into my room," said Ruth, supporting her fast falling form.
"Charles!—Staunton!"
"My dear Mrs. Staunton, you—you—you will hurt yourself. You alarm me so much. Father!"
"Charles!"
"Oh, ma'am, my dear young lady, don't. Father, I say!"
"Charles!"

"Oh, Mrs. Staunton, he has gone. Did you not know it? He left in the stage for Glasberg, an hour ago. Father! Father, I say, come here. Quick, quick! My God, she's dead!"

With one long, long, low wail, as of a harp-string snapped—a heart-string broken—Janet sank slowly from Ruth's arms, and slipped thence to the ground.

"Father, father, I say!" still screamed Ruth, trying to raise the body.

The little round landlord rolled himself in, crying out:

"What the deuce is ailing of you, squealing there like a stuck pig?"

"Oh, father, Mrs. Staunton!"

"Heigh, what? There—I said so."

"She came after him, to stop him."

"I see that. I ain't blind, Ruth. I said so; I told him so. Blowed if I didn't!" said the little fellow, stupid with amazement, notwithstanding.

"Oh, father, she's dead! she's dead!"

"No, she ain't; she's in a fainty fit, or a swoon. Let me feel her pulse. No pulse! Her temples—no, not a singly beating vein! Put your hand in her bosom, Ruth, and feel if her heart beats."

"No! no! no! father!" said the nervous girl, running her hand hither and thither, like a frightened rabbit, in her friend's bosom. "No, father, no! it is as still as anything! Oh, my goodness, she's dead! she's dead! Father, don't stand there, leaning on your knees, and staring your eyes out—don't. Help me to carry her in, and lay her on the bed. Don't you see she's dead? Why don't you send for the doctor? Don't you see she's dead?" exclaimed Ruth, just as upset and crazed as her father was stupefied.

"No, she is not dead!" said a deep, sweet voice near the group.

Ruth turned, to see a gentleman standing near her. Just then the carriage that Janet had passed in her mad flight rolled into the yard. The little host, at the sound of wheels, by the force of habit, started up to go and meet it, but checked the impulse, and would have raised Janet in his arms, but that the gentleman who had last spoken, now said—

"Go meet your new guests, John Downes, I will attend this young lady;" and raising her lightly, he looked to Ruth for direction.

"This way, sir," said Ruth, leading the way into a little chamber.

"Indeed, he is the very image of Alice Redclyffe. He looks enough like her to be her father," said Ruth to herself, as she gazed at the stranger unconsciously, with such intensity that he fixed his large shadowy eyes upon her an instant, and then gave his attention to the recovering of the poor creature prostrate before him.

In the meantime John Downes had gone into the yard to receive the new arrival just as the carriage stopped. The footman jumped off, opened the door, let down the steps, and assisted Mrs. Redclyffe to alight.

Cap in hand, and bowing low, the little host rolled forward to meet her.

"Is Maurice de Lorraine here, sir?"

"Not as I know of, madam. A strange gentleman is here—just this instant appeared—and that's all I know of him—don't know how he came, nor where he

came from, nor what his name is—he may be the gentleman in question. Walk in, madam. Here my child!" That call was mechanical also. The little host always made an ostentatious show of calling out "Here, Ruth, my daughter," whenever the arrival of ladies or a lady gave him an excuse so to do—as if he were always proud of having a "Ruth, my daughter," to sing after.

"Where is Mr. Maurice? Let him know that I am here," said Mrs. Redclyffe, when she reached the parlour.

"Yes, madam, yes—you mean the gentleman I told you of?"

"Certainly."

"Oh, yes, I see! Will you, madam, have your horses taken from the carriage?"

"No, Downes, I return immediately, having only come to meet and fetch Maurice de Lorraine."

"Yes, madam. There is another person here, who—"

"Hurry, Downes, if you please; it is late."

"Yes, yes, ma'am, yes;" smiled the obliging little host, hastening out to do her bidding.

From a long swoon Janet awoke to a feeling of comfort and ease. The soft, elastic swells of a down-bed and pillows embraced her fragile form. A subdued, an even light fell sweetly on her eyes. A gently reviving fragrance filled the room. The soothing murmur of distant waters was heard. And all—the shaded light—the delicate fragrance—the murmuring sound—all came subdued to the senses of her who lay there half-lost in a feeling of ineffable delight. She awoke to a sense of almost voluptuous repose—to a quiet, delicious, animal life; she was like a new-born babe, waking from its first sleep in its soft cradle—thought, memory, reason, had not stirred yet. She had not moved, though her sweet blue eyes were half-open, and floating in the shade of a vague luxurious vision. This was beatitude. In this dreamy heaven of soft support, of shade, of murmur, and of faint fragrance, she was now conscious of something more tangible than either; it was a touch, a warmth—a gentle, but thrilling clasp upon her left hand, that lay upon the counterpane. She felt that this touch had brought her back from death—that this warmth had given life; this gentle clasp had galvanised her deadened nerves, and started her blood into circulation again; that the little sinews of her small arm were delicate electric wires, conducting the life of that touch to the heart and brain, and waking them to consciousness. She was awake now—life was upon her again—the world was before her once more! But she received it with the feebleness of a young infant. She turned her swimming glance—the dark, shrouded figure, and pale, spiritual face of the silent watcher did not cause her

either surprise or joy; she was too weak to feel either—to feel anything but affection, as she murmured, in a soft, low tone—

"Grandmother."

"What, my child?" replied the watcher, catching to the side of the bed, and helping herself up, and bending over a face full of simple love, upon the languid one.

Both seemed too feeble, in mind and body, one from illness, one from age, to feel any strong emotion at this meeting.

"Grandmother."

"Well, dear?"

"Is this you?"

"Yes, dear; this is me."

"Well, good-night, grandmother—I am going to sleep now;" and a second time she closed her eyes, and dream and reality mingled together in her vague consciousness. Presently she awoke again; it was dark now, except that a feeble yellow ray showed where the night-taper burned. She murmured—"Grandmother."

"Do you want anything, dear Janet?"

"Was grandmother here just now, or was it a pleasant dream?"

"She was here just now. We sent the carriage for her as soon as you arrived. We knew that we could induce her to come, at last, if she heard that you were here."

"Where is grandmother?"

"She has been sitting by you all day; but now we have persuaded her to go to bed, and let me take her place by your bedside."

"Where is my husband, Alice?"

No voice answered, nor was the question repeated. After a few moments—

"Will you take anything, dearest?"

"I—I want Charles to come to me so much—tell him to come."

No voice replied for some seconds, and then—

"I do not know where he is, Janet."

"Send some one to look, then."

"Where did you leave him?"

The feeble one evidently struggled for clearer memory—she struggled into recollection—shuddered—groaned. Alice stooped over her.

"Janet! will you look at your child—your little daughter?"

Now the full light of memory and understanding broke broadly upon her, and she remembered and knew all!

"Dear Janet, will you look at your little daughter?"

"Yes—yes—yes," sighed Janet.

Alice lifted her gently up—supporting her little shoulders by piling pillows behind her. Then she went to a crib near by, and lifting a light burden from it, came and laid it on the bed before the youthful mother, displaying the little silky black hair, her sweet features, shut up fast in sleep—the little hands, folded together and pressed under the chin—the embodiment of perfect innocence with perfect helplessness. Janet gazed on her child a long time, with her thin hands clasped together, in perfect silence, until the tears began to gather in her eyes, and to roll down her face. Faster and faster they gathered and fell—faster and faster—until Alice said:

"Do not weep so, dearest Janet!"

She attempted to reply—she failed in utterance, and shook her head, while the tears poured from her eyes. They fell upon the baby's face, who lifted its silky lashes, and the large, sad eyes of her husband gazed unconsciously at her from the face of her child.

"Your tears are not all bitter, young mother; you have a great comfort there," said the deep, melodious voice of Alice.

The babe began to move uneasily, and then Alice again spoke:

"Ah, Janet, surely this is happiness. Do not weep. Be grateful—be hopeful; lift your eyes, and lift your heart, and thank Heaven for the sweet gift, as you lay it to your bosom."

Janet received the child in silence; she had not spoken one word since her memory returned. If now she experienced the joy of maternity, it was so deepened, so blended with sorrow, remorse, and despair, that not one faint smile, nor one ray of pleasure, lighted her features. She was very quiet. She did not shudder, or groan, or even sigh, now. Her tears, when they fell, rolled silently down her cheeks. Poor child! she had missed the joy of the two most important periods in her life—her bridal and her maternity—both had been darkened and saddened by stern sorrow.

Several days passed, in which she could scarcely be said to live—she was so still, pale, and apathetic. She never testified the least surprise at finding herself where she was, the least gratitude for her aunt and cousin's kindness, or the least pleasure at the reunion with her grandmother. The only signs of sanity she ever gave were the tears of tenderness and sorrow she would drop upon her babe—the glance of regretful affection she would cast upon her grandmother, or the wistful, inquiring gaze she would sometimes fix upon

Alice's pallid brow and haggard face. It was in vain they tried to interest her in passing events, or to engage her in conversation—evil and good came alike—she would only shiver at a burst of sunshine, or shudder at a peal of laughter. Sometimes Alice would attempt to read to her; but it was only the elevating, strong and life-giving thoughts of those who had suffered, outlived and sanctified to themselves sorrows deep as hers.

One day, in a more rational and practical mood, she asked:

"Alice, was no effort made to recall him? I mean, because I was so ill—so near death, and you were so good!"

"My dear, yes. We wrote to Fort Malcolm by the very next mail, and thinking that perhaps he might not get the letter soon enough, did not wait the next stage, but despatched a messenger on horseback there for him. However, before our messenger arrived, he had left Fort Malcolm, no one knew whither."

"And so you abandoned the chase?"

"Yes, my dear Janet, but not the purpose. My mother caused advertisements to be inserted in all the papers throughout the country to 'C—s S—n', recalling him on important business. As yet these advertisements have been unproductive. However, only a few weeks have passed as yet. They are to be continued until further orders; and he cannot fail to see one or more of them."

There was a coldness and quietness in her tone and manner that proved Janet was not herself yet.

"He was crazy, Alice; mad, maddened by seeing my privations and fearing for me—or he would not have thrown me into worse affliction by flying."

To turn her thoughts away, Alice said:

"Your father is much better, Janet."

No answer.

"I told you several times that, in pursuing you, he had been thrown from his horse and severely injured."

No answer.

"Are you not glad he is recovered, my dear?"

"No."

"What; not glad to hear your father is better?"

"No."

"You shock me!"

"You should not have asked me, then. My father took my heart between his large, strong hands, and pressed it until it was numb. At first I screamed with pain, but now I feel no more—it is numb. Indeed it is—it is strange—but it is numb, stunned, silent!"

While they spoke, a servant entered with a letter in her hand.

"Miss Janet, when you have done reading of your letter, just ring the bell and let some one come and attend to you—I have got to see about dinner."

"Did you say Sam was down-stairs?"

"Yes."

"Tell him to come up."

"Yes."

And the old woman left the room. Janet's eyes fell again upon the letter in her hands. It ran thus:

"The Limes, March 1st, 18—.

"Janet, my child! How are you, my dear child? Your baby is six weeks old—are you well enough to come to me? I have sent the large, close carriage with the down pillows and elder-down comforter that was your mother's. I have had your mother's room made ready for you very nicely—and I have engaged your favourite, Ruth Downes, here as your companion. She thought of everything that I had forgotten. That beautiful satin-wood crib that was your grandmother's, and then your mother's, is placed by your bed. I shall have a garden-chair for you to take exercise in until you are able to ride out every day. I would send Ruth to ride home with you, only you will need to lie down in the carriage, and there is no more than enough room for the pillows, yourself and baby. I would come for you myself, my child, but I am as yet unable to leave my chair. I have been very ill, my child! very, very ill—at death's door—yes, at death's door, Janet! I am so strong in constitution, and always had such robust health, that I did not know what it was to face death until it came. Come to me, my child. I hold out my arms to you. I want to kiss my little darling girl again."

"Your father grieving for you,

"ROLAND MILDRED."

If you had seen the face of Janet as she read this letter—the strange, cold, sardonic smile that quivered on her lips—you might have guessed what a frightful wrong had wrought in her gentle disposition. She opened the sheet, and turning the blank page, asked Alice to lend her her pencil, and she, taking the pencil from her belt, handed it to her cousin, watching with uneasiness the frosty smile upon the girl's lips as she wrote. She finished her note, written with a pencil on the reverse side of her father's letter, folded and directed it. She laid it down on the corner of the dressing-table ready for Sam. Alice took it up.

"May I read it, Janet?"

She nodded an indifferent assent. Alice's sentiment of reverence made her shudder as she read:

"When you have found and restored to me my husband—when you will extend to him an equal welcome with myself—then I will come to you, and not till then. You need send no more letters, for I will receive none from you except through the hands of Charles Staunton. *You know the terms—know me!*"

"JANET STAUNTON."

"Horrible! most horrible! Nothing, nothing that your father could have done to you or your husband should have provoked you to write a note like that!"

"I am not provoked. I wrote a cold fact."

"This note shall not go," said Alice, slowly tearing it up.

"You will have to reply to my father, then, for I can write no other letter; for any other letter would be false."

"Then I will reply to my uncle's note;" and going to her room, she wrote the following:

"DEAR SIR,—Mrs. Staunton, though much better and still improving, is not in a condition to come to you. We hope she will be in a few days; her child is well and grows finely. We hope to see you at Oak Lodge as soon as your convalescence will permit it."

"Very respectfully,"

"ALICE REDCLIFFE."

"Monday morning."

Sealing this letter, she returned to her cousin's chamber, who was conversing with old Sam, who was almost crying for delight at again seeing "his young lady."

"Now, Janet," said Alice, when she had dismissed the old man, "now, recline on this lounge, while I sit here and talk to you. Do you intend to cultivate that sort of spirit towards your father?"

"I do not cultivate it. He drove poor Charles, who was so young, mad, and to an act of madness; never in his senses would he have left me. I feel, as I said—or to speak more truly, I have ceased to feel—as I told you before. I cannot help it."

"Janet," said she, passing her hand once or twice across her brow, as though she was conscious of speaking as much of herself as of another; "Janet, it is difficult to govern thought—nearly impossible to govern feeling; but action is, with few exceptions, entirely under our control. You cannot, perhaps, at once conquer and expel that feeling of resentment."

"It is not resentment, it is no feeling at all."

"It is the result of resentment, however. Well, then, you cannot force a filial affection that you do not feel, and it would be wrong to affect what has no existence; but you can pay your father filial attention and duty still. You can, as soon as you are able, return to his house."

"If I weary you, I can return to my own home."

"We have not deserved that at your lips, cousin."

"Well, then, do not speak to me of returning to my father's house. Look at me. I am not the same being that I was two months ago, yet you talk to me without regard to the revolution in which I have lost my individuality. I once told you I loved this earth with all the transport of a fallen nature, that I always wished to stay on earth, and could not conceive a better heaven. I love this earth no longer. I wonder how I ever thought it fair. It is hideous; it is horrible! a place of clouds and storms. The very boasted sunshine is nothing but a scorching heat, or a blinding light. I loathe the sight of nature—I shut it out—Life! Once I said I loved life above all things—now I hate it above all things! It is full of disease and sin, pain and sorrow, persecution and suffering, of crime and remorse. Oh! it is full—brimful, and running over—of agony of body and anguish of mind! Oh! I loathe it—take it from me. Give me the peace of nonentity."

"The peace of nonentity," replied Alice, as though she, too, were tempted to sigh for it. "But, dearest, you are not changed? The earth is the same at midnight that it was at noon, only the light is gone. Night has darkened all your spirits, but you are not changed."

"Am I not? Listen. You know—for you have heard it from others—that I carry in my bosom a death-wound, inflicted by my father. Well, for that, I never felt a single spark of resentment, although I have suffered by that wound. Well, no matter, that is a secret between me and my Heavenly Father. But he drove my husband mad, and never, never will I see my father until Charles brings us together; never, never will I receive a letter from him that is not brought by my husband."

"You look your father's child now, Janet. Nevertheless, you must listen to me. Never mind your vows. There are some things we cannot do; we cannot sell our souls to the enemy, for the contract would be null and void; nor can we bind ourselves by oath or vow to do any wrong, for the oath or vow would not be obligatory; the only sin would be in first having taken the oath or made the vow. You sin in saying what you have just said; you would sin more in keeping your word. Listen. Good and Evil; the two great contending powers in the universe which we describe

by these names, are at last two little simple monosyllables—*love, hate*. They divide the universe—they are nearly equal in power—they war always. Love struggles to redeem hate—hate struggles to destroy love. Every sacrifice you, even you, make to the spirit of love, extends the kingdom of love, increases the power of love. Every sacrifice you make, extends the kingdom and augments the strength of hate. Each spirit speaks to you. One calls himself avenger; another, brighter than the sun in mid career, is glory, and leads myriads to war with each other."

"In a word, then, you would advise me to return to my father, who has inflicted such atrocious insults and indignities upon my husband? My father, when his whole course of conduct tended to one end—to separate us, to regain me. No, no, never will I go! It would be wrong to go."

"Ah, your spirit takes a very specious form now. Janet, your filial and conjugal duties never can conflict, never could. Your duty is stern, immutable, unmodified by others' performance or neglect of theirs. Nothing that your father has done, no wrong that he has committed against yourself or your husband, frees you from your filial obligations. When your father abused you, even to personal violence, you did not feel that you were freed from duty toward him. No! Well, but when he abused your husband, who himself stands in a filial relation to him—when he abused your husband in a lesser degree, you, with that exquisite deceitfulness we all practice, drew in your conjugal love to cover and excuse the unfilial resentment or feeling, or want of feeling, that you cherish. This must not be. If you yield to the temptation and to the spirit of hate, your household will be for ever a discordant and disunited family. That will be terrible. I know, dear Janet, that it is very trying to you; but if you keep your own heart pure, and your lips pure from the spirit of hate, you will reunite your family. For, listen! Your father and your husband, whatever their antagonism may be, both love you excessively; yes, their love for you is inordinate. In your their hearts and interests will yet unite. They must be reconciled—must love one another; for both love you. By returning to your father, by that quiet submission, you will soften him, you will prepare his heart to receive your husband, also. Never mind all he has said and sworn to the contrary. As I said before, such oaths are not binding—the sin being in making, not in breaking them. He will not care a straw about them. You can reconcile him to Charles. And your father, with the impetuous force of his character, will throw as much or more strength into his patronage of his son-in-law, than ever he threw into his persecution of him. Oh, my love, away with pride! It is a fine-looking spirit, I allow, of majestic mien, godlike brow; but it is a spirit of hate. It is one of the most alluring and dangerous of the spirits—one of the most powerful of the princes in the confederate empire of Hate—one of the most vigilant and fatal enemies of Love. Listen only to the spirit of love."

CHAPTER XXV.

JANET'S GRIEF.

I blame no heart; no love; no fate,
And I have nothing to forgive;
I wish for naught; repent of naught,
Dislike naught but to live.
The desolation of the soul
Is what I feel—
A sense of loneliness that leaves death
But little to reveal;
For death is nothing but the thought,
Of something being again naught.

Festus.

It was well for Janet that she had a friend like Alice near her always. She devoted herself to her cousin, and with all the power of her heart and brain, sought to arouse her from the lethargy into which she had fallen.

"What can one do, Janet, under any sorrow, but love, pray, and hope? To hate will not help you—to despair will not help you—to rebel will not help you—nothing will help you but to love and hope—to labour and pray!"

"But I have no will, no power to do either. Let me alone, Alice; you trouble me."

"I may not let you alone, poor child, not until I have aroused you a little. If you have no will, consequently no power to do your duty, make the attempt; and will and power will come, and your merit will be greater and your reward higher; you have control over your actions, and through them, over thought and feeling."

So, day after day, Alice talked with Janet. And in thus entirely devoting herself to the invalid, she was practising, or attempting to practise, what she preached. She had wrestled herself violently from the circle of her own mysterious and sorrowful reflections, and thrown herself into the sphere of her cousin's life.

Alice possessed one eminently distinguishing trait of character—veneration. It was this, at rare intervals and in inspired moments, lighted up the classic beauty of the marble features into such all-glorious

splendour. Seldom of late, however, were the chiselled features of the young girl warmed into anything like life. Cold, still, impassive, impenetrable, she moved a shadow through the house. She, such an enthusiast in her religion, had for many weeks past avoided the public religious services. "I prefer to remain with my cousin," was the answer she would give to her mother when any proposition to accompany her to church was made; and Mrs. Redclyffe, with an intense gaze into the eyes that ever fell before that look, would sigh, and go alone.

Alice laboured now for one object. She knew that her uncle was rapidly recovering; she knew that upon the first day that he could venture to ride so far, he would come over to see Janet; and she wished to prepare her to meet him, if not with affection, at least without betraying aversion.

But a fearful change was coming over her cousin.

It was now the week before Lent. It had been the custom of the residents of this neighbourhood to give a succession of parties for a week or two previous, and about ten days before Shrove Tuesday, Mrs. Redclyffe sent out invitations for a large dinner-party. Among the invited guests, of course, were Roland Mildred and his young *protégée*, Jessie, whose continued residence under his roof was sanctioned by the presence of a respectable matron, engaged to keep house and nurse him during his convalescence. In her note to her brother, she requested that he would, if he were able to bear the motion of the carriage, ride over some days before the dinner party, and remain a week or two at Oak Lodge, that the change of air and the mineral water, together with the society of his daughter, might accelerate his recovery. This kind note was answered by his arrival in person, looking somewhat thinner and paler than when he last saw him in the arrogance of full-blooded health and strength. Indeed, instead of his brown surcoat coat buttoned up, looking like an over-stuffed bag of wool, it hung rather gaily upon him; so that Maggie, whom he had met on the road, and who, in her good-nature, had quite forgiven his rudeness and all his sundry other sins, told him he should next order a dandy coat from his tailor. Roland alighted carefully and cautiously from his carriage, and leaning on his stick, and assisted by his body-servant, went up the stairs to Oak Lodge, where he was kindly received by Mrs. Redclyffe—his long and dangerous illness having quite softened his sister's heart towards him.

"Show me, at once where to find my child, Agnes. You have been a mother to her; may God reward you for it!" said Roland, as he limped after his sister.

His sister led him at once up-stairs, and, opening a chamber door, said:

"My dear Janet, here is your father," admitted him; and closing the door again, retired, leaving the father and daughter alone.

It was a small, luxurious, but sombre chamber; a soft, dark carpet on the floor; the walls hung with a dark blue velvet paper. A tent bedstead stood at one end, a large bay window at the other; a fire-place and grate, with two large easy-chairs, occupied the third side, and a dark mahogany bureau and dressing-glass the fourth; the bedstead and window were hung with dark blue damask, and the chairs covered with the same rich drapery. Over the fire-place hung a fine large oil painting, by Correggio. When the door closed, leaving Roland Mildred, in this still, shadowy, blue room, the sudden change from noonday without to twilight within nearly blinded him, and it was some seconds before he could see a slight, fragile form, clad in white, and faintly gleaming among the dark blue pillows of a large easy-chair, drawn up near the fire. He approached the chair, and looked again before he could, before he dared to recognize that white shade as his daughter; then he burst into tears, and, without a word, dropped his stick, sank down upon the carpet, and, dropping his head upon the arm of her chair, wept bitterly. "When pride thaws, look for floods." And yet he saw only the physical ruin—he did not guess, perhaps he never could have understood, the moral paralysis. And there she sat, motionless, cold, impassible, indeed like a spirit, or the picture of a spirit—that tempest of tears making no more impression than if indeed she had been a shape of mist. At last he cried:

"Janet! Oh, my motherless child! my dying child! speak to me—why don't you speak to me, Janet?"

"Father."

He wiped away the tears that streamed from his eyes, drew a convulsive, shuddering sigh, and tottered up on his feet:

"Janet, my dear child, say something to me, or I shall believe you dead already! Speak to me, Janet!"

"Father, will you take that other chair?"

"And is that all? My God! how cold and quiet you are; and this is the first time we have met since we both were so near death!" Bitterly said the father, as he sank heavily into his chair. She replied nothing, looked nothing. He was not in the habit of controlling any emotion; he did not try to regain his

composure—but the perfect quietude of her manner acted upon his nerves, reducing them to something like calmness. They both sat some time in perfect silence—he gazing at her in a sort of excitement, disturbing her as little as it would have disturbed a statue on the mantle-piece. At last he broke out again:

"My God! what is this? This is worse than death. The dying have more words for their friends than you have for your father. Janet, are you angry and unforgiving?"

This question, the nature of which would have shocked her reverence some months ago, did not, however, affect her now. When it was repeated, she replied:

"No, father."

"What is it then, my shadow? Oh, my poor child, what is it?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing!"—heavens! how impenetrable you are. Janet, where is your little baby? That will arouse you if anything will. Janet, I say, where is your child?"

"In the crib in the corner, father."

"Ah, it is so dark in this gloomy room, I cannot see. Which corner? Oh, yes!"

"Will you hand it to me, father? I have not left my chair for many days, except to go to bed."

"So; and they leave you here alone?"

"They are all kindness. I prefer it. See, here at my right hand hangs a bell-rope; when I want anything, I have only to ring it."

He now got up, and, going to the corner, lifted the child from the crib and brought it to his daughter. He laid it on her lap.

"Why, Janet, it is quiet, like yourself. What makes you so cold—so unlike yourself? Come, let me see you nurse your baby."

"I do not nurse her."

"Not nurse her?"

"No."

"But it is a great comfort to you, Janet?"

No reply.

"Say, is it not, my dear child? You love it very much. It is all the world to you, as you are to me. Say, isn't it so? say, Janet."

"No."

"No" again! Did you hear what I asked? I asked you if you did not love your child?"

"No."

"No!" Good Heavens, 'no!' Is the girl idiotic, then?"

"No, only numb."

"Numb! and what may that mean, Heaven be good to us?"

"Listen, father. I tell you what is true. It seems to me as if I had been dead and brought to life, with the loss of half my life, half myself. Listen, father; some intellects are annihilated by sorrow. It seems to me that my affections have been paralyzed by grief. It is true. Before this babe was born I loved it. I feared so much lest it should die, or I should die and leave it alone in the world. I prayed God to preserve us both, or let us both die. Father, that was the last affectionate feeling I had. After days of anguish of mind, insanity, and a temporary death, I awoke; but before I saw my babe, my heart was palsied. I had neither hope nor love for its life. I feel nothing—not gratitude to my aunt and cousin, nor affection for my grandmother, nor adoration for my Creator, nor love for my Saviour, nor tenderness for my babe; no, nor regret that this is the case. I feel nothing."

"Oh, she is crazy!"

"Father, I am not insane; my mind is clear and active—so active that I am constantly examining this curious phenomenon—this annihilation of my affections."

"Oh, she's crazy! she's crazy! Why did they not tell me so before this? Agnes! Alice! I say; where are they all? Oh, my God, she's crazy!"

"Come back, father. Come and sit down. I am not crazy—not mentally crazy. This may be insanity, father, or rather idiocy; but it is idiocy of the heart, not of the brain. My mind is clear; see, father, so clear that I can almost explain the matter. Yes, I think I can explain this thing better than any philosopher or physician, because you see, father, I have experienced it. Yes, I can define insanity. Sit still, father. Insanity is a partial suppression, and a partial exaltation of life. Insane persons are unconscious or dead to some things, and supernaturally conscious of and alive to others. The largest life is in the heart and brain. Sit still, father—what was I saying? Oh! about insanity. There is an insanity where the life is suppressed in the brain—the intellect—and exalted in the heart—the affections: as in the case of my grandmother; and you call their love, dotage, drivelling, idiocy. And there is an insanity where the life is suppressed in the heart and affections, and supernaturally developed in the brain, the intellect—and the subject becomes an abstraction of intellect, and you call the inspirations raving. And if I were to tell you all I know, father, you would call it raving."

"For instance, now?" inquired the wretched father, fixing his eyes on his child, and gulping down his emotion by a strong effort.

"Why, father, when you used to smile upon me, it would light a smile also in my face. It expressed your love for me, and your pleasure in me, and excited mine. Well, father, I know all nature is intelligent and loving as well as animate—the sun is a great being who loves our earth and all his other family of planets. And the sunshine on our earth is a conscious loving smile, and the reflected light is a conscious loving response."

"Oh Heaven!"

"Yes, father, don't groan. You call it *light*, father. I know it is *love*."

"Oh, Janet, my child, my child!"

"I know more, father. I know I can't love, because I have nothing to love through; my heart, you see, is broken down. Could I see if my eyes were out, father? Well, but this is what I know: that I shall die—that my spirit will leave this half-ruined body with the broken heart, and that it will be clothed with a new, incorruptible body, with a new heart that can never be broken, and that with that I shall again worship God and love you, Charles, my baby—all people."

"Oh, my child, my child!"

"I know more, father; and oh, listen, lest I should forget to tell you, for I know so many new things; for knowledge comes so fast. It flows on and on, and the new drives out the old; and I want you to remember this."

"Oh, Janet!"

"As my heart and my affections were destroyed by sorrow, so the hearts of others are destroyed by wrong, injustice, slander, neglect, and you call the heart depraved, corrupted, perverted—and so it is, but not the spirit. Father, it is the spirit that suffers; at death, freed from the body, it will be redeemed, and will manifest itself as good, as happy. This gives me no joy now, father; it is cold knowledge—it gives me no joy, because I cannot feel; I can only think. And I say this as a blind child would say, 'I shall see with new eyes when I get to heaven.'"

Again her father groaned bitterly—then, as his child did not speak again, he seized her hand, hoping—yes, hoping—to find fever there, to account for this fearful wandering of the mind; but no, her pulse was even and rather slow. He picked up his stick, and as fast as his remaining lameness would allow, he hurried from the chamber in search of his sister, who, in the mean time, was engaged in conversation with her daughter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SHADOWS UPON OAK LODGE.

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes
Is like the scorpion girt by fire.
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close,
Till only scorched by thousand throes,
One sad and sole relief she knows:
And, maddened in her ire,
The sting she nourished for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang and cures all pain,
She darts into her desperate brain,
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girt by fire;
So writhes the soul remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, beneath it death!

Byron.

IMMEDIATELY upon leaving Roland Mildred at the door of his daughter's chamber, Mrs. Redclyffe had passed down the long dividing hall, with the intention of seeking a private interview with Alice. In truth, Mrs. Redclyffe had parental griefs of her own, and not, as in Roland's instance, of her own creation. What hand had she, in fact, in producing the great sorrow that was, day by day, visibly consuming her health, flesh, and beauty—the very life of Alice?—she, who was "innocent of the knowledge" of its cause. Her heart was even more than usually oppressed upon this day. It could not have been otherwise. Since the preparations for this large dinner-party commenced, Alice had fallen into deeper gloom; health and life had wasted with greater and fearful rapidity. She had forsaken even Janet. She died hourly. Mrs. Redclyffe opened the door of her daughter's chamber and entered. She paused a few steps from the centre of the room, arrested by a still picture—still, but full of tumult, like a painting of a battle or of a tempest.

Her chamber was beautiful and luxurious; it was all that great wealth, an artist's taste, and a mother's love could make it. It was the largest front room. Two lofty windows, commanded a view of the hills beyond. But these windows were now shaded by curtains of purple satin damask, lined with orange-coloured silk.

The mother's eye rested upon Alice, who was kneeling; her hands clasped, her face upraised, her lips apart, her eyes strained—nay, her very ringlets bristling as it were with anguish. Yes, there were grief, remorse, terror, despair, all branded in letters of fire on that ghastly face. One would say a criminal in

view of his execution, a sinner in view of inevitable and eternal perdition, might look so.

Well might the sight strike all colour from the mother's cheek, all strength from the mother's limbs; never before had she seen a harassing agony like this. Struck motionless with grief and fear, she stood gazing on the image—the image still stormy and terrible as the picture of a volcano.

Unable at last to bear it longer, she went and laid her hand upon the upturned, agonized brow, and said: "Alice!"

With the spring of a wild-beast the girl bounded to her feet, and with a look half of terror, half of defiance, she turned sharply around.

"It is I, Alice," said the half heart-broken mother.

"My mother!" she exclaimed, violently agitated.

Mrs. Redclyffe threw her arms around her daughter, forced her to a sofa, sat down and drew her to her side, drew her head down upon her bosom, and pressed her there, again and again, in speechless strength of love and sorrow.

"What wouldst thou, my mother?"

"Oh, Alice, my child, my child, confide in me. No matter what it is. If it were possible—if it could be possible—if thou art *guilty*, Alice, confide in me. Lay thy guilt upon my heart. I would take it all—the guilt, remorse, the punishment—all, Alice, to give peace to thy soul. Confide in me, oh, my child!"

"Mother, you charge upon shadows!"

"Thou hast not *guilt* upon thy soul, then, child! I was mad to think it. Yet thy sorrows make me mad, Alice."

"Mother, what shall I do to give thee peace?"

"Do! Convince me thou art not dying of grief, remorse—I know not what. Alas, you never enter a church. When were you at church? Nay, I insist upon your telling me that."

"Not since the Easter that I was sixteen years old."

"Nearly three years. Alice! Nay, now! by all my love for you! by all the duty—no, by all the love you owe me, tell me, I implore, I adjure thee, tell me thy secret. But, Alice, you are changing frightfully before me! You grow fierce as a tiger or a maniac. Your eyes sparkle—they blaze! In the name of Heaven, what is it, then?"

Bitterly and fiercely spoke out the transformed maiden.

"I would have spared thee! Thou wilt not let me—thou wilt compel me. I am frenzied now, I believe. Yes I am. Hear it, then. I am *guilty*! Yes, yes, mother. I, your only child, stand here steeped to the very lips in guilt! Yes, guilt; guilt beside which the murderer's crime is soul would pale."

"Stop, stop; in mercy stop!" exclaimed her mother, holding her temples tightly. But Alice had no power to stop.

"Yes, *guilty*! I dare not enter a church. I am steeped to the lips in guilt—lost in a sea of guilt; guilt that has no name on earth to specify its nature, to express its enormity."

"Stop, stop, in mercy stop! I lose my senses."

"Would I could lose mine."

"Lost girl, repent! Repent!"

"I cannot. I am doomed. Day by day I sink deeper into this perdition."

"Oh God! I have watched over her, prayed for her day and night; how can she have fallen into crime? Alice, my heart is broken—I shall die; but oh, my child, you are mad to think that you are past the mercy of God. Repent, confess, expiate—go to Mr. Burleigh. Nay, I will send for him to come here. I am mad! I know not what I say! Tell me the nature of your—your crime."

"No, never will I tell that, my mother!" exclaimed Alice, in a tone so stern, so determined, that, spite of everything, it arrested the agonizing examination. With exhausting reaction, Alice had sunk into the corner of her sofa and buried her face in the pillows. Her mother dropped her face on her hands.

There they remained, without change of attitude, without speaking another word, hour after hour, until the sun went down, until the shades of night gathered darkly in the room—until the servants, missing her, came to seek her; then she arose mechanically, stooped and kissed Alice, and silently left the room. Alice did not appear at the supper-table, and her mother took tea *à la-tête* with her brother, who, as soon as they were seated, said, somewhat petulantly:

"I have been hunting for you all over the house, Agnes. Good Heavens! It seems to me that you are very indifferent about my poor child. But you are so blessed in your daughter that it makes you selfish. A little trouble would improve your heart." And then he went on to tell of Janet's wanderings. His sister, with a painful effort to recall her own wandering thoughts, endeavoured to reassure him. It was only the effect of sorrow and debility, and would disappear when the causes were removed. If her husband could be found and brought back, Janet would speedily recover. There was nothing fatal in her disorder. Indeed, compared to her own grief, every grief seemed light to this poor mother.

At the name of Staunton, his face grew black as night by which it was clear that, however he might pity Janet, he still hated Staunton.

Mrs. Redclyffe could not sleep that night.

"I wonder if she sleeps? Alas, no! How many nights has that poor girl waked and suffered! Night after night, and week after week, yes! and month succeeding month, until health and beauty have wasted away, and my child is haggard at nineteen. I will go and see if she sleeps!" and so saying, she arose, slipped on a dressing-gown, took the shaded night-taper, and crossing the passage, entered Alice's chamber. It was quiet. She listened. There was no sound, no motion, no sigh; nothing to suggest that the occupant of the chamber waked. She approached the bed—gradually and cautiously advanced the light—started, almost exclaimed with surprise at what she saw. She advanced the taper again and looked more intently. Was that Alice? That the girl "steeped to the lips in guilt," and haggard with remorse? Was that Alice, the girl so lately consumed with guilt and remorse? What, that radiant sleeper, flooded with the glory of some celestial vision? Yes; that was truly Alice, transfigured and glorified in sleep! how beautiful she looked, and how happy! even to ecstasy. The cover was thrown off her bosom—the beautiful bosom only slightly veiled by the long black ringlets that glided and twined carelessly about it—her arms, the long, loose sleeves falling below the elbows, were thrown up over her head, carrying half her ringlets with them. The face was glorious with happiness; the eyebrows raised, arched and open; the lips full and slightly apart with a dreamy smile; the cheeks faintly coloured; the whole complexion of face, arms and bosom, rosy; the muscles all full, elastic, slightly inflated, as by rising joy or life; a very gentle but regular breathing assured the mother that this was really healthful sleep and happy dreaming. Inspired with hope, the mother dropped upon her knees and thanked God, saying:

"This girl may be a maniac, but she is not guilty. Thank God! The guilty never sleep, never dream like that. If it were so, then indeed would the wandering fancies of poor Janet have struck upon some truth!"

She knelt, and watched her long—receiving from the radiant sleeping face a balm for all the wounds the haggard face had given her. Oh! long she knelt by the side of the beautiful sleeper, loath to leave her—loath, for fear that the lost vision would never return to bless her night, and soothe her fears again. At last she left the chamber and returned to bed, to lie there and wonder at the strange occurrence. She thought of all that she had read of trances, ecstasies, in which, when the body seemed to sleep, the soul was absent—but all she remembered of such cases only convinced her that this sleep of Alice's was neither trance nor ecstasy—the soul was not absent from that glorified body! No!—it was certainly present—present in its most exalted life—making radiant the countenance of the beautiful sleeper; no—this was a healthful sleep, and a heavenly dream; but what, then, was the remorse that, consuming Alice all day long, was lifted from her soul at night?

(To be continued.)

DIVERSITY OF CLIMATE.—As an illustration of the difference in climate at various localities in California, it is stated that at two o'clock one day recently, as the boat for San Francisco was leaving Stockton, the thermometer, on the deck of the boat, in the shade, stood at 102 degrees. When the boat had traversed about three-fourths of the distance to San Francisco, the mercury in the thermometer had fallen to 52 degrees. Stockton, "as the crow flies," is about one hundred miles from San Francisco.

The remarkable brilliancy of Paris by night is owing no less to the multiplicity of its lamps than to the exceeding purity of the gas with which they are supplied. The jet emitted is much larger than our own, and the light it provides considerably more vivid. The effulgence produced in each lamp exceeds those of London by at least one-third. This superiority in a city where coals must needs be dear, or rather this inferiority in a city where they are not, is a subject that ought seriously to be looked at.

THE ADVENTURES OF TWELVE EGGS.—Among the venomous serpents is the Egyptian Naja or Asp. It is at present much used by the Egyptian jugglers in their exhibitions. One of a nearly allied species, the Cobra di-Capello, has a curious mark on the skin of the neck, not unlike a pair of spectacles. A specimen of this snake was presented to the Belfast Museum by the late Major Martin, of Ardrossan, Ayrshire, who narrated to us the following interesting occurrence. While stationed in Ceylon, his servant one morning ran into his room and informed him that a favourite hen was lying dead in her nest, and that the twelve eggs on which she had been sitting were taken away. Supposing it must have been by a snake, immediate search was made throughout the hen-house and other adjoining premises, when a Cobra di-Capello was found under

a piece of wood, and was immediately killed; being opened, the eggs were found in it. Nine out of the twelve eggs were broken; the remaining three were immediately put under another hen that was sitting, and in due time a chick was produced, and the race of the feathered favourite thus preserved from extinction.

SCIENCE.

It will be news to many that a very large comet is in the heavens. It is reported from Chichester to have been seen in a south-east direction, about thirty degrees above the horizon, but the cloudy nights of late have prevented its observation.

ANOTHER substitute for silver has been discovered by Mr. E. Sonstadt, of Loughborough, called siderium. It is found on the "carcasse," or residuum, remaining when the chloride of magnesium is obtained by evaporating and igniting the chlorides of magnesium and sodium.

CURIOSITY OF VISION.—A person may see the blood-vessels of his eye, displayed as it were on a screen before him, by a most simple experiment. Let a lamp or candle be held in one hand, and the eye directed steadily forward; now move the lamp up and down, or sideways, on one side of the line of vision; in a short time an image of the blood-vessels will present itself, like the picture of a tree or shrub, with its trunk and branches, to the admiration of the observer.

It has been discovered that photography in its practice is the means of wasting a very large quantity of both gold and silver. Photographers would do well, instead of destroying "failures," or even the edges of the paper which they cut off from the borders of a photograph, to preserve them, and submit them to the chemical process requisite for abstracting the metal from them. Their value may be imagined when it has been proved that, in every two pounds, there are upwards of thirty drachms of perfectly pure silver.

NEW PROTECTION FOR STEAM BOILERS.—Compressed hair or hogs' bristle is now being placed about the steam drums of such vessels in the navy as have their boilers exposed. Experiments prove that this substance possesses great power of resisting shot. As compared with cotton, it is far superior. A hundred pound rifle-shot was fired in the Washington Navy Yard at a bale of cotton about eighty yards from the gun; it penetrated and passed out the other side to a long distance; the same shot fired at a bale of compressed bristles, penetrated and dropped out sixteen inches from the other side.

A NOVEL MODE OF TELEGRAPHING BY SOLAR LIGHT.

A SIMPLE, and we believe, a new method of telegraphing by signals, has just been brought to our notice by Messrs. Abner Lane and Sherman Kelsey. These gentlemen have recently instituted a series of experiments to ascertain the possibility of communicating intelligibly between remote points. The principle of this telegraph is that of reflected light. A common looking-glass of any suitable size (the power of course varying with the dimensions) is so held in the sunlight as to project a pencil of rays in the direction of the person to be communicated with. When the beam of light passes the eyes of the second party, it is readily distinguished, and the message is sent by intermitting the time between the flashes. Thus, if one movement of the mirror is made, that will denote A; two movements, B; and so on through the alphabet. In transmitting sentences or lengthened conversations, it is necessary, of course, to begin indiscriminately in the alphabet, commencing to spell a word. Thus, if the word Light is to be sent, the glass is moved for a b c d e f g h i j k l. Then a longer interval; then moved for a b c d e f g h i; when another interval occurs, and the glass is again moved for a b c d e f g h i j k l—then for a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t—then cease. Operator No 2 repeats as he sees the flashes, a b c d e f g h i j k l. He knows l is the first letter; then repeats a b c d e f g h i—i, then, is the next letter. Then a b c d e f g h—h the next. Then a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t—the next. He then has the word Light.

From the above it can be seen how any message can be sent, or how any conversation can be carried on. For operator No. 2 can have a mirror, and send back messages or answers in the same way. An experimental trial of this system of telegraphy was made by the parties interested a short time ago. The scene of the experiment was a distance of fifteen miles intervening between the operators. It was satisfactorily ascertained that simple sentences could be transmitted with the greatest ease, and the inventors conversed for an hour and a half on topics concerning family matters. The principle can be applied in many ways. The flashes can be repeated an unequal number of times, and at different intervals, to represent certain letters and sounds. Also two or more flashes may be repeated

in quick succession with a single flash, at different intervals and in different orders, to represent letters or sounds. Instead of moving the mirror, it may be stationary, except to move as the sun moves, so as to throw light in the right direction. The rays may be also intercepted periodically by a screen or other device. The light may be continued for any length of time, either in a single flash or as long as desired.

An alphabet of the character of the "Morse alphabet" may also be used. Mr. Lane states that he has devised an alphabet, by which messages can be conveyed, with the same facility and dispatch as by the electro-magnetic telegraph with the Morse alphabet. So also coloured light may be used in connection with this style of telegraphy.

The means by which the ends are attached are simple, and require no apparatus beyond an ordinary mirror. For army and navy purposes we should think this mode of telegraphing is peculiarly adapted.

THE COTTON MANUFACTURE.—In England it is calculated that, when the cotton manufacture is thriving, there are thirty millions of spindles constantly employed in spinning cotton alone, so that if every man, woman, and child in the three kingdoms were to devote twelve hours a day to this occupation, they could not effect as much; and it would require another population of nearly equal extent to prepare the cotton for the spindles, and a very large number of persons to supply the place of the 300,000 power-looms that are employed to weave it, and to supplant all the mechanical appliances that finish it and fit it for the market. All this is required for cotton; but when we add to this the amount of power employed in spinning and weaving flax and wool, and all the different classes of fibres which we have enlisted in our service, the power employed in cotton alone sinks to a mere fraction.—*Quarterly Review.*

TUNNEL THROUGH THE ALPS.

The greatest single engineering work ever undertaken is the tunnel for a railroad through Mont Cenis.

A report on this subject has lately been presented to the Lower House of the Italian Parliament by the Minister of Public Works. This tunnel was begun in 1857, and that year and the two following were spent in preliminary operations, such as the construction of houses, workshops, &c. When completed it will be nearly eight miles in length. Mr. Bartlett, an English engineer, set in operation a steam boring-machine, soon after operations were commenced, and about eight times the quantity of work was done by it that had been done by hand. But steam could not be used for boring in the interior of the tunnel, on account of a want of air. The Italian engineers then proposed to substitute compressed air instead of steam; and their method is now in full operation.

This tunnel, when completed, will unite France with Italy, by rail, and it is to be a joint work between the Governments of the two countries, France paying a large portion of the cost. It is calculated that this tunnel will be completed in twelve and a half years from the period of its commencement; but with ordinary hand drilling it would have required twenty-five years' labour. The work proceeds now at the rate of 2,600 feet per annum. The use of compressed air to operate the drilling machines, not only affords the power for this purpose, but also supplies air for respiration to the miners. At one end, 720 men are employed; at the other, 900.

SAFETY IN CLEANING WINDOWS.—The frequent and fatal accidents from cleaning windows outside have led to various endeavours to obviate such accidents, and among these patents have been taken out for Gurman's sash-pocket and fittings to balance and weight sashes. By these simple means, as stated, "a common-sized window of two sashes may be taken out in one minute and replaced in the same time, without removing the heads, damaging the frames, or disfiguring the painting. A new line may be replaced in a few minutes by any person, where it now takes a skilled carpenter a quarter of a day, besides disfiguring the painting by driving in fresh nails where the room is nicely grained. If a square of glass be broken, it can be put in without a ladder or getting outside on a machine. The windows can be painted without ladders. All old windows can be altered."

INSTRUMENT FOR TAKING SOUNDINGS.—The object of this invention is that of taking soundings from vessels navigating shallow waters without stopping or checking the speed of such vessels. The principle is of a self-acting nature, the depth of water being at all times shown by a self-adjusting index. It is a well-known fact that there is a certain fixed relation between the pressure and the depth of water, and that, therefore, if the pressure of the sea at a certain point below the surface be known, that pressure accurately indicates the depth. This invention is founded on these physical facts. An elastic air-tight bag is inclosed in a small metallic vessel attached to a tow-line secured to the vessel. An india-rubber tube is connected with the bag by an air-tight joint. This tube is lashed to

the said tow-line with its upper end put in communication with an ordinary pressure-gauge. This pressure-gauge is graduated in such a manner that its divisions correspond with the pressure produced by one foot column of water. The index of the gauge, therefore, in place of showing as usual the number of pounds of pressure to which it is subjected, will show what column of water corresponds with the pressure within the gauge. In other words, the index will show how far the instrument is immersed below the surface of the water. Thus, by mere inspection the depth of water may at all times be accurately ascertained, without the inconvenient and inaccurate process of heaving the lead as hitherto.

MINERALOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

THE subjoined is an account of the mineralogical discoveries made in Siberia by M. Alibert, a Frenchman: "One day, as he was traversing a gorge in the Saian mountains, which separate the Russian Empire from China, he observed some unusual substance lying in the crevices of a granite rock. He examined it more closely, and before long the men of his escort, who are at the same time guides, miners, and Cosacks, were on foot, and had exchanged their lances for pickaxes and hammers. After some days of continual labour, M. Alibert acquired the conviction that he was on the traces of an incomparable mine of graphite. But what is graphite? Every one is not bound to be a mineralogist. Graphite is the precious substance with which black-lead pencils, which were not known to the ancients, are made. The discovery of graphite only dates from the middle of the sixteenth century. Good graphite is very rare; more so than gold, silver, or any other production of the mineral kingdom. The best yet found was derived from the Borrowdale mine, in the county of Cumberland, England. That source is, however, now exhausted, and only small fragments, overlooked by the first workers of the mine, are to be found. The discovery of graphite in the mountains mentioned above has been followed by that of nephrite or jade. Until now this mineral had only been found at a few places in the Chinese empire, and from its high price and great rarity the official sceptre of the sovereigns of the Celestial Empire was made of it. It will be remembered that one of the most remarkable curiosities derived from the plunder in the Summer Palace at Peking was a jade sceptre. A block of this rare mineral, weighing 1,200 lb., and of exceptional purity, has just been obtained. Kensington Museum at London also possesses a valuable block of this mineral."

GIGANTIC PAIR OF SHEARS.—An immense pair of shears has just been completed by a firm in Birmingham for the Russian Government. It is what is known in the trade as a "horizontal hydraulic shearing machine, with open mouth," and is said to be the largest and most powerful contrivance of the kind ever fabricated. It weighs 24 tons, has a pressure power of 1,000 tons, and can break a bar of iron half a foot square. The cylinder is of wrought iron, and is hooped to increase its strength; and, that removed, it may be used as a hydraulic press of a thousand tons power; the machine is fitted with valve arrangements to reverse itself at any length of stroke; it may be set to cut iron from half an inch thick to six inches thick; when at full power it will cut a bar of iron six inches square in forty seconds; and the return motion is six times as fast as the cutting motion. To this it may be added that the casting weighs eighteen tons, and that the fittings weigh about 6 tons. The piston is of cast iron, and is sixteen inches in diameter; and it fits into a square block of wrought iron, which carries one of cutting blades, the other being fixed into the solid casting, and both being 14 inches long, 11 inches deep, and 3½ in thickness. The blades are of hardened cast steel. The force pumps for the machine work on the horizontal principle, and are so arranged that they can be set to any power, and being set to that power cannot go beyond it, but as soon as they reach it retreat. The machine is intended to be used as a "scrapping machine," in a large ironworks in the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg. The immovable parts of the machine are manufactured from cannon dropped into the sea during the great siege of Gibraltar by the Spaniards.

ROSES, A LUXURY OF THE ANCIENTS.—To enjoy the scent of roses at meals, an abundance of rose-leaves was shaken upon the table, so that the dishes were completely surrounded. By an artificial contrivance, roses, during meals, descended on the guests from above. Heliogabalus, in his folly, caused violets and roses to be showered down upon the guests in such quantities, that a number of them, being unable to extricate themselves, were suffocated in flowers. During meal times they reclined upon cushions stuffed with rose-leaves, or made a couch with the leaves themselves. The floor, too, was strewn with roses, and in this custom great luxury was displayed. Cleopatra, at an enormous expense, procured roses for a feast which she gave to Antony, had them laid two

cupids thick on the floor of the banquet-room, and then caused nets to be spread over the flowers, in order to render the footing elastic. Hellogabalus caused not only the banquet-rooms, but also the colonnades that led to them, to be covered with roses, interspersed with lilies, violets, hyacinths, and narcissi, and walked upon this flowery platform.

FACETIÆ.

BEEFSTEAKS are very good things, but undoubtedly they sometimes need to be hauled over the coals.

GRAMMARIANS give it as a reason why a blow leaves a blue mark, that blow, in the past tense, is blew.

"WHERE is the East?" inquired a tutor, one day, of a very little pupil. "Where the morning comes from," was the prompt and pleasant answer.

MRS. PARTINGTON is of opinion that Mount Vesuvius should take sarsaparilla to cure itself of eruption. The old lady thinks it has been vomiting so long nothing else would stay on its stomach.

"REMEMBER, Mrs. B.," said Bobus, in a fluster, one day, "that you are the weaker vessel." "May be so," said the lady, "but I'll take care you shan't forget that the weaker vessel may have the stronger spirit in it."

A YOUNG lady at an examination in grammar, was asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular? She replied immediately with much naïveté: "Because it is very singular they don't get married."

OLD TOPER.—"The parson told me the other day that I would never get along unless I drank the waters of religious consolation, and I told him that if he'd make it brandy-and-water, I was there."

THE neatest conundrum, we believe, is as follows: "Why is i the happiest of the vowels?" The answer is: "Because i is in the midst of bliss; e is in hell, and all the others are in purgatory."

COUNTRYMAN (reading).—"Wanted a boy to feed preses." Well, then, I do declare, this is the first time I ever knew that preses had to be fed. I wonder what kind of stuff the darned things eat?

A YOUTH being recently questioned by his tutor as to what is faith, answered, "Faith is to force one's self to believe the pies and cakes you procure from the bakers to be clean, when you know they are not."

THE CABINET COUNCIL.

Pam.—Now then, about Poland. It's in your special department, John; but you'll pardon my saying that after your recent diplomacy, we had better talk it over all together.

Russell.—My policy has been simple and straightforward. I feel certain that it would have been approved by Lord Somers and the late Mr. Burke. I said the most irritating things possible to Russia; but it was quite safe, as I started by mentioning that under no conceivable circumstances did we intend to fight.

Pam.—But suppose we must? War is quite on the cards—eh, Gladstone?

Gladstone.—Yes; and for three reasons. France wants it; Russia is prepared for it; England will drift into it.

Russell.—If it turns out to be unpopular, I give notice that I shall resign, just as I did when we got embarrassed in the Crimea.

Omeas.—Nobody doubts that!

Pam.—Come, gentlemen, has nobody any ideas but the Chancellor of the Exchequer?

Lord Chancellor.—If advice was wanted from the occupant of the woolsack, it was a matter of courtesy to ask him first.

Sir C. Wood.—I was reading a book the other day—no, I think it was a newspaper—and it is said that the hop-poles would soon be entirely cut down. Where are the hop-poles?

Gladstone (sotto voce).—And this man is my colleague!

Lord Granville.—I should ask the Regulator and General Mouravieff to dine with us down the river.

Sir G. Grey.—Shall I send any more London detectives to Warsaw?

Pam.—My dear George, don't you think it would be better, in the first instance, to find out who killed the woman in St. Giles's, and who murdered Elizabeth Hunter?

Sir G. Grey.—By Jove! Not at all a bad idea! I had almost forgotten those two cases. I'll remind Mayne.

Pam.—I really think you had better! Then, I suppose, we go for war, but not till the spring? Is that it?

Many Ministers.—You know best. We are quite ready to leave it all to you.

Pam.—Then that's settled! How about Reform?

Gladstone.—Necessary, desirable, and just. And for these three reasons: the present constitution of the House of Commons, which is disgraceful; the clearly developed tendencies towards a rational Conservatism

that are growing up amongst the working classes, as opposed to the smaller tradesmen; and the magnificent behaviour of Lancashire.

Russell.—I don't think anybody really cares for Reform. I don't. I hinted as much at Blairgowrie, the other day, in that speech of mine—I daresay some of you read it—in which I said that there was really no difference in principle between Lord Derby and Lord Palmerston; nor is there, that I can see!

Gladstone.—Supposing that to be the case, doesn't it occur to the noble earl that, for a considerable time past, he has really been obtaining office under false pretences?

Russell.—I protest against such language. It is enough to make the late Mr. Burke rise from his grave!

Pam (sotto voce).—I wish he would! We are not a bit too strong in debating power. (Aloud) Then, I suppose, we don't initiate Reform, eh? But watch the times, and see how the cat jumps?

Many Ministers.—Just our policy!

Gladstone (sotto voce).—And these men govern England!

Sir C. Wood.—I'm very sorry; but I really don't see what the cat has to do with it. I remember reading a capital argument somewhere—I forget the place—against corporal punishment—or capital punishment. Which is flogging by-the-bye?

Pam.—Then, I think, we have done pretty well for one sitting—eh?

Many Ministers.—Charmingly!—What dy'e think of Miss Bateman?

Russell.—One moment! I have a young protégé that I want a place for. I don't know whether you have heard the name before—Elliot.

Pam.—Certainly. Well, good day—good day.

(The Ministers go out of the room.)

Pam.—Oh! dear—oh! dear! Making bricks without straw, carrying water in a sieve! If it wasn't for Gladstone! Ah! me, if I could only get a few men round me. I wish to goodness John Bright was English, and Benjamin Disraeli—well, we'll say a little less unscrupulous.—Fun.

UNJUST ASPERSION OF A VALIANT SOLDIER.—Inquiring Englishman: "But I thought General Bragg was a Yankee? Indignant Southerner: "Oh! by no means—only nominally.—Punch.

THE WORKMAN AHEAD.

A good story is told of a certain prominent railroad gentleman, who is equally renowned for his ability to make and take a joke. A railroad employé, whose home is in Avon, came one Saturday night to ask for a pass down to visit his family.

"You are in the employ of the railroad?" inquired the gentleman alluded to.

"Yes."

"You receive your pay regularly?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, suppose you were working for a farmer instead of a railroad, would you expect your employer to lend you his team every Saturday night and carry you home?"

This seemed a poser, but it wasn't.

"No," said the man promptly, "I wouldn't expect that; but if the farmer and his team were going my way, I should call him awful mean if he wouldn't let me ride."

Mr. Employé came out, three minutes afterwards, with a pass, good for three months.

MUCH MORE APPROPRIATE.—A gentleman, a few days ago, said to a young lady who had just returned from the sea-side, "I'm delighted to see you're back—or rather, your face—again."—Fun.

A GOOD JOKE.—Some benevolent individual recently forwarded by express to the "retired physician, whose sands of life are nearly run out," a large, though unpaid package, which, on being opened, was found to contain a half-bushel bag of the article of which he was in such evident need—sand!

A YOUNG man going along at a 2.40 gait one hot day recently, was asked what was his hurry, when he replied that a lady had rejected him twice, but he thought she must be in the "molting mood" now, if ever, and he was on his way to avail himself of the softening influences of the season.

Two ragged little urchins, whose parents paid more attention to the bottle than to the training of their children, were in the habit of seriously annoying their neighbours who lived close by, with their noise while at play in front of their house. One day the lady of the house came to the door and told them to be quiet or go home immediately. Said one of the children to the other, "Jist hear she a orderin' we, when us don't belong to she!"

TAMWORTH or DONNYBROOK.—What can Sir Robert Peel be thinking of? It seems as if, in his desire to identify himself with Ireland, he had become *Hibernis ipais Hibernior*, more quarrelsome than Pat himself. There never was a worse stroke of policy than that which knocked down a jostling elector, and we question

if Bockum Dolf's hat will shake King William on the Prussian throne one-half so powerfully as the bonneted beaver of one of Mr. Peel's supporters will endanger Sir Robert's seat in the House. How could Pam trust that dreadful Irish boy of his out of his sight? Of course he will have to discharge him next session; even the Secretary for Ireland cannot with impunity make himself a minister at war.—Fun.

PERHAPS NOT.—Uncle Sam: Bill Seward, you and Sal Chase had better clear out and tend to yer business till the apple's ripe. I've known fellows to get awful sick eating fruit afore it was ripe—you can't both on yer have it—praps nary one of yer'll get it.

DIFFICULT TO FIND.—We hear much of the superiority of foreign cooks in comparison to the English professors of the culinary science; but there is one dish that hitherto no foreigner has been found equal to preparing; and we beg especially to call the attention of Americans and others to this fact, viz.: that the nation is yet to be discovered who is able to cook—the English goose.—Fun.

PUNSTER'S CATECHISM.

Why should the male sex avoid the letter A? Because it makes men mean.

What is that which every man can divide, but no man can tell where it has been divided? Water.

Why is a woman often making a noise? Because she's generally in a bustle.

What part of a ship is like a farmer? The tiller.

What is the oldest tree? The elder tree.

What day of the year is a command to go ahead? March 4th.

So intense was the heat during the month of August, that apples, it is said, were roasted on a tree at Bridgeport. The truth of this we cannot assert, but we remember hearing of a leaf of tobacco which grew upon the southwest corner of a lot, and probably on the southwest corner of the plant, which was rolled up during one of the hot days, and partially smoked!

A LINCOLN JOKE.

We are informed that in a recent familiar White House conversation, which incidentally touched upon Mr. Chase as a Presidential candidate, "Honest Old Abe" drily remarked that he would not for the world dispossess the Secretary of the Treasury of this Presidential idea. "Let me," said the President, "explain. When I was yet a lad, working on a farm in Illinois, I was engaged with a brother, once upon a time, in the tedious business of ploughing with a very lazy old horse. No amount of beating would induce him to increase his usual speed, which was the slowest and the sleepest possible walk. It was my business to guide the plough, while my assistant, to the best of his ability, with a two-hand hickory, kept old Davy in motion. We were all creeping along, old Davy quietly taking our blows and our abuse, when suddenly he moved off at the pace of a young colt just put in the harness.

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"Oh," said my brother, "it's a great big horsefly, fastened on old Davy's neck; shall I drive him off?"

"No, no," said I; "as long as he keeps old Davy going at this rate let the horsefly alone. With his assistance we shall get a heap of work out of old Davy."

"So it is with Mr. Chase. The next Presidency is his horsefly, and it makes the patriotic Secretary as lively at his work as old Davy. Let the horsefly alone."

A PAINTER, whose talents were but indifferent, turned physician. He was asked the reason of it. "In painting," answered he, "all the faults are exposed to the eye; but in physic they are buried with the patient, and one gets off more easily."

An officer who was inspecting his company one morning, spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrimed. "Patrick O'Flynn!" called out the captain. "Here, yer honour!" promptly responded Patrick, with his hand to his cap. "How long do you wear a shirt?" thundered the officer. "Twenty-eight inches!" was the rejoinder.

"Why, Mr. B.," said a tall youth to a little person, who was in company with half a dozen huge men, "I protest you are so small that I did not see you before." "Very likely," replied the little gentleman; "I'm like a sixpence among six pennypieces; not readily perceived, but worth the whole of them."

MOTHER HOPKINS told me, that she heard Green's wife say, that John Harris's wife told her, that Granny Hopkins heard the Widow Basham say, that Captain Weed's wife thought Colonel Hopkins's wife believed, that old Miss Lamb reckoned, that she heard John Finks's wife say, that her mother told her, old Miss Jenks heard Granny Cook say, that it was a matter of fact.

A FARMER hired a sailor to dig a batch of potatoes upon condition of being allowed a bottle of whiskey to begin with. In about an hour, the farmer went to see how the son of Neptune had progressed with his

business of farming, when he found him holding to a stump, the bottle lying empty at his feet, and no potatoes dug. "Halloo, you rascal," said he, "is this the way you dig potatoes?" "If you want your potatoes dug," said the sailor, hiccupping, "bring 'em on, for I'm not going to run all round the lot after 'em."

A CORRESPONDENT tells of a soldier wounded by a shell from Fort Wagner. He was going to the rear with a mutilated arm. "Wounded by a shell?" he was asked. "Yes," he coolly answered, "I was right under the darned thing when the bottom dropped out."

THE FENIAN BROTHERHOOD.

Queen Victoria, to use the eloquent language of Mr. Lafayette Kettle, will probably "shake in her royal shoes, and be taken with a cold chill," when she hears the 3rd of next November named. For on that day the Fenian Brotherhood will assemble in the Fenian Hall, Chicago, Illinois, to concert measures for the invasion of Ireland with 100,000 emigrated Irish, and its transformation into a Republic on the American type. A Mr. John O'Mahony, of New York, is president of this formidable organization. We are told that Archbishop Hughes, and even Mr. Secretary Seward, are parties to this awful conspiracy, and the last gentleman is supposed to have revealed, through Mr. Adams, to the British Government the terrible resources at his command in case the rams were permitted to leave Birkenhead. General Corcoran and other distinguished Irish officers would have been tendered important posts.

The miserable "mass meeting" at Slavenamon was, we are told, the mouth-piece of the conspiracy on this side of the Atlantic. In short, the Fenian Brotherhood appear to have "circles" innumerable, and even a certain amount of cash in hand, not less, it is asserted, than £20,000. With such resources it is almost as formidable as the water-tight sympathizers under General Cyrus Choke, who spoke to the noble sentiment, "May the British Lion have his talons eradicated by the noble bill of the American Eagle, and be taught to play on the Irish harp and Scotch fiddle that music which is leaved in every empty shell that lies upon the shores of Green Co-lumbia!"

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

TO ESCAPE FROM FIRE.—In escaping from a fire, creep or crawl along the room with your face close to the ground. Children should be early taught how to press out a spark when it happens to reach any part of their dress, and also that running into the air will cause it to blaze immediately.

The following is a recipe for making Reading sauce: Take two and a-half pints of the vinegar in which walnuts have been pickled, and bruise one and a-half ounce of eschalots in a mortar. Add them together, and boil them slowly in a stone jar before the fire, until they are reduced to two pints. Take one quart of spring water, in another jar, three-fourths of a pint of good Indian soy, and half an ounce of the best ginger, half an ounce of long pepper, one ounce of brown mustard seed, and one anchovy free from salt, all well bruised, and half an ounce of cayenne pepper. Place them all together in a stone jar before the fire, making them boil slowly for about one hour. When the two parcels have boiled the time, and in the manner mentioned, put them together in one jar, stirring them well as you mix them; and submit them to a slow boiling for about twenty-five minutes. Close them down, and let them stand twenty-four hours in a cool place; then open the jar, and add a quarter of an ounce of dried sweet bay-leaves. Let them stand a week longer closed down; then strain through a flannel bag, and it is ready for use. The above quantities will make half a gallon.

STATISTICS.

CURIOSITIES OF THE CENSUS.—Much has been said respecting occupations open to women; the census has its disclosures upon that subject. The enumerators found in 1861 among the women of England 10 bankers, 7 moneylenders, 274 commercial clerks, 25 commercial travellers, 64 brokers, 38 merchants, 29 farmers, 419 printers, 3 shepherds, 43,964 outdoor agricultural labourers; 13 ladies were doctors, 2 were bone-setters, 6 were reporters or shorthand writers, 3 parish clerks, 4 choristers, 4 teachers of elocution, 17 dentists, 2 knackers, 4 conjurers, 1 astronomer, 8 "naturalists." Some of the other sex gave rather curious descriptions of themselves. Fifteen called themselves natural philosophers; one described himself as a lexicographer, another as a chronologist, and one wrote himself down "orator." Of others we have rather mysterious accounts—3 were glyphotographers, 2 geometers, 9 kamptulicon manufacturers, 8 trufflers, 85 beet leggers, 15 peel makers, 29 mango merchants, 12 cattle makers. It is a novelty in an English census

volume to find 42 gold miners; and a wonder to learn that there still lingers two toothpick makers. Among persons blind from their birth were found 4 town-criers, 3 ministers and a scripture reader, a school-mistress, 2 messengers or porters, 7 shoemakers, a tailor, 10 agricultural labourers, 3 laundresses, and 3 dressmakers. In the workhouse were a half-pay officer, a clergyman, 10 solicitors, 15 surgeons, an author, 68 schoolmasters, 79 schoolmistresses. Not merely poor but in prison for debt were 12 officers in the army, 3 in the navy, 6 clergymen or ministers, 4 barristers, 32 solicitors, 2 physicians, 13 surgeons, 2 authors, 17 schoolmasters, 2 schoolmistresses, 10 "gentlemen." Still worse off, in lunatic asylums, there were 85 clergymen, 10 ministers, 103 half-pay officers, 22 barristers, 60 solicitors, 5 physicians, 61 surgeons, 3 authors, 54 schoolmasters, and 89 schoolmistresses.

COUNTY RATES.—The annual account of the county rates of England and Wales shows that in 1862 they were assessed on £73,975,962. This amount increases year by year; four years before it was but £65,207,286. The sum of £1,322,156 was raised by county and police rates in the year ending at Michaelmas last; the treasury allowance was £239,472; other receipts amounted to £276,275. The expenditure on rural police was £573,174; on gaols, £341,052; on prosecutions, £130,709; on conveyance of prisoners and transports, £21,594; on shire halls, &c., £20,805; on lunatic asylums (including building) £107,663; on the maintenance of pauper lunatics, £35,567; on county bridges, £54,641; clerks of the peace, £45,654; coroners, £55,643; inspectors of weights, &c., £9,859.

WORK FOR SOME GOOD.

SEEK not to walk by borrowed light,
But keep unto thine own;
Do what thou doest with thy might,
And trust thyself alone!

Work for some good, nor idly lie
Within the human hive,
And, though the outward man should die,
Keep thou the heart alive!

Strive not to banish pain and doubt
In pleasure's noisy din;
The peace thou seekest for, without,
Is only found within.

If Fortune disregard thy claim,
By worth her slight attest,
Nor blush and hang the head for shame
When thou hast done thy best.

What thy experience teaches true
Be vigilant to heed;
The wisdom that we suffer to
Is wiser than a creed.

Disdain neglect, ignore despair,
On loves and friendships gone,
Plant thou thy feet, as on a stair,
And mount right up and on!

A. C.

GEMS.

He who serveth none but himself, is a slave to a fool.

He that hinders not a mischief when it is in his power, is guilty of it.

The desire of knowing secrets is naturally accompanied with a desire of telling them.

A DIAMOND with some flaws is still more precious than a pebble that has none.

SILENCE is the best cure for anger. If you say nothing you will have nothing to unsay.

He must be a wise man himself, who is capable of distinguishing one.

THERE is an odious spirit in many persons, who are better pleased to detect a fault, than to commend a virtue.

A WARM heart requires a cool head; courage, without conduct is like fancy without judgment, all sail, and no ballast.

No man was ever cast down with the injuries of fortune, unless he previously suffered himself to be deceived by her favours.

WOULD you punish the spiteful? Show him that you are above his malice. The dart he throws at you will rebound and pierce him to the heart.

In ill fortunes and extremes, a great mind will never want matter to work upon. There is no condition but what fits well upon a wise man.

AUTUMN.—How beautiful is this most glorious season of the year. The trees are tinged with yellow, and the fields look pleased that they are relieved from their labours—the air is bracing and healthy; then does the farmer smile upon the happy result of his industry, and places his hand upon his heart and thanks God that his efforts have proved so successful. It is a season of the

year when life can be enjoyed. The human frame is strengthened and becomes inoculated with its former elasticity, after having experienced the prostrating effects of the heat of summer.

THE two great ornaments of Virtue which show her in the most advantageous views, and make her altogether lovely, are cheerfulness and good-nature. These generally go together, as a man cannot be agreeable to others who is not easy within himself. They are both very requisite in a virtuous mind, to keep out melancholy from the many serious thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural hatred of vice from growing into severity and censoriousness.

TRUTH.—How welcome the truth to every earnest seeker after its righteousness! How error bewilders and maddens, as if by intoxicating power! Truth is harmonious with itself,—error is always antagonistic, not only to truth but with itself. Truth is natural. Error is fleeting; but truth is eternal. Truth is an ambassador of God; error but a misconception of its mission—a misunderstanding of its principles. Truth illuminates with its purity; error always depraves the heart which claps it. Truth is worth the search; yet this and error can find no place to rest in the human soul. Seek for it everywhere,—look sharp in all directions. Truth is fact; error is only fiction dwelling in the morbid imagination,—the unnatural mind only possesses the falsely glittering jewel, good for nothing, as its owners always find, when the varnish is worn off by use, or by contact with the polishing-stone of truth. Truth needs to be surrounded by no false charms to make it pass current; but the coin of error requires tact to "pass it off" like the counterfeit bank-note, or the spurious gold or silver coin. Get the truth,—dig for it, plough up the soil of the mind and plant the seeds therein. Keep the ground well-filled, the crop well-cultivated; choke down the weeds of error as soon as they begin to shoot out of the soil. Thus will the mind be a Garden of Eden to all who love and embrace truth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A WINDOW has lately been put up in Westminster Abbey in memory of Vincent Novello.

THE late Prince Consort's speeches have been translated into German by Dr. Frese, the translator of "Adam Bede," &c.

THE Government have some idea of making a harbour of refuge at Ventnor, at the back of the Isle of Wight.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales are expected at Windsor to spend the birthday of his Royal Highness, on the 9th of November.

THE British Government is about to spend £100,000 upon a fortified war harbour in the Island of Heligoland. A Bremen architect has drawn up the plan.

THE Prince of Wales has been elected President of the Society of Arts, in the room of the late Mr. William Tooker, who succeeded the Prince Consort in the same office.

EARTHQUAKES IN JAPAN.

In this part of Yedo there is a celebrated Buddhist temple named Eco-ying, which was erected to the memory of 180,000 human beings who lost their lives in one night about 150 years ago. As the story runs, on that night occurred one of those fearful earthquakes which so heavily afflict this beautiful country. Houses were thrown down in all directions, and hundreds were buried alive in the ruins; conflagrations naturally followed, and this city of wooden houses was almost destroyed. The natives of the country seem to dread these earthquakes even more than the foreigners who are now located amongst them. An intelligent Japanese, who spoke English well, expressed his fears that this country would one day disappear from the surface of the globe, and sink down under the waves of the ocean. He had been told that an island out at sea, once fair and verdant, covered with people and houses and trees, was now nowhere visible, and that ships sailed over the spot where it once was. Earthquakes are so common in Japan that meteorologists have a division in their tables in order to mark their occurrence. Dr. Hoppin, to whom I am indebted for a table showing the temperature of Kanagawa, has one of these columns in his table. By a reference to it, it will be found that from the 1st of November, 1859, to the 31st of October, 1860, no less than 28 shocks had been felt. In November, 1861, four are marked, and in February, 1861, there are the same number. This will give some idea of the frequency of the shocks, and of the volcanic nature of the country. When we consider how often these earthquakes happen, and how awfully violent they sometimes are, it is scarcely to be wondered at if the natives of the country view them with feelings of awe and dread, and express their fears that some day their fair and beautiful land may disappear in the waters of the sea.—*Fortune's "Yedo and Peking."*

NOTICE.

SUPPLEMENT GRATIS.

WITH NEXT WEEK'S
LONDON READER.

On MONDAY NEXT, Nov. 16th, will be presented, *Gratis*, with THE LONDON READER, a new and original story of absorbing interest, entitled

THE RED CHAMBER.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED BY EMINENT ARTISTS. As no copies of THE LONDON READER will be issued without the Supplement, the Trade are particularly requested to deliver the story of THE RED CHAMBER with THE LONDON READER of

MONDAY NEXT, NOVEMBER 16.

OFFICE, 234, STRAND.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CLARA.—Ladies should never sing what are called comic songs. The majority are coarse and unfeeling.

V.—If you employ your money in doing good, you put it out at the best interest.

A MECHANIC.—You can purchase an electric machine cheaper and better than you can make one yourself.

W. J.—Every one should bear in mind these three maxims:—By reading we enjoy the dead, by conversation the living, and by contemplation ourselves.

HENRIETTA.—To remove black spots from the face, bathe the skin well in a solution of common soda. An application of weakly-diluted spirits of wine is also efficacious.

P.—It is better to take the world as we find it, than attempt to improve it, for the latter you cannot do except by your individual subscription to the general stock of industry and goodness.

M. N.—Real love can never be subdued, but what passes for it, under the false colours of fashion, may easily be defeated. It is only an evanescent emotion, and expires with absence and the attraction of new faces and new scenes.

LILY.—All cosmetics are injurious, because there is arsenic in them. Soap and warm water, a nice soft towel, early rising, moderate exercise, a generous diet, and kindly thoughts and feelings, are the only things that will impart a bloom to the countenance.

J. E.—Success can no more be commanded in love than in any other pursuit or passion of life. We think your partiality was too suddenly evinced. Try what a little coolness and reserve will do. If these do not bring him to your feet, then be assured the only sentiment he entertains for you is friendship.

C. M. P.—Meerschaum pipes are made from clay dug in Samos and Negropont, in the Archipelago. It is a variety of carbonate of magnesia, or magnesite, with a mixture of earth, and about four per cent of silica. When first dug it is soft, and in that state it is formed into pipes, but it readily hardens by exposure to the air.

H.—An action for breach of promise of marriage cannot be sustained when the promise was made in the lifetime of a wife. What kind of man would make such a promise? What description of woman would seriously give it consideration? Such revelations of private life are indices to awful depravity of feeling.

T.—The history of the hideous figures in the Guildhall, called Gog and Magog, is unknown. The Gog and Magog of fable were two giants who resided in the Caucasian mountains—the cradle of the human race—and inflicted all kinds of calamities on mankind. Russia is the Gog and Magog of modern times.

AN ORPHAN.—Do not be too impatient. Wise young men do not speak of love until they have convinced themselves that their affections are worthily received, and would be sincerely returned. Men who constantly vow and protest, quote poetry, and mangle sentiment, generally carry their hearts on their lips.

R.—We never allow ourselves to be troubled by the contentions of creeds. We wish to be Shakespearean in our belief, that there is good in everything. The religious convictions of our fellow-creatures ought to be treated with profound respect. The individual conscience is alone responsible for its convictions.

C. H. C. (LINCOLN) would like to correspond with **FANXY FERN.** He is twenty years of age; has a light complexion, small moustache, with a loving heart, and is 5 ft. 3 in. in height. He has a respectable living, but no fortune. If this should meet the approval of **FANXY FERN**, he will be most happy to correspond with her through THE LONDON READER. He would like to exchange *cartes-de-vizite*.

O. Y.—Ball-room etiquette does not allow unmarried ladies to go to a ball alone; if their mothers do not accompany them, they should have the protection of a married sister, or an elderly lady. Married ladies are usually attended by their husbands, but this is not strictly necessary. In private parties, a lady must not refuse the invitation of a gentleman to dance, unless she be previously engaged. Should there be an insuperable objection, she must decline altogether to dance in that set. At public parties, the master of the ceremonies regulates the dancing; he acts the part of host and hostess, and a lady must on no account dance with any one to whom she has not previously been introduced. Ball-room introductions cease with the occasion that called them forth.

A. R. D.—To understand building societies, a knowledge of the value of money is necessary. The question of simple interest may be thus stated:—Suppose 100*l.* were borrowed for five years, at the annual rate of three per cent simple interest, which is to be paid at the end of the fifth year with the loan, then the amount payable at that time would be 100*l.* and five times 3*l.*, or altogether, 115*l.* But, if, instead of this, the interest were to be paid at short intervals—say half-yearly—it is clear that the receiver will be able to invest these half-yearly sums, and so obtain interest on them also. This is what is

meant by compound interest; and the way in which it accumulates will be seen in the following example:—Suppose A lends B 1,000*l.* for fourteen years, at five per cent interest payable annually, and at the end of each year. At the end of the first year, A receives from B 50*l.* for interest, which he re-invests by a further loan to B, or some other party. The amount altogether thus lent is then 1,050*l.* At the end of the second year, A receives 52*l.* 10*s.*, as interest at five per cent, which he again lends out immediately, making his total investment 1,102*l.* 10*s.* At the end of the third year, the interest received upon his loan of 1,102*l.* 10*s.* is 55*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, which, being also lent out, causes the total sum invested to be 1,157*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, on which, at the end of the fourth year, A again receives interest; and so on, until the end of the period, the advantage derived from these repetitions of investment increasing every year. Thus the lender, in three years, clears 157*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, in the shape of interest, on the 1,000*l.* originally lent, which is 72*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* more than he would have obtained by simple interest.

ALFRED FRANKING.—The smoke of volcanoes contains sulphuretted hydrogen, carbonic acid, aqueous vapour. The animalcular adjunct, the vapour collects from the earth and moist air. Hydrogen gas is always found at electricity's negative pole. Sulphuretted hydrogen is so injurious to animal life that dogs perish in an atmosphere containing 1-1800th, a bird in air containing 1-1500th, and a horse in air containing 1-250th of its volume of this gas. By the wisdom of the natural laws, it is made easily decomposable by metals, the earth, and even by air, which deposits the sulphur which forms those extensive *solfataras* in volcanic districts, so that but a small quantity of this deadly gas remains integral in the lower atmosphere for any length of time. Were it not so, this world would soon become depopulated.

ELIZA.—Why are there so many unhappy marriages? Alas! why? Dr. Watts, in one of his lyrics, has hit upon a cause with exactness:—

"Happy the youth that finds the bride
Whose birth is to his a relief."

The sweetest joy of life,
But oh, the crowd of wretched souls,
Fettered to minds of different moulds,
And chained to eternal strife!"

DELTA.—If an author write better than his contemporaries, they will term him a plagiarist; if as well, a pretender; but if worse, he may stand some chance of commendation as a genius of some promise, from whom much may be expected, by a due attention to their good counsel and advice. When a dull author has arrived at this point, by the wisdom of the natural laws, it is made easily decomposable by metals, the earth, and even by air, which deposits the sulphur which forms those extensive *solfataras* in volcanic districts, so that but a small quantity of this deadly gas remains integral in the lower atmosphere for any length of time. Were it not so, this world would soon become depopulated.

M. M.—Dress is mutable, who denies it? but still old fashions are retained in a far greater extent than one would at first imagine. The Thames watermen rejoice in the dress of Elizabeth, while the royal beefeaters (buffeters) wear that of private soldiers of the time of Henry VII.; the Blue-coat boy, the costume of a London citizen of the reign of Henry VI.; the London charity school girls, the plain mob cap and long gloves of the time of Queen Anne. In the brass badge of the cabmen, we see a retention of the dress of Elizabethan retainers, while the shoulder-knives, that once adorned an officer now adorn a footman. The attire of the sailor of William III.'s era is now seen amongst our fishermen. The university dress is as old as the age of the Smithfield martyrs. The linen bands of the pulpit and the bar are abridgments of the falling collar. Other costumes are found lurking in provinces, and amongst some trades. The butchers' blue is the uniform of a guild. The quaint little head-dress of the market women of Kingwood, Gloucestershire, is fast the gipsy hat of George II. Scarlet has been the colour of soldiers' uniform from the time of the Lacedemonians.

J. HUNTER.—Philosophy in humble life, well-considered, is a grand thing: for it is a gigantic contribution to the cause of civilization. What does the poet Elliott say, himself originally a mechanic?

"Learned he was—nor bird, nor insect flew;
But he his leafy home and history knew;
Nor wild flower decked the rock, nor moss the well,
But he its name and qualities could tell."

EMIGRANT.—Instructions for the prevention of sea-sickness are numerous, but all depend on the peculiarity of the constitution. We give the latest that have fallen under our notice:—Let a person on shipboard, when the vessel is bounding over the waves, seal himself, and take hold of a tumbler nearly filled with water or other liquid, and at the same time make an effort to prevent the liquor from running over, by keeping the mouth of the glass horizontal, or nearly so. When doing this, from the motion of the vessel, his hand and arm will seem to be drawn into different positions, as if the glass were attracted by a powerful magnet. Continuing his efforts to keep the mouth of the glass horizontal, let him *follow* his hand, arm, and body to go through the various movements—as those observed in sawing, planing, pumping, throwing a quail, &c.—which they will be impelled, without fatigue, almost irresistibly to perform; and he will find that this has the effect of preventing the giddiness and nausea that the rolling and tossing of the vessel have a tendency to produce in inexperienced voyagers.

M. AND W.—The spirit of change is ever at work—hand labour gives way to steam power; the dimly-lighted oil-lamp is changed for the brilliant gas. Buildings that have withstood whole centuries of time are razed to the ground, while others more in keeping with the advance of civilization arise in their place, often inferior to their predecessors in massive beauty and grandeur of outline; mislaid improvements, except in an increase of accommodation, and, perhaps, convenience. Although many old churches have been destroyed or altered, yet our cathedrals and a few old abbeys have hitherto escaped this march of improvement, possibly in time to come to share the same fate. Our present St. Paul's Cathedral has but a modern age compared with other venerable edifices that are untouched or improved by modern taste. There is an evident inconsistency in these matters. A sudden impulse or mania breaks out to preserve the birthplace of some celebrated individual who lived long centuries back, while many others of an equal fame are passed over altogether. To demolish an ancient building and erect another in its place often destroys the impression of the original one—the form

outwardly may have been preserved, while the inward spirit of the conception is lost. Better to patch up the ancient walls than to ruin old masonry with modern workmanship. Stone, bricks, and mortar have, however, little to do with true problems. So long as a large portion of the people live miserably, fiercely battling for even the commonest necessities of life, suffering often the bondage of oppression and injustice to the moral degradation of the soul, the altered aspects of civilization seen in the enlargement and embellishment of cities are but a parody upon progress, and are more fitly designated by the word change. Thus the outer appearance of the world, like the human body, is ever undergoing change, not necessarily progress. The latter operates but slowly and infinitesimally. True progress means universal happiness and knowledge, incessantly increasing throughout this life, even to the threshold of the next.

B. E.—"Marry for love, and labour diligently together afterwards for the good things of the world," is both a wise and a hearty motto for the young of both sexes; for love in a married state will ever be found the best promoter even of those very prudential and industrious dispositions which most conduce to its ultimate worldly prosperity; while without it there is always a conjugal dissatisfaction of passion, disposing its victim more or less, according to temperament, to practical excess in some direction. At all events, the want of it, as in the case of the long unmarried, must naturally originate some vague craving for social compensation, the more insidiously unfavourable to constancy of conduct from its very vagueness.

ALBERTUS.—After man had learned how to navigate the waters of the earth, to row, sail, and steer over that precise but treacherous element, it is not surprising that his ambition should have led him to make efforts to hang safely suspended in that beautiful but awe-inspiring domain, which, alternately filled with stars and sunshine, and darkness, hail, rain, tempests, lurid flashes and dreadful thunders, seemed to him from the earliest ages to be the fittest emblem of the eternity by which he was encompassed on every side. The birds soared and flew hither and thither at perfect freedom beneath this bewildering canopy of day and night, and why should man, with his infinite faculties of invention, be debarred from a similar enjoyment, a similar exquisite privilege? Such seems to have been the idea of all nations of whom we have any authentic account, for the tradition of men with wings is as old as the scriptural date of the canon, and no doubt was the origin of the peculiar type assigned by art and the imagination to supernatural beings, or those who, being gifted with superior intelligence, were loved or feared in their lifetime, and deified after their decease, just as it was the fashion, in the middle ages of the present era, to disinter a parcel of bones, like those of St. Florian, and after a few mummeries performed over them, report that they were endowed with marvellous virtues. Aerial navigation must, then, have early occupied the attention of mankind, for independent of the account of the rash philosopher who lost his life by flying too near the sun, which melted the wax of his wings, we may be allowed to believe that the origin of Pegasus was a somewhat similar enthusiasm. He attempted, says the fable, to drive the chariot of light, and the horses proving unruly quitted the right track, and set the universe on fire, but Jupiter having an eye to his property, saved some portion by hurling the happy Pegasus from the car and liberating the affrighted steeds. Divested of fable, this story may reasonably be supposed to relate to the death of some daring aeronaut during a thunder-storm, probably some Egyptian or Assyrian Coxwell, who in an unlucky hour interfered with the revels of some thunder-clouds, who, to revenge the intrusion, destroyed him and his whole apparatus.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LONDON READER."

SIR.—A short time since I saw a statement in your paper on the time to cut timber. I wish to give my own experience and observation for over fifty-five years, constantly working and using most all kinds of timber, more especially oak, ash, and walnut. I have learnt by dear experience, for I have lost much by the effects of worms in my timber, and have found when timber may be cut and have no worms, or powder-post, as it is called. Cut timber from the middle of September to the middle of December, and you cannot get a worm into it. October and November are perhaps the best months, and sure to avoid the worms.

You cut from March to June, and you cannot save the timber from worms or borers. May used to be called "peeling time" in my boyhood; much was then done in procuring bark for the tanneries, when the sap is up in the trunk and all the pores are full of sap; whereas in October those pores are all empty—then is the time to cut, and there will be no worms. Whenever you see an ox-bow with the bark tight, there are no worms, no powder-post, and you cannot separate it from the wood; and what is true in one kind is true in all kinds of timber, and every kind has its peculiar kind of worm. The pine has, I believe, the largest worms; and these worms work for many years. I have found them alive and at work in white oak spokes that I knew had been in my garret over twelve years, and they were much larger than at first; they do not stop in the sap, but continue into the solid part. I do not think of buying timber unless it is cut in the time above alluded to.

I have wondered that there has not been more said on this subject, as it is one of great importance, even for firewood, and especially for shipbuilding, &c. I have already, perhaps, prolonged this letter too much. Now I want to inquire of some of the wise of this enlightened age, whence and when do these troublesome creatures enter the timber, and any persons?—how came they in this solid wood?—was there an egg deposited that caused the worm, or how did he come into being? We know they are there; and now, will some one please to show us the way, and all about their origin, &c., and they will much oblige your humble servant.

AMBROSE KINGMAN.

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